# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Garet Garrett—Sir Basil Thomson—Richard Connell—Henry H. Curran
George Randolph Chester—Bertram Atkey—Kennett Harris—R. G. Kirk

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# THUS GERMANY WEPT

## By Garet Garrett

NOW one of several things may happen. The historian may write: "After the French invasion of the Ruhr Valley in the year 1923 Germany ceased to have a history." Something like this has been written at least three times in the tale of Europe. That is to say, Germany may break into fragments again. What else? She may yet in good faith heroically resolve to buy herself free and France may be persuaded to let her do it. She may perform an act of economic surgery, leave her jugular vein, which is the Ruhr Valley, in the hands of the French, then transplant her industries to the North Sea, buy her coal from England and her ores from Sweden, bend the whole of her labor to a state of high technical skill and bide another time. Or she may in a moment of madness deliver herself to Bolshevism and attempt suicide. No human event is miraculous. Whatever happens will be only the true sequel to what is and was. What might have happened instead is another thing. That is what the French saw beyond the Rhine to move them in this manner. They saw a nightmare. They saw a Germany, disarmed in technical fact, yet industrially more powerful than ever before. They saw a Germany lean, not loath, and newly girded, ready to rise in an economic struggle for which she had amazingly prepared herself at the expense of other people. They saw a Germany that for three years had been paying reparations, not out of her own resources, but with worthless money, all the time filling the world with propaganda of despair and building herself up within—building houses, public structures, new villages entire, factories, mine workings, rolling mills, blast furnaces, railroads, canals, hydroelectric power plants, transmission lines, harbors, docks, and ships so fast that by 1923 the restoration of nearly one-half of all her prewar mercantile marine was in sight. They saw a Germany that dared at last to break the treaty by defaulting on a few tons of coal, thinking France would not be permitted to enforce the penalties; that England and the United States would intervene to stop her. Her political calculations were wrong as usual. What France saw was a Germany that in five years more on these lines would have lost the war only to win the peace. This filled the French with dread. On the German side was logic, such as German logic is. It is a state of feeling raised to a state of mind. What that state of German feeling was and is has first of all to be discovered. This that follows is of Deutschland as Deutschland was sometime in March.

PHOTO BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC SERVICE

*All Freight Trains are Stopped for Fifteen Minutes for Examination by French Soldiers*

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*French Soldiers Guarding the Entrance to the Reichsbank, or State Bank, in Essen*

### *The Bremen Pilot on International Finance*

FAR out in the North Sea you begin to hear what the Germans have done to their minds. It is a sound of passionate self-commiseration, of innocent, aggrieved lamentation. You must get this. Otherwise nothing about them will ever be comprehensible.

On the ship's bridge one meets the German pilot. He is rosy and very friendly.

"What sailors call bad weather," he says, referring to the fog. "No eyes, *ja*. Blind. Yet we find the thing."

"Bremerhaven?"

"*Ja wohl.*"

"Do you live at Bremen?"

"*Ja*, by Bremen. There butter five thousand marks a pound is. Five thousand marks, *mein Gott!* What will happen yet? Always the dollar goes up and Germany is ruined."

One tells him it isn't the dollar that goes up; it is the mark that goes down. Butter is five thousand marks a pound because his government prints billions of new paper marks every day.

The pilot shakes his head as he replies:

"We must pay. How can we pay? We must print always more money because the dollar goes up."

One tells him again it isn't the dollar; it's the mark. His government has been trying to pay its debts with color printing in the resemblance of money. This makes not the slightest impression.

"America is rich," he says. "America must do something to save Germany."

"What can America do?"

"I think," he replies, "if America will say so many marks to the dollar—one thousand—two—five thousand maybe, then it will stop. Ach, the dollar goes always up."

With that he returns to the fog.

### *Germany Devoured by Her Own Printing Presses?*

THERE is an elusive after-hearing of this simple conversation. One is mystified and cannot precisely say why. It is not that a pilot's notions of cause and effect in a sea of bewildering monetary phenomena are naïve and absurd. That is to be expected. One does not yet know, out there in the North Sea fog, that these notions are characteristically German. One has not yet seen those German newspaper windows that display sensational diagrams, not of the mark's fall but of the dollar's rise, as if it were all the dollar's fault. Nor has one talked with German bankers who ask why America, since she is so rich and powerful and made so much by the war, does not act to save Germany from being devoured by her own printing presses. One has not yet heard the highest financial authorities in Germany say, as the pilot said, "We must pay. How can we pay? We have to print the money." All this remains to be discovered. Therefore, what was it in the conversation with the pilot that leaves the weird impression? In his attitude toward oneself as an American, toward himself as a German, toward Germany as a nation, toward the whole world beyond Deutschland, some vital predicate was missing—a thing one took for granted and he did not take at all. An hour or so later, suddenly, with a start, one gets it.

Neither as an individual nor as one of the German people had this pilot the slightest sense of responsibility for the war or for anything that has happened to Germany; no thought whatever of Germans having brought their own evil to pass. Moreover, this was not a sense he had once had and got rid of; he has never had it. And if the answer to this question of Germany's feeling about the war, which is a fundamental question, had been one's only quest one might just as well have turned back there in the fog,

because this pilot spoke for Germans. There the German mind is one in sixty millions.

That Germany has no sense of guilt, no conviction of debt, no spirit of atonement, but instead an obsession of innocence, is a fact of many consequences. It gives her the mentality of an oppressed race, and it is a race of dreadful capacity. It has changed the meaning of words. Revenge comes to mean justice. To pay reparations means slavery. One encounters from time to time the idea that in this state of mind, bemusing retaliation, resourceful in necessity, Germany may be inventing new weapons of war that no civilized people will be prepared to meet. Is this thought fantastic? One mentions it almost apologetically to a member of the Disarmament Commission. Is the German power of resistance utterly destroyed?

"She is disarmed in the strict military sense," he answers.

"But what may she be doing in her laboratories?"

He takes thought and replies: "How can we know that? We cannot look into her mind. All I can say is that I should be surprised if she were not doing something there. It was our business to pull her teeth. That we have done. She has her jaws still. The will of the people and their technical ingenuity—those are the jaws of Germany. She has them."

Believing herself innocent, and that she was decoyed into bondage, she justifies cunning—to say it not harshly—in her relations with the outside world. She justifies having swindled the people of other nations with paper marks to the tune of billions.

"Surely," one says to a German banker, "you cannot still be selling the mark in foreign countries at thirty or forty thousand to the dollar. Nobody will buy it. Then how much further can you go in this direction?"

"There are those who will buy it still," he answers with an inflection that cannot be rendered. "There is always some confidence left. If you want to know how far inflation can go, look at Russia. The mark might be one hundred thousand, a million, to the dollar, and we could go on. What do a few more ciphers matter?"

Always some confidence left!

And this belief in their own innocence is so enormous that anyone who denies or questions the fact is thereby convicted of that moral hypocrisy with which they charge the world. If one says to a German—any German—monarchist, socialist, banker, porter—that America supposes Germany has, and ought to have, a sense of guilt, he stares.

"Well," one says, "is it so unreasonable? In the Treaty of Versailles you signed a confession of guilty responsibility."

"That!" he says scornfully. "We were hungry. You were holding the pistol at our head. You made us sign."

### *Germany's Grievance*

A SCRAP of paper, more or less, for the stomach's sake! One may not say exactly that. But to a certain kind of German one may think to say: "Just there is where we lose our moral contact. We prefer to think a proud people would sooner die than sign a thing like that. Some people would."

And then one wishes one had not said it, even to a certain kind of German. One will never know what his silence means. Does it mean he cannot understand? Or does it mean he thinks all the world outside of Deutschland a hypocrite? One breaks it, saying:

"Waiving the question of responsibility in the first instance, there is another matter. There are those who think you began the war and yet do not blame you altogether. They see your side. What they hold against you is your way of making war—that frightful way. They think you should feel a sense of guilt for that."

The German becomes very tense and answers: "Everybody made war alike. All the rest is lies."

It may be that in the nature of people a collective sense of guilt is impossible upon any state of facts. Leave that to the psychologist. What remains is very curious. In place of that sense of guilt, which is missing among them, the Germans have set up a grievance. They talk of it incessantly. They build upon it. They blind themselves with it. Their grievance is that they were first betrayed by the United States, then abandoned by England; and that now these two nations stand idly by while France proceeds in a wanton manner to ruin Germany. They laid down their arms, they say, on Mr. Wilson's fourteen points, which were outraged in the peace. Then when they were helpless they were forced to sign a peace that they would never otherwise have accepted. They relied upon the moral opinion of the world to bring justice to pass; they relied especially upon the United States and England to save them. Yet when they were utterly disarmed, deprived of all power of resistance, both the United States and Great Britain turned their faces away, leaving France free to do what she would. Thus America is proved to have the character of one who coaxes up a dog that others may seize and beat it; England is proved to be perfidious; France is what France always was; the world disgraces that code of morality by which it pretends to be governed, and Germany is a tribe lost in Egypt.

That is what the Germans have done to their minds. You have to take it as an elemental fact. They are convinced that the whole world, in fear of their strength, is resolved to destroy them. So again, Germany against the world. Nothing really has changed.

In this state of feeling they construe whatever happens to prove that morality is a mask, ill concealing the world's destructive design. England will not stop France because British industry prefers to see Germany, her most dangerous competitor, prostrate; besides which it is England that sells Germany the coal she must buy in place of her own. That the United States does not stop France only shows that the Americans are pusillanimous. To save their war gains, they got into the war at the last moment on the winning side, prating of humanity; now they are unwilling to take any risk in behalf of humanity, though they prate of it still.

"Will America come to our aid against France, do you think?" asks the head of one of the largest industrial organizations in Germany.

One thinks America will not.

"You made a very good thing out of your war for humanity, didn't you?" he says, quite forgetting himself. "You said you fought for humanity. Now we are the victims of French inhumanity and you do not act. Why? You think it will not pay!"

One must answer this as it deserves.

"A photostat in the archives of our Government is one reason why we are not moved uncontrollably to interfere in the Ruhr situation," one says.

"A photostat," he repeats. "I don't understand."

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*French Engineers Taking Over a Locomotive on a German Railway at Dusseldorf During Strike of German Rail Workers*

PHOTO, BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC SERVICE

*The Lucky Proprietor of a Coal Train in the Occupied Territory*

### *Through the Fog*

"YOU wouldn't," one retorts. "The French put one of your big men in jail for a short time, and for that he became a national hero. Well, Americans remember that this same man, during Germany's invasion of Belgium, signed a death warrant against a Belgian engineer because he refused to give up the drawings without which your engineers were unable to set up in Germany a certain plant that had been dismantled in Belgium and sent to Germany. We have a photostat of that death warrant."

So that was all of that.

Erewhile the fog. As a sailor, the German pilot is right. Without eyes he finds the thing. He thinks it was he who found it. He does not know that Captain Grening, master of the steamship President Harding, United States Line, was the second man through the North Sea with a merchant ship after the Armistice. There was a mine-free channel one mile wide and very tortuous, and when a German pilot asked fifteen hundred dollars to take him through he put the pilot off and went his way alone. All Old World seafaring people affect to be contemptuous of the new American navigator; yet his adventurous and sudden disposition fills them with secret wonder.

However, in the black mouth of the River Weser the ship drops anchor and the passengers go over the side to a German tender. It is ten steps there from America to Germany, but it is like passing from one world to another. Medley, confusion, outcries, much aimless running to and fro. What has happened to Germany? Presently everyone meets again in the cabin below. Only madame, the lovely singer, is missing. She is returning to Vienna to save her property from some vague disaster and is expecting a telegram. Suddenly she appears with a look of anguish. Everyone supposes she has heard the worst. But it is nothing about herself.

"Zey are hungry," she says in tears. "Zey really are hungry, zese people. Zat one by ze door. He has been telling me. His pay is zree zousand marks a week. A pound of butter is five zousand. A pair of shoes is zirty. And he has a family. Don't let him see, but look at him—zere."

He is in the uniform of the auxiliary police, tall and sorrowful, leaning against the door, with his eyes down. Madame's friends all stare at him. They look elsewhere too. As usual, wherever people are seated in Germany there is already much business of eating and drinking. A very obese German is running up the companionway with great glass mugs of beer, and down again for more as fast as possible. Others have appeared with enormous trays loaded with ham sandwiches. Madame's attention is directed accordingly. She wavers and goes again to consult

(Continued on Page 46)

# WHITE HEAT

## By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

TWO-FISTED Gwylm got up—in a hurry. When Gwylm Stout moved in a hurry floor beams quivered, windows rattled, pens jiggled in their little troughs and tiny blue-black tidal waves washed over the rims of inkwells. Teeth also chattered. "Listen!" A thick bass bellow came rolling up out of the rain barrel upon which were laid the bulging muscles of Gwylm Stout's chest and back. "You cake eaters give me the crud. Ever had that? It's fierce! You can stand just so much of it and then you gotta go out and get drunk."

At this, Mr. A. Watkinson Judd, presiding at one of the weekly conferences at Eastern Cupolas, Inc., stretched his stork legs, relaxed them luxuriously, heaved a glad sigh and let go of the reins. Remarks were about to be made. Gwylm Stout bobbed a cannonball head toward A. Watkinson J.

"For half a year now," said Gwylm, "Albert, there, has been wasting two hours of my time every Wednesday morning by insisting that I attend this whamdanged, superannuated sewing circle. I love Albert, there," asserted Gwylm, "and so I come. And what do I learn? In six months I learn that we got at these here Wednesday morning services a language output second to no steelworks in America. Steel men! Heh!" And Two-Fisted Gwylm fairly nickered derision. "I'll bet you sometime I'll drop in at the company gymnasium and find the lot of you shrieking distractedly on the two sides of a volley-ball net!"

At this opprobrious insult Albert, there, chuckled. But he was alone in that. The rest of the party played dead. On certain occasions the folks at Eastern Cupolas, Inc., could make Brer Possum, doing his stuff, look like a whirling dervish for activity. And it might be well, before we go into this chronicle further, to take a squint at that conference gang. It'll give you a better idea of Gwylm. The line-up of faces about the long conference table, all weathered into splendid lines by the storms that beat through a steel official's years, would have moved most men to take out an accident policy before addressing such a nest of hard-boiled eggs as cake eaters. From the looks of that bunch, about the only kind of pastry they would take to naturally would be dog cakes. And yet another glance, at Gwylm this time, would hasten the decision that anything he wanted to call them would be perfectly all right.

Mr. Gwylm Stout and Mr. A. Watkinson Judd were partners. They had been that since the day when Eastern Cupolas, Inc., was a little iron foundry, its shadows saccharin with the smell of molasses-impregnated sand. They still were partners, now that Eastern Cupolas, Inc., boasted four mighty blast-furnace stacks, with open-hearth plant and rolling mills to take their output. Mr. Judd made the outside contracts for the firm. Buying, selling, financing, litigation and the amenities of cutthroat competition for Mr. Judd, who had the reputation among steel men of being absolutely crazy—like a fox. Mr. Stout, on the other hand, preferred the obscurity of battle smoke to the glittering publicities of statecraft. Mr. Stout sniffed up graphite flakes and sulphur fumes with a primitive metallurgical delight. Mr. Stout knew steel and steel men, and he never was perfectly happy unless his ears roared with the thunders of production. Which of the partners had done most to put Eastern Cupolas in a place where it could compete with plants and combinations ten times its size would be hard to say. But Gwylm Stout's contribution to the firm was a personnel of red-necked, rough-knuckled, bristle-whiskered gentlemen who knocked out tonnage for their boss in such quantities and at such costs that Mr. A. Watkinson Judd could enter his horse in the tightest kind of a race and always come home with a sizable share of the bacon. Mr. Stout's forte was the genus homo, and he now was off on his favorite subject.

"All but about three of you weak sisters," stated Gwylm, continuing his remarks, "ought to be selling golf socks. Yelling your fool heads off for new equipment! You'll get no new mechanical toys to play with from me and Albert, there, until you get everything that there is to be got out of the old. And do you know how to do that thing?" inquired Gwylm Stout. "You do in a red sow's ear! You do it"—Gwylm Stout raised an arm approximating the heft of a front quarter of grain-fed beef—"with men!"

*"Anything You Start, You Know," Bill Advised, "You'll Have to Finish"*

Followed a quarter-hour storm; one of those periodic disturbances with which Mr. Stout was accustomed to refresh a steelworks atmosphere gone stale and sultry. In the midst of the thunders, however, Mr. Stout was observed to reach for his pipe; and as this was the sign which told that the tempest had blown its worst, one after another the various cake eaters poked their heads up out of the cyclone cellar.

"What you microbes need in your mills," stated Two-Fisted Gwylm, bringing his discourse to a period, "is not new machinery, but new men. You got a lot of left-overs from the war period that forgot how to do a day's work then and ain't remembered it yet. And what good men you have Big John Devany has been swiping off you. He's had one of his harps workin' for us in the bricklayers' department for a month, sendin' our good men over to Susquehanna Steel. I know, because I chucked the mucker out through the gate on his neck myself just before I came in here. Big John seems to think only one can play that game. I'll show that bullhead. We start up the new duplexing plant in a couple months, and we'll need a good Bessemer organization. I might as well shanghai one off John, since he's been hunting for trouble. I'll be leavin' you then, Albert, for a while. You keep a lookout for some good men coming in. We need 'em. Good morning, Albert."

And the door banged shut behind Two-Fisted Gwylm.

For a little while Mr. Judd sat on the back of his neck and yearned after this old partner of his, much as one boy will hunger after another. Mr. Judd was thinking of how this partner had come up through a myriad of men who drank and fought and worked prodigiously; and of how, even though he had gone far beyond his old companions, he still kept close to them, returning to their ranks and their hot tasks every so often because he was one of them at heart; returning even to their excesses once in a while ever since that time when, a few years back, with the loss of his wife and boy, he had lost a part of himself.

Reluctantly, Mr. A. Watkinson Judd struggled erect in his chair at the end of the conference table; and becoming on the instant punctilious and straight-spined, he took up the reins again with a sad sigh.

And sure enough, within a day or so of the starting up of the new duplexing operations at the open hearth, three strapping vessel men, two bottom makers, a steel pourer, one or two cupola melters and Fred Harley, the best steel blower in America, all from Susquehanna Steel, passed through the employment office at Eastern Cupolas, to gladden the hearts of the foremen to whom they were directed. And along with them came Mr. War-Horse Gier, also ex-minion of Big John Devany, which is really what this yarn is all about.

Big John Devany, the general superintendent at Susquehanna Steel, better known to millmen by the affectionate diminutive Legree, had a formula by which he measured up the new stuff which the technical colleges sent to him for trial each spring. Generally he took on ten graduates or so—Mets., El. Mets., E.E.'s, M.E.'s and Chemists, counting on the survival of about one. And his estimate in this was generally correct, for the trial formula which he applied to those luckless young men was, put in his own words, "Give 'em hell and shove 'em in it!" And many's the good man it disillusioned regarding a sudden climb to success in steel. Appraising with a driver's eye the rugged frame and the clean jaw lines of one Bill Gier, freshly recruited from the cloistered halls and gridiron mud of Valley Tech, Legree's first thought was that it might now be safe to replace with a heavier whip the one he had just about frayed out. At any rate, he decided to put his money on Bill for place in the college crowd to run that summer; and so deciding, characteristically set Bill down as far from the pole as he could. In other words, he clapped a heavy hand on Bill's broad back and shoved him into the cupola dump.

Now the cupola dump was not the whole of Bill's new job; no, sir; only a mere detail of it. William Mortimer Gier, I would have you understand, was boss of all the unskilled men who traded muscle for coin of the U. S. A. throughout the whole length of the Bessemer plant; some hundred odd bohunks, of whom six or seven only had their lair in the cupola dump.

The cupola dump was obscure. Nobody saw it. Nobody wanted to see it. Slag from eight cupolas squirmed from the ends of eight short cinder runners down through a hole in the tapping floor, and stretched in long red-molasses streams to the floor of the drab cellar below. And this drab cellar was the cupola dump; a gloomy cubicle, fifty yards long, ten wide, six high, dirt-floored, steel-roofed, walled in on three sides by heavy masonry, the fourth side open to a siding so depressed that the tops of gondolas shunted in upon it came even with the dump floor. A half dozen sooty gnomes, thatched with the fair hair and marked with the long face of Lithuania, were guardians of this nether region, and were supposed to catch these squirming slag snakes in their teeth and drag them out to the waiting gondolas in the cut. These dark elves were supplied, of course, with certain infernal tools to fall back on in case their teeth got blunt. The forked trident of the classics seemed to be missing, but such Stygian implements as the cinder hook, the pinch bar, the bull point, the twelve-pound maul, the pick, the shovel and the wheelbarrow were at hand, although for all the impression that these appliances made on the disheartening mess that grew and spread down in the cupola cellar the dump gang might as well have relied entirely on their teeth; for the gang down there seemed absolutely content to sit on their barrow handles and watch the red slag pile itself up in huge stalagmites on the floor. They were waiting for Sunday. After midnight Saturday, the cupolas down, the red slag not running, Signor Ignatz Bukoski *et al.* would hop to it and get enough of the mess cleared away to start up again late Sunday night; and if things were in particularly bad shape some extra help would be sent in to assist with the

work that Bukoski *et al.* should have accomplished during the week. Pretty soft for Signor Bukoski, straw boss, and his nether-world familiars. But it wasn't long before Bill found out that the murky cellar hidden away below the tapping floor was one of John Devany's pets.

"Come here, Gier," he snarled at Bill one day, and led him down into the underworld. "Look at that!" And he indicated the line-up of Lithuanian sportsmen who sat along the veranda of their club, placidly puffing their long, silver-lidded pipes. "This place is one hell of an eyesore. You hop in there, Gier, and rip the lining out of that gang of filthy time thieves and get this miserable dump shaped up in a hurry, or it's you and me for it!" And whirling about, Legree strode away.

Bill scrambled in the dump, bent on having a heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Bukoski regarding the matter of holding a full-dress dance on the floor of that place by the time the week was up; and all of Bukoski's men, except one, made at least a pretense of starting to work as Bill approached. This particular gentleman seemed to see no reason for frenzied effort. So when Bill went by he ended those Slavish contemplations of life and the cosmic urge by giving the shovel on which the dreamer sat propped a swift kick; whereupon the dreamer, one Alexandor Kovarbatizski by name, sat down on a sharp piece of dull-red slag.

Up rose Alexandor hastily, to be met by a rush of words whose meanings were vague to him, but whose emphasis left nothing to his imagination. Then War-Horse Bill, having delivered himself, turned his back upon the present object of his wrath and took a stride toward the Bukoski party with a view of taking up matters with him where he had left off with Sandor; but guided by some instinct, he turned his head a bit and out of the tail of his eye caught, just in time, the bright arc of a swishing shovel blade. Bill turned the descending edge with a swift sweep of one hand, but the flat of the tool whacked him stunningly on the shoulder.

"You would, would you, you Lithuanian ——" inquired Bill, and turned one loose. And the Lithuanian, rushing to the attack as is the practice of those unaccustomed to having things out with Nature's good weapons, stepped into it. Kovarbatizski's knife fist was lifted back and his defense hand was thrown up for clutching an opponent's wrist. Honestly, between you and me, Bill should have been ashamed to take the money.

Bill then, examining his knuckles, declaimed to Ignatz Bukoski, Esq., about the merits of Lithuanians in general and of those that cluttered up the cupola dump in particular, and ended by advising Ignatz that he and his gang would either get that place cleaned up, or he, Bill Gier, in person, would take it upon himself to clean them up; and he pointed, as a hint regarding his probable methods of procedure, to the recumbent figure of Sandor 'Batizski, which now, for the first time since the train wreck, exhibited faint stirrings of life.

But Ignatz Bukoski, shocked by the sight of one of his countrymen bouncing a cluster of American knuckles off the point of his jaw, was moved to protest.

"No good, Meester Bill," he expostulated. "You knockn hal outa my gank. Trawbl no be for man, dis doomp; trawbl be for doomp. Wassmatter beeg boss no fixn good doomp? Wassmatter you no fixn? Dis doomp no good not'ing. Man no can work dis pless. Man mebbe like vork aber no can. You no see? All time too moch ruchi; too much hot. All time too much stink. Hot makn man sick for belly. Solpher makn man sick for head. Man mus' ketchn plenty spell. No can vork steady. Vork li'l' bit, sit down lotsa. Mus'!"

And Lithuania was right. Simply and straightly put, the cupola dump was no place where a man could work. Bill vaguely realized this, but it did not prevent the place from becoming an obsession with him. Like Banquo's ghost, it would not down. That floor should be kept clean. Those huge stalagmites of slag should be hacked down and wheeled out to the cars and never be allowed to form again. Legree had put it up to him and he was not making good. The thing pestered him endlessly until at last this, added to a load that was just about as heavy as he could carry, started a persistent little ache under his scalp just back of one ear. Bill, six months in the game, was starting to feel the relentless pressure of steel.

The boarding-house-packed lunch is a calamity which only the most extraordinary concomitants will alleviate. Yet William Mortimer Gier, contemplating a soggy slab of bake-shop apple pie, a sight before which strong spirits have quailed, grinned and bit into it. For one thing, Bill Gier was one who loved the grim joy of coming to grips with forces greater than himself. Then, too, life had its compensations. For Bill Gier, in spite of cupola's dumps and baker's apple pie, smiled; and smiling, reached for the telephone. It was eleven by the guild-hall clock.

At eleven o'clock the force shifted at the Susquehanna Steel phone exchange. But here! Wait a minute! Shift at eleven P.M. sounds suspiciously like an eight-hour trick. At the end of eight hours a steel man heaves a sigh and says, "Well, there's about half of it, anyway!" But we're not talking about steel men, gentle reader. We're talking about steel ladies! Girls ran the telephone exchange at Susquehanna Steel. And no girl living could stand more than eight hours of the language that sizzled through that switchboard.

*Guided by Some Instinct, He Turned His Head a Bit and Out of the Tail of His Eye Caught the Bright Arc of a Swishing Shovel Blade*

It had been worked out, I believe, that three eight-hour tricks at girls' wages showed up better on the pay-roll sheets than two twelve-hour tricks at boys' pay. So boys had been experimentally displaced with girls at the Susky Steel exchange, with a view of ascertaining if there were such girls as would not wilt and crumple under the bombardment of steel's vocabulary. Young ladies of such sterling stuff were found; but it was finally discovered that the reason they could stand the fire was because the men of the plant chivalrously tempered the wind to the bobbed chicken. But since there are many departments in a steel plant which will not function properly without the urge of pale-blue language, this gentlemanly behavior lowered at once the efficiency of the entire works. A steelworks is no place for gentlemanly behavior; and so, before long, the exchange found itself in the hands of boys again.

But fate so ordered it that during Bill Gier's sojourn with Big John Devany and his little ox goad, femininity held as incongruous a place as could have been found for it in the long stretch of smoking stacks and smoking language that made up Susquehanna Steel.

A soft voice answering the lift of the Bessemer receiver seemed a miracle of gentleness against the roar of blowing vessels that beat against Bill Gier's uncovered ear as the guild-hall clock boomed forth the hour of eleven.

"That's luck!" said Bill.

"What's luck?" inquired the soft voice.

"Catching you just as you're going off. Now you'll have time to let me tell you something crazy before you stagger home to hit the feathers."

Luck it may have been. Just the same, Bill always took his night lunch at eleven, if the mill permitted, instead of at twelve, when the other foremen snatched a bite.

"Where do you get that crazy stuff?" demanded the soft voice. "I may be a woiking gel, Lord Montmorency, but I take no insults from such as you. And tie the bread box to that hit-the-feathers talk. We're not used to rough lengwich, us operators ain't. Either you stop talking low-brow to me, Bill Gier, or else ——"

Bill Gier interrupted.

"I'll talk nothing to you but verse out of Keats and Shelley if you'll call me Bill to my face," he stated. "No fooling now! When are you going to let me see the kind of a girl that goes with a voice like that? A hungry man would starve to death on nothing but your voice, same as he would on a diet of minced larks' tongues; divine but not sustaining. Lowbrow, eh? I'll bet that knocked you for a row of coke ovens."

"Wonderful, Bill!" And to tell the truth the soft voice gasped a little. "If you can keep that up I'm lost. But here, before this goes any further you tell me if you apologized to that poor bohunk you smacked in the *gesicht* the other night. I'm asking you as one lady to another."

"That's what I called you up for," stated Bill, and the smile he had worn since fronting the perils of that piece of leather-bottomed pie broke into a hearty chuckle.

Bill rose and peered through a grimy window. Down on the mill floor Bill's gang of roustabouters were faithfully plugging away in a location so selected that the bright glare of the vessels would keep them in the limelight during their foreman's absence. Iron ladles tore past the office window at their normal reckless speed. The vessels rose and lowered regularly with their roaring bursts of flying iron rain. The stoppers of steel ladles lifted and dropped back, loosing and shutting off the squirting streams of white steel at the pourer's will. The full molds lumbered out, their gay steel fountains sparkling. It was a little late in the day for the lark, but it was on the wing all right, all right. Bill had heard it singing. All was jake with the world. Bill went back to the phone.

"You'd 'a' died," Bill started in. "I went down to the dump next day like you asked me to. I really was sorry I'd slugged the poor bohunk, and I wanted to square myself with him. So I walked up to this Sandor baby, with my eye on his pick hand; and before I got a word out, what do you think he pulled?"

"What did he?" an eager voice wanted to know.

"He wasn't sore at all," said Bill. "But I'll say he's got a keen sense of justice. 'Meest'r Bill,' he says, ''nother day, me no work not'ing, you knockn hal outa me. Today dem two fella no work not'ing,' and he pointed slyly down to where two of his buddies stood at ease, smoking their long pipes and discussing the high price of vodka. 'Mebbe'—and he grinned hopefully—'you today knockn hal out dem two fella, huh?'"

There came to Bill the sound of sweet bells chiming, neither out of tune nor harsh; but as luck would have it, right in the middle of that silver music the office door swung open, admitting the snarling uproar of the mill, and at the same time a tall, immaculate, athletically proportioned figure, than which in the whole length and breadth of the Susquehanna works there was nothing at which Bill Gier would more gladly have taken a hearty poke.

Mr. Armand Forester was a learner. A learner in the mills is generally a recent graduate in one of the institutions of higher culture, such as Aristophanes University or Theophrastus College, and his aim is usually the sales end of the game. The learner has no specific duties to perform. He spends a week or two in each department of the plant, arrayed in purple and fine linen, picking a leisurely way about among the sweating slant-heads, along with whom he classes the output of such basely utilitarian engineering schools as Valley Tech.

This pleasant survey of the works acquaints the learner, whose father very often shoots a daily game of golf against the chairman of the plant's board of directors, with the obvious and simple processes of steel production so rapidly that at the end of a half year or so he can sally forth into the well-groomed world of sales and intelligently place his hardware. But while on the plant he is considered by all of the Chinese help as a well-aimed custard pie upon an otherwise heroic canvas. The masons always manage to drop a brick into a pan of splashy fire-clay mortar as he saunters by. The lever men engage him in thrilling narratives as they maneuver him into such position as will insure him a good hot shower bath when the converters come flaming down. And all Valley Tech men look at him and his unsweated raiment in utter scorn and ask the universe in loud disdainful tones who ever heard of a steel man coming out of Theophrastus.

It does happen, however, that among its lawyers, its professors, its bond salesmen, its realtors and its country gentlemen, Theophrastus turns out a steel man occasionally. But in any plant, in the part of learner, proof of this fact is surely one onerous burden; and such a burden Mr. Forester had not the least desire or intention of shouldering. Why should he? Mr. A. P. W. Remour, the general manager of Susquehanna Steel, was a Theophrastus man and a brilliant steel captain; and Mr. Remour had married a charming and extensively Sunday-supplemented young lady of New York and Narragansett, named Peggy Forester. You've guessed it—sister.

"Aha!" bantered Mr. Forester when Bill Gier, after a short regretful sentence of farewell, had heard a click that shut off the music of the spheres. "The busy young metallurgist is persiflaging on the company's time again, I see."

"Can it!" said Bill as he folded up his collapsible lunch box and stuck it in his coat pocket. "If I didn't do more work in an hour than you did in a month, Martha, I'd go upstairs and dive in a cupola top."

Mr. Forester's remarks about the use of the company's time had touched Mr. Gier on the wrong spot. The company was using up not less than eighty-four hours of Mr. Gier's time every week, and it was Mr. Gier's opinion that if he cared to persiflage about a half hour of this away, that was strictly Mr. Gier's affair. Besides this, the trend of Mr. Forester's observations fitted curiously with talk that floated, crediting Mr. Forester with a willingness to report to A. P. W. R. any delinquencies that he thought might be interesting to brother. Among learners, then, who under the best of circumstances are not in particular favor with any of the millmen, you can easily judge how Armand stood with William Gier.

From the way Mr. Forester was put together, however, you would not suspect him as lacking in animal courage. His words confirmed this. His eyes looked very directly into Bill's.

"Soft-pedal on that Martha stuff, Gier," he said. "Clothes that smell of sweat don't cover all the tough muscle in the world. We gave your bunch a game on our practice schedule one year when you played. We licked you thirty-four to six. I remember it so well because I was at end that game."

Bill snorted. "Sure you played football," he said; "but that's no reason why I should soft-pedal anything that's on my mind. All the he débutants at the South Bay colony made their T the year you did. Next season, when they canned that cotillion-leader coach and put Doc Newman in charge up there, he put men on the squad, and that team licked us sixty-five to nothing. I don't remember that you played."

Mr. Forester curled his lip. This thing was getting to be distinctly cat and dog. Armand, be it said to his credit, had no fears regarding physical issue with Bill Gier. Armand had long since measured his own symmetrical height and the craft in his own smooth-acting muscles with Bill's rangy, awkward body, and had smiled his satisfaction at the decision reached. One might have judged from the rope-skipping grace with which Armand avoided obstructions as he went about the mills, and from the forward thrust of his wide shoulders as he walked, that he was the best light-heavy of the four clubs that boasted his name on their exclusive rosters. But there are so many ways superior to the physical by which to show ascendancy over those with whom one comes in contact. Mr. Forester laughed disarmingly and shifted the conversation in a guileful attempt to guide this animal intelligence that antagonized him toward thought of less violent conquests.

"Score one for you, Gier," he said, and laughed disarmingly, a frank and quite agreeable discomfiture. "But I score one on you in about an hour." Here he sat down and tilted his chair back comfortably against the wall. "You haven't asked me what I'm doing out in the mills this late at night. Well, I'll confess to you that it isn't love of steel. There's a black-haired lady over at the phone exchange has been wanting to see the plant at night. I've had my eye on her for quite a while. Follies material absolutely, Bill. Met her over at the Emergency Hospital the other week. She stopped in to gossip a bit with the little red-cheeked Czech nurse that was touching up a burn or two I got when that dirty mucker McGuire turned a vessel down on me. I'd been thinking seriously of dating up the little hunky, but when she introduced me to the hello girl I had a change of heart. We're going to see the plant tonight. There are lots of places about the mills so dark and dangerous as absolutely to require the protection of a strong arm, eh, Gier?"

Bill Gier, who had risen with a view of terminating this distasteful conversation as soon as might be, took hold of a chair and slammed it down behind him and thumped his solid body into it. But Armand Forester, seeing none too clearly because of a smothered blinding rage at this fellow who had dared affront him, failed to get the significance of the slamming chair and the thumping body, or to notice the straightening of Gier's mouth, or the cold contempt that came into his eye. Mr. Forester, deep in the business of winning the grosser interests of this man, so that he might be the more easily broken when the time for that arrived, went on with his comments.

"You wouldn't believe that a voice like hers would belong to that kind, would you?" he asked. "You've heard that music on the wire, eh?" Here Forester pounded Bill knowingly on the shoulder. "Guess I don't know what put that five-miles-back-of-Tickville look on your face that I saw there when I came in the door and you hung up the receiver in a hurry. Never saw her, eh? Turn Hollywood inside out and you wouldn't match it. And I swear, to look at her you'd think her unapproachable. But little Armand knows that class.

"Look at her job. Any girl who can eat up the line of language that goes through her switchboard eight hours a day is no sainted maiden, I'll risk a bet."

Bill tilted back his chair and swung both feet up on the mill-delay report that, lying in wait for whom it might devour, topped the litter on the superintendent's desk. Bill rammed both hands deep into his pockets.

*(Continued on Page 66)*

*A Wave of Heat Smote Her as Long Red Tongues Thrust Out Beneath the Ceiling of the Dump*

# Popular Fallacies About Crime

## By Sir Basil Thomson K. C. B.

*Former Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, London*

VOX *populi vox Dei*—the voice of the people is the voice of God. If that ancient proverb were true there would be no popular fallacies, and there would be some hope in this age of democracy that the human race would be reasonably governed. But the voice of the people as illustrated in its proverbs is as safe a guide as a blind man in a wilderness who wanders aimlessly on, crooning foolish melodies to himself, until vague terrors seize him and drive him into fits of protest and insensate fury.

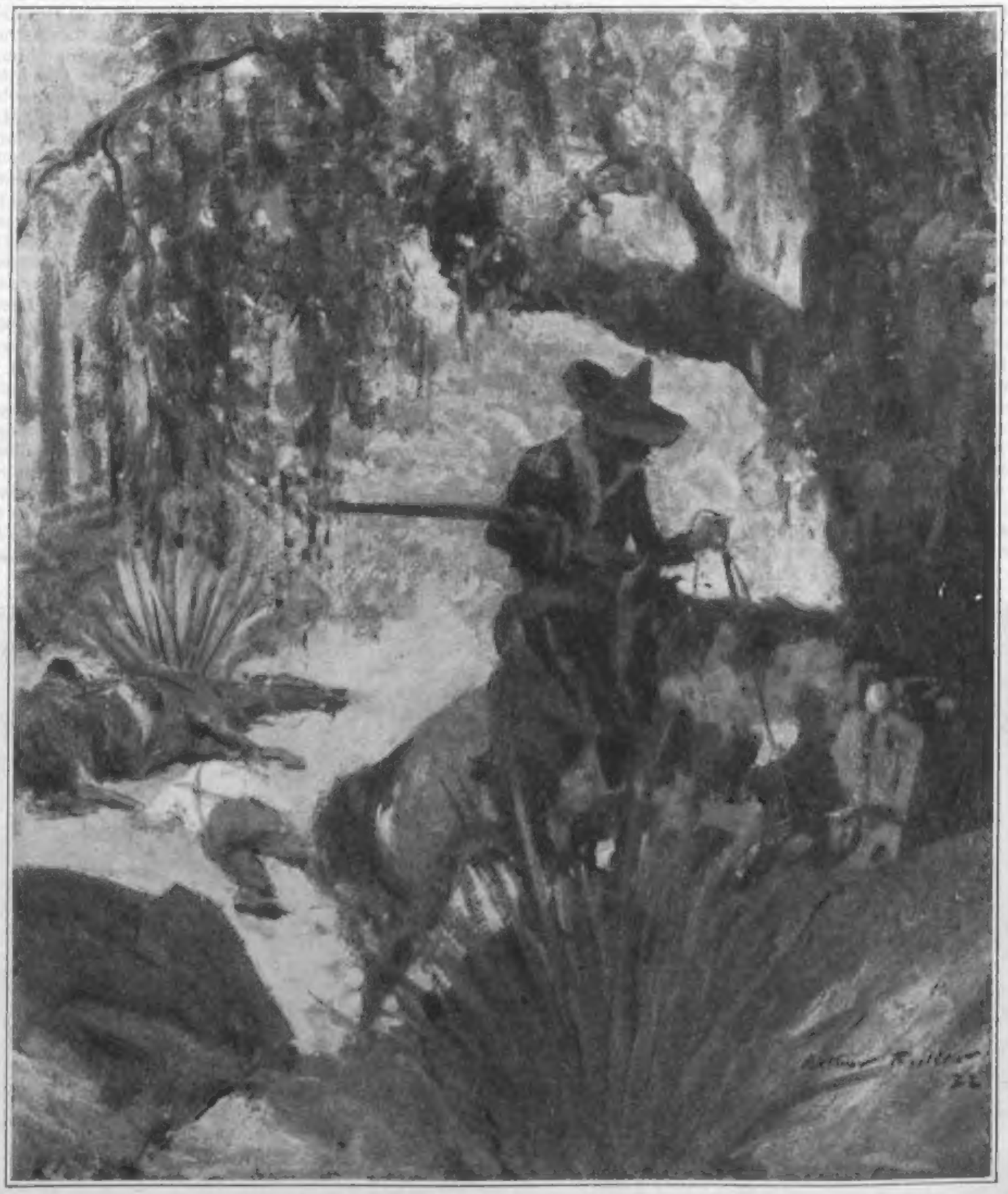
Take, for example, the proverb that murder will out, which is employed whenever one out of many thousands of undiscovered murderers is caught through a chance coincidence that captures the popular imagination. It is because murder will not out that the pleasant shock of surprise when it does out calls for a proverb to enshrine the phenomenon. The poisoner who is brought to justice at last has almost invariably proved to have killed other victims without exciting suspicion, until he has grown careless. Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, and to take a recent case, Armstrong, the Welsh attorney, had removed people who stood in their way without experiencing any difficulty in obtaining medical certificates.

In most cases of murder the police have had to put in a deal of hard work before they could bring even a suspected murderer to justice; and if you were to assure them that they can safely sit still and let the ancient proverb work they might suspect you of complicity, or have you placed under observation for evidences of unsound mind.

Another popular fallacy would have it that the murderer is irresistibly drawn to the scene of his crime. If this were true how easy it would be for the police to sit down by the corpse and wait for him! They would have to wait a long time. I have often wondered whether, outside the pages of fiction, a murderer has ever revisited the scene of his crime, unless it was to pick up something he had forgotten that might fasten the crime upon him. One of the features of the French criminal procedure in murder cases used to be the reconstitution of the crime. The suspect was taken to the scene, and he was expected to be so much unnerved by his enforced visit to the place that he would betray himself by his emotion. A murderer has often perforce to stay near the scene of his crime, because if he left it he would at once attract suspicion to himself. But whenever he dares he puts as much distance between himself and the fatal spot as he can.

### The Bishop's Creepy Tale

THERE is a touching popular belief that the murderer is conscience-stricken, haunted by the vision of his victim, who appears to him in the still watches of the night and murders his sleep. We have the high authority of Shakspere for this belief. The exigencies of the drama demand it, and most of us are players by instinct. But the murderers I have had the privilege of knowing seemed only to experience pangs of contrition when they began to be suspected. As long as the world continued to think well of them their consciences slumbered.



*A Border Criminal*

There was one exception in the criminal annals. Constance Kent, at the age of fifteen, had murdered her little brother, and suspicion fastened upon her father. She allowed him to be arrested and disgraced without a tremor; but when the crime was almost forgotten, and she was a woman of past thirty, she became a Roman Catholic and communicated her guilt to the priest in the confessional. He took the right course. He insisted that she should repeat her confession to the police, which with many tears she did, and was convicted on her own confession. She was not executed.

When I was a boy I remember a certain bishop of the Church of England who used to make our flesh creep by telling us that as a prison chaplain he had once held a confirmation class of seventeen murderesses. When he had produced his effect he went on to tell us with what intrepidity he had allowed himself to be left alone with murderers. We thought him a marvel of dauntless courage, and I have no doubt that by dint of repetition he had come to think himself a devil of a fellow.

"Weren't you afraid?" we faltered.

"Not a bit," replied the bishop. "I never even gave it a thought."

Thus he practiced on our childish imaginations, knowing all the while, as I came to know afterwards from experience, that the murderer is the least dangerous of any class of prisoner. In the great convict prisons, indeed, the murderer is not regarded by his jailers as a criminal at all. Generally his crime was committed under the emotional stress that besets us only under the temptations of free life, and he has had such a lesson that for the rest of his life he is as docile as a lamb. In the whole range of the history of crime I can remember no case in which a man acquitted of one murder has been arraigned on a second case; it is very rare indeed for him to commit even the smallest misdemeanor. The dangerous men are the professionals—burglars or bandits—and even these know their place too well to be dangerous in prison.

### Lombroso's Theories

WE OWE the fallacy that criminals are born, not made, to the Italian, Lombroso, who argued from a few abnormal cases in Italian prisons that all criminals are abnormal, and that they bear in their persons stigmata that mark them for the devil's own. When he wrote his famous treatise forty years ago the science of criminology was new, and startling theories are always popular. People wagged their heads over the iniquity of punishing the poor criminal for what he could not help, and schools of penal reform sprang up like mushrooms in every country, preaching the doctrine of pyschiatric treatment rather than punishment. Gradually the new theory began to be questioned. People who were acquainted with criminals at first hand pointed out that though there were a few abnormal individuals in every prison, the average were normal men and women of the working class, and some were intellectually much above the average. But the new ghost could not be laid without definite disproof. Early in the century a special inquiry was conducted by Dr. Karl Pearson, the statistician, and the late Doctor Goring. A large body of convicts then in English prisons were tested by measurement, family history and disposition, and the result proved conclusively that environment and early training, and not heredity, made the criminal. It was shown that more than 90 per cent of the professional criminals began their criminal careers before they were twenty-one; that the age between sixteen and twenty-one was the critical period; that the percentage of mentally abnormal cases was under ten; that it was commoner to find criminals who had criminal older brothers than criminals who had criminal fathers.

In making comparisons, however, with other groups, such as soldiers and college students, it was found that the criminals were about an inch shorter and a little lighter than free men of the same age, and that a large proportion of them were recruited from the working class. This is what one might expect. The war proved that the bulk of crime is an economic problem; that when wages are good and there is plenty of employment the prisons are empty; when times are bad they fill up.

The shorter and the more weakly are the first to feel the pinch. They take to crime because they see no other prospect before them, and so they lower the average of height and physical strength in prisons. It is obvious to everyone that the strongest driving force in the healthy human

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# SLOWING DOWN THROUGH FLEET STREET

## By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THERE is a notion in America, especially believed by our newspaper men, that the reportorial staff of any English paper is sharply divided into an impressive Grade-A Brahman class, called "journalists" the "r" being silent, as in jaw—and a lower order of Sudras, almost Pariahs, who are virtually stenographers and are known as mere "pressmen." During my own first days, however, in the Newspaper Row of London, Fleet Street, I flushed nothing but flocks of what I should call journalists. Judging objectively, there wasn't a man jack among them, from star down to cub, who if employed on an American paper could escape the fate of instantly being shunted by a hustling news editor to the job of book reviewer or dramatic critic.

"Just how," I finally pleaded with Fleet Street itself, "is one able to distinguish the mere pressman, or reporter, from such things as journalists and lilies of the fields?"

"Silly rot, good egg," smiled Fleet Street. "There is no distinction. Journalist, reporter, pressman—we are all the same."

And it's true. In fact, whenever Fleet Street finally gives out news of this or any other sort one may be certain of its truth. The false almost never prevails long enough to reach Fleet Street, but truth—as I was saying to a fellow only the other day—crushed to earth will rise again; and when it has been rising and rerising a sufficient length of time Fleet Street then, and not till then, gets wind of it and spreads the news.

Any snappy, live American city editor, suddenly placed at the helm in a Fleet Street city room, would lose his silly Park Rowish notion about English journalist-pressman distinctions the instant he had seen in print the published results of the assignments he had given to his Fleet Street staff the day before. Immediately the American editor would begin to look upon high and low of the staff with absolute impartiality. Probably the only distinction he would make would be to look fairly upon those closest to his desk through the sights of the office revolver, and then use a sawed-off shotgun to pick off the birds in the back pews. The point I make is that, beyond a shift in weapons, he would treat high and low alike, once the murders were begun.

### How to Recognize a Journalist

THEN I suppose the American, torn between the holy joy of murder lust satisfied and a fear of hanging, would take a running slide out onto the black Thames, deliberately drop a match on the river and destroy himself in the blazing goo. If he did that he would be the first Park Row city editor in history who could make a mistake. Had the suicide only studied Fleet Street a bit longer he would have seen that he could have strolled nonchalantly out of the city room through his kill, dined without hurry in Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese across the street, and in his own good time looked up a liner headed for South America. And he would be firing his Argentine reporters in perfect Spanish just about the time that the reporters on the rival Fleet Street newspaper a floor above the shootings began to notice that a staff or something had died inside the house.

Fleet Street, I reassert, has this matter right. It does not snobbishly relegate a part of its bright young men to a lower class, called pressmen. That's the whole trouble with Fleet Street. It's all journalists.

*The Show's Publicity Man Got Thomas A. Edison to Box Three Fast Rounds With Marie Dressler*

I go so far as to say that it is far easier in democratic America—at least in New York—for even the layman to isolate the journalist in any flock of Park Row reporters than in monarchial Britain. Look the press gallery over, you who are interested, the next time somebody named Pete is imported from Iowa to paint the flagpole of a lower Broadway skyscraper, or Jackie Coogan arrives at the Grand Central Terminal—any cosmic happening like that, which invariably turns haughty Manhattan upside down with hysteria and therefore calls forth Park Row en masse

Claw your way through the excitement to Jackie Coogan's side. You will see a group of young men, all asking Mr. Coogan in an expectant chorus—pencils poised to note the expected enthusiastic answer—"Well, what do you think of our skyscrapers?"

You will notice instantly that at least one of the young interviewers carries a cane. Here we have a sure-fire test that could not be made in London for two reasons, the more important reason being that Fleet Street would not arrive to greet Jackie at Paddington Station on the same day Jackie arrived. The other reason is that in London everyone is born with a cane, even the bus drivers carrying them, I believe, on the job. But at the Grand Central you may bet the bank roll that the youth carrying the cane is not a mere reporter. He is a journalist.

We even go Britain one better in that we have class within class among our journalists, again especially in New York. The cane crooked fetchingly on the forearm is the generic distinguishing sign of all New York journalists, but there are still heftier grades that are physically marked for life by either broad black ribbons on their nose glasses, flowing Windsor cravats, first-violin haircuts or mauve spats. And all journalists come from Harvard.

The top-hole combination of stick, cheaters ribbon, flowing scarf, undecided hair and fair Harvard happened only once in the history of American civilization. The happening was brief. I was temporarily sitting in as his city editor. He fell down one day on the loveliest child-murder story we had had in months, because, he explained, the story did not appeal to him. Passionately I told him that if he did anything like that again I'd kill him. He did it again. Now a city editor, the layman should know, must stick to the course he has laid for himself or lose the respect of his staff. So I killed him.

His journalistic brethren of London unwittingly staged an exhibition of their professional prowess for me one afternoon a few months ago when I happened to be in Fleet Street. In the course of that afternoon Fleet Street accidentally learned that in Eaton Place, two miles away, had occurred a murder more startling to the British public than any homicide committed in the empire since Lord Cavendish and Thomas Burke were murdered in Dublin more than a generation ago.

Permit me to note, incidentally, for purposes of comparison of English and American methods, that a few years ago I was a reporter in Park Row on a night when word came downtown that New York's most spectacular murder of our generation had just occurred, also two miles away.

### Edwin C. Hill's Snappy Work

THE New York murder was committed at five minutes to eleven at night—exactly one hour and five minutes before our paper went to press. Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson was shot down in Eaton Place immediately after the luncheon hour. The reporters on even the night editions of Fleet Street's papers of that day had plenty of time therefore—from our standards—in which to round up a good story. Certainly the staffs of the papers issued the following morning had time in which to clean up a good job and then go punting on the jolly old Thames. So far as I could judge from results, the only part of this program carried out was to go punting on the Thames.

In the instance of the New York murder I was merely one of fourteen reporters from my own city room who before 11:15 o'clock, or less than twenty minutes after the crack of the last revolver shot, had raced two miles north from the city room and were working on the job. Precisely thirty-five minutes after the shots one of the fourteen, Edwin C. Hill—who was, and still remains, the best reporter the country has produced—was back again in Park Row and pounding out the story on his typewriter.

A shade over an hour and fifteen minutes after the shots the paper was being sold in City Hall Park. It contained almost two columns of a rattling good murder story—later editions that night had almost a page. Mr. Hill's first-edition story correctly described the salient details of the tragedy—told who and what the principals were, just why the murderer thought he should kill, where he and the victim and their respective parties of friends had been earlier in the evening, the murder and attending scenes, the arrest and imprisonment for the night in the Tenderloin police station. And over the hurried yet accurate and complete story was a headline worthy of a newspaper

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*"Newspaper Cousins From Across the Sea," Cheerily Called David, in Effect—I Forget His Exact Words—"Come In!"*

# NAMED BY IZZY ISKOVITCH

## By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

*"Why, Izzy," Laughed One of the Oriental Dancers, "Don't You Want to Get Thousands of Mash Notes?" "Them Kind of Notes Don't Draw Any Interest But Trouble"*

THERE was no resisting Izzy Iskovitch. It wasn't just exactly the eagerness of the boy, nor his intense serviceability to every and all, nor even the wonderfully cheerful smile that was constantly on his face. It was the spirit behind the smile, and that spirit was inspired by the joy of success. Probably never in all the history of wealth, since commerce trifled gayly with art and produced as lusty bratling the motion-picture industry, has anyone radiated the joy of success as did Izzy Iskovitch.

For just imagine this: Though scarcely more than seventeen, a flat-stomached, long-necked gangleshanks, with the curly hair and dark brown eyes and olive skin of his race, he nevertheless owned and managed superbly a motion-picture plant far more stupendous and far more prosperous than even this vast, lonely Magnificent Pictures Corporation, over which only he and the early morning mist now shared chilly watch.

To be sure, his ownership and management of the world's greatest motion-picture concern was as yet only potential, and his success was in anticipation purely. At present he was looking for a job; any job that would lead him eventually to close contact with the great Schusshel himself—the man who had caught the infant industry at the incubator and had compelled the bird to lay golden eggs for him ever since. One learns plumbing from a plumber, and one should learn magnating from a magnate; so David Schusshel was the first thrilling objective on Izzy's upward way.

To one less filled with pregratified ambition it might have been lonesome and dull here, with no living soul in sight, and nothing to look at but the long drab row of one-story concrete buildings; and back of those the ungainly gable-roofed stages, like so many huge hangars from which flew endlessly a succession of airy fancies with crippled wings and bedraggled feathers; and beyond the stages the towering sets, gaunt and spidery mimics of coliseums and mansions and stock exchanges and Egyptian temples and Chinese dope dens and what not; all of them hundreds of feet long and inches wide; and beyond those the purple-tinted mountains with their tops shrouded in soft gray vapor. But to Izzy there was no dullness and no loneliness and no chill, though he was lightly, even frugally clad; for the thoughts of the boy were warm, warm thoughts.

There was a rattle of a loose fender and a grind of brakes, and around the corner tore a muddy old car. Director Sapp, a bronzed and lanky young fellow with a good white-and-red grin of his own beneath his fuzzy mustache. He had been on location for two weeks.

"Hello, magnate! Still waiting for that job, eh?"

"You bet you!"

Izzy had the car door swung open before the motor stopped.

"By jinks, somebody ought to hurry up and give it to you!"

"Somebody will. Look, Mr. Sapp! When I make myself useful as I can to everybody that comes, somebody's got to find out they need me; then I get my job, don't I?"

"I hope to say so!" As Sapp glimpsed the spirit in those shining brown eyes he suddenly sensed a tremendous value here. A month ago the boy had appeared at the plant to look for a job, with his little flat sandwich in one pocket and his car fare in another, the first to arrive and the last to go, acting as voluntary door hound, anybody's lobbygow; and here he was still, with undiminished confidence and unabated cheerfulness. Less stout hearts had won great battles.

"Well, kid, the first man I sign up when I start to shoot The Living Flame will be you."

"Hot dog!" With clasped hands, Izzy twisted his entire bony body in a genuflection of joy. "How quick do we go?"

"Right away! As soon as I can get set!"

Ernest Sapp's own voice was full of the joy of potential success. The Living Flame! That was his chance! How he had earned it! For three years he had ground out the M. P. C.'s cheap program pictures like links from a sausage machine, until at last Steinberg had promised him this big special. The book sensation of the year! Money to be spent on it like water! He'd have everything necessary to make a knock-out picture. He'd break into the big type, the big money, win fame, reputation, success; and the thoughts of the lean and lanky young director were warm, warm thoughts.

"Let me know when the G. M. gets here, Izzy," he said, and swung back through to Directors' Row with dynamic pep.

After him the deluge.

Within an hour there were a thousand cars of all sizes, descriptions and makes packed solidly in and around the plant, and the vast army of picture makers was seething and swarming everywhere; directors, actors, electricians, camera men, office workers, carpenters, scenario writers, cutters, property men, laboratory men, assistants and assistants' assistants; and at last the perspiring big G. M.—Jake Steinberg, a pasty man who should have been pink; a large, big-boned man who should have been hard but was soft; an extremely dark-skinned man with darker circles under his eyes. Leaving the general manager to open for himself the door of his big yellow limousine, Izzy darted into the lot and across the huge open stage where a gang of cutthroats were again murdering the man they had murdered five times on the day before, dashed down Directors' Row to Cell 15 and got his prospective boss, following up to the main office in quivering expectancy.

As they passed the door of the casting director's office, however, Izzy paused abruptly. A girl had come out so disheartened of expression that the boy, being an intense sentimentalist, felt his sympathies stirred. She was a slight and rather delicate-looking girl, with wistful, big blue eyes and a clear, transparent skin, on which there was a pallor that probably came from too continuous crackers and tea for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. She was prettily dressed, although there were evidences of much sponging and pressing and careful catching in of edges, and the flatness of her tiny purse explained why she hesitated a moment, wearily, as she looked out towards the road. It was a long walk to the next studio.

"Better luck next time," suggested Izzy by way of uplift.

The girl turned on him sharply, glad for a chance to resent something; but there was no resisting Izzy Iskovitch. His brown eyes were alive with friendliness, and his smile was so cheery that the girl smiled in return, and felt brightened and strengthened.

"Thank you," she said. "Every little good wish helps, I suppose."

She found him studying her with a puzzled expression.

"I seen you some place in the pictures. What's your name?"

"Prudence Joy."

He repeated the name to himself, as if he were going over a mental directory, and then his smiling enthusiasm came up as he located her

"I saw you in Her Fatal Misstep. I thought you was a little too skinny, but you played good. You made me cry."

"That is a splendid compliment," she told him, and was really grateful for it.

"Oh, no, it's business with me. I'm always lookin' out for comers, for when I get my own company sometime."

Miss Joy gazed at the boyish pink in the olive cheeks and the boyish curve on the full wide lips, and could not suppress a sparkle of amusement.

"I hope you'll star me when you become a producer."

"Well, maybe," he slowly considered, studying her soberly and critically, "if you ain't too old by that time."

The girl winced and the sparkle died. She was only nineteen, but her art was one that sets early lines in the face, early hardness in the eyes. The return of her dejection worried Izzy.

"I know most of these directors around here. If I get a chance I'll try to sell you to a job. How much commission you give me?"

The laugh came back.

"Ten per cent," and, still laughing, she started cheerily on her way, while her new agent hurried to the general manager's dingy little outer office, where the air was thick with cigarette smoke, and a score or more of directors, production managers and such were waiting their turns to see Steinberg, sitting on desk and table and the arms of benches and chairs, and kidding each other to conceal their real thoughts and plans. Actors in make-up were strolling through the halls in a most motley assortment of costumes: Arabs, Egyptians, Chinese, cowboys, lords and ladies, priests and vampires; and a pair of slim Oriental dancing girls flanked the door of the office, clad in filmy draperies of startling transparency, but so nonchalant and impersonal about it that they might as well have been in street attire.

"Here's your juvenile lead, Creiker," grinned the fattest director. "What's the matter with Izzy?"

"Too handsome!" returned grizzled Creiker, but with a friendly wink at the boy.

"I don't want to be an actor, anyway, Mr. Shoals."

"Why, Izzy," laughed one of the Oriental dancers, whose home name was Molly Casey, "don't you want to see your name in big letters on the billboards and get thousands of mash notes?"

"Them kind of notes don't draw any interest but trouble," and the boy's eyes narrowed. "Anyhow, acting ain't a business, any way you take it. No business is a business where you can't make any money if you get your face broke. I only want to see my name on the billboards in little letters at the top, like this: Isidor Iskovitch Presents."

The room rocked with the laugh on that, but out of the hubbub came a voice from the door. "That's a smart idea. What's your job around here, boy?"

It was the great Schusshel himself, and the laughter stopped as if the needle had been lifted from the record. Around the front offices they stood something in awe of the little old man with the diffident air and the kindly face, for many times after he had walked through a room men who might have been overlooked had been discharged.

Izzy Iskovitch, however, rose promptly to the momentous occasion, and, silently resigning from his freshly promised position with Sapp, he said eagerly, "I ain't got any job yet, Mr. Schusshel. I'm just waitin' for one."

The boss bent on him a look that was keen, penetrating and amused

"I'm going to New York tomorrow. When I get back come and see me."

With this royal dictum he was about to pass through to the G. M.'s private office when Izzy stopped him.

"How quick are you coming back?"

Schusshel looked at the boy with a frown of concentration above his nose, for the sound of sudden violent quarreling had broken out inside the private office.

Nevertheless, old David answered, "In a couple of months or so."

The loud voices in the next room stopped abruptly as the boss went in. Presently the door flung open and Jake Steinberg came out, perspiring profusely. Looking neither to the right nor the left, he stalked into the hall. Those who were waiting to see him stared after him, and suppressed smiles sat on the faces of most; for Jake was apparently in trouble, and it is a natural instinct to hate a G. M.

Inside the private office the principles of art were being discussed in this fashion: The great Schusshel, seated small behind Steinberg's desk, was saying:

"I gave Mr. Steinberg his calling down for promising you The Living Flame, Mr. Sapp, and not for taking it away from you. You never directed a big picture yet, and Mr. Dunreath has."

"I've never had a chance!" choked Sapp, bending over the front of the desk, his jaw muscles knotted and his lean face pale. "How can I prove that I can direct a big picture unless you let me do one? You've held me on these rotten cheap program features for three years. You've made me shoot them in three weeks and keep the cost below twenty-five thousand dollars. But even at that, everybody on the lot will tell you that my stuff is more artistic, more dramatic, better-looking and better directed than anything Dunreath ever did."

"Dunreath directed The Mother of Nine, and it cleaned up a million dollars."

"It was a terrible thing!" protested Sapp. "It was a crude, false picture, and its success was a fluke, made possible only by the wonderful acting of Sara Carew. Dunreath hasn't made another hit since. I'm not meaning to knock Dunreath, Mr. Schusshel. I'm fighting for my life. I have it in me to make some great productions. I'm entitled to my chance, and I want it."

Sapp was a likable fellow, clean-cut, straight, with the manners of a gentleman, the eyes of a student, the brow of an artist; sober, industrious; a man who kept within his cost estimates and made money for the firm; and yet

"Look here, Mr. Sapp, I got to set you right. Making pictures is a business, and nothing else. The Living Flame is going to cost us two hundred thousand dollars, and we have to put into that film everything that will get our money back. I don't know whether it's a good story or not. I didn't read it. But we paid fifty thousand dollars for the book because it had a sensational sale, and everybody's talking about it. That'll help make the exhibitors buy the picture. We're putting in six of the highest-priced actors in the business. Every one of their names will help make the exhibitors buy the picture. We're getting Dunreath to shoot it because he directed The Mother of Nine, and that will help make the exhibitors buy the picture. Now, we'll say, for the sake of argument, Mr. Sapp, that you are five times as good a director as Mr. Dunreath; but your name wouldn't add a nickel to our sales. So you don't get it."

Sapp drew a long breath, straightened up and managed a smile. It took courage to bring up that smile, for, by the inexorable rule of commerce, the father of motion pictures, he had lost again the chance to make what he honestly believed would be finer, better, more intelligent and more artistic productions.

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*"You're Supposed to be Acting, if That is Possible. Now, I'm Going to Have This Scene Out of You if I Have to Half Kill You to Get It!"*

# Winnie and the Woolly Lamb

## By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

FOR the first few days of her stay at Poynings Castle on the occasion of Lord Southdown's shooting party, little Miss Winnie O'Wynn had noticed Mr. Freddy Furlong very little more than she was accustomed to notice her own slim shadow. It is true that the youth spent about as much time in her immediate vicinity as her shadow, and was no more interesting, though with the passing of the hours he grew bolder; so bold, indeed, that he actually seemed seriously to expect some real notice taken of him.

It was not compassion that at this stage saved him from receiving the icicle from Winnie—sugar-coated, but nevertheless icy enough to penetrate even Freddy's consciousness. What saved the laddie from a swift and polar *congé* was a request for mercy made to Winnie by old Sir Henry Furlong, papa of Freddy.

But for Sir Henry's plea it would assuredly have been javelined swiftly to the deeply concealed core of Freddy's intelligence that by no means predestined for him was a little lady whose assorted admirers included many richer, better-looking, cleverer and far more sonorously titled men. For Freddy was merely the rather witless son of a far from witless father. He was, indeed, slightly below the rather low average of gilded youth then current, in that he was not very alluring in appearance, manner or habits. In short, the youth was a rather outrageous specimen of a spoiled and all but utterly debauched mother's darling

He must have spilled over some hint of what he conceived to be his feeling for Winnie to his parent, a blood-curdlingly wealthy cotton man; and, probably to his amazement, Sir Henry had approved. It appeared that a great friend of the cotton spinner was one Hugo Hallis another rich man who owed little Miss Winnie much and he had spoken of her to Sir Henry.

Aghast at his luck—for the only talent he possessed was a complete and ingrowing talent for annoying his parent—Freddy had listened to a promise that Sir Henry personally would interest himself in the matter. He had kept his word, bearing Winnie off that evening in his blunt, self-made, irresistible way to a corner where a long private conversation was practicable. Winnie liked him. He was vigorous, and many of the younger men of the party were not. Or, if they were, they concealed it with rather uncanny skill. Moreover, the dainty little siren was far, far too loyal to herself to decline converse with any old gentleman possessed of a six-figure income.

After the tortuous, insinuating conversational method of some of the present-day unself-mades, Winnie found Sir Henry's conversation oddly lucid, and, to her logical mind, attractive.

"You see, little lady, I know a good deal about you," he was saying presently. "We have a mutual friend in Hugo Hallis—an associate in some of my ventures—and he has told me how you have that pretty golden head of yours screwed on tight. I've been wanting to ask you about that boy of mine—Fred. He seems to think the world of you, doesn't he?"

Winnie's eyes fell.

"Oh, I—I think he is willing to be friends," she admitted.

The gray, shrewd eyes of the old knight soaked her up, and his rather grim face softened

"Suppose the boy proposes marriage to you, child. Would you accept him? He will inherit a—pretty good deal of money some day."

The lovely head lifted, two beautiful eyes, suddenly darkening, looked into his; and a pale, tiny hand stole out to rest ever so gently on the black sleeve of his dinner jacket.

"Please, I don't think I want to be married at all," she said softly.

He nodded.

"That's all right. I understand. A little lady like you can pick and choose. Child, you're the prettiest thing I've seen for many a long day; but there, you know that, of course. It's not for me to grumble if you can't decide to pick Fred. Not sure I'd pick him myself if I were you. But he's not a bad boy, once we get him disciplined. His mother—she was the kindest, gentlest woman in the world—spoiled him a little. That's all that's wrong with him. And she left him her money straight out, instead of leaving it to me to administer for him. A mistake—a mother's mistake. I don't blame her for it; wouldn't blame her for a thing in the world. Only it just makes Fred too independent of me to give me a chance to discipline him—in my business—and that means it's touch and go with him. If he gets the right woman by his side he'll make good; if he gets the wrong one, Lord help him—and me! D'ye understand that, my dear? That's why I'd like you—if it's all the same to you, of course—to let Fred be your friend anyway. Probably it'll do you your plans or arrangements—no harm, as you aren't engaged or anxious to marry; and it will keep him out of mischief. And, child, you'll be putting me under a heavy obligation to you. There's a lot of folk would like to do that."

Winnie looked at him with wide eyes. She understood a great deal better than her baby stare implied. She had not missed the touch of anxiety in his voice, and she saw it again in his eyes. Freddy Furlong, at present, was not precisely the sort of son a man of practical common sense like Sir Henry would hold up as a pattern to others; but he was all the son the cotton magnate had, and there were the makings of a sound man in him, even though, like thousands of others of his type, nothing but a series of weighty miracles could make him the grim, tenacious old battler his father was. Winnie smiled and nodded.

"You mean, dear Sir Henry, that you would like me to be friends with Freddy," she cooed. "Of course I will. I—I have several good friends like that."

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*"I Think on Behalf of My Friends I'd Better Lodge a Protest Against This Highway Robbery," He Said*

# Grandfather Goes to the Ball

## By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

WHAT a wonderfully beautiful place the world is! In spots, at least. In a spot like Deepdene, the garden suburb of Chicago, it is especially beautiful; and on a sunny Saturday afternoon with the longest day of the year only a week or two back, one has time to realize this. It is borne upon one most irresistibly while beating a diagonal path through the desirable vacant lot between Acacia Avenue and Holliston. To beat it, as Mr. Ned Cheever was beating it, through the purple blooms of milkweed, the white dots of wild strawberry, the lacy flecks of Queen Anne's handkerchief and the gold of the sunflower, is to experience a feeling of uplift almost spiritual, or, at least, to think golden thoughts.

A beautiful world; a world full of lovely people! Pessimists, political economists, statisticians and other grouches may say what they please of the well-known human race, but lovely people are the rule, which such exceptional blots and smears as Albert Woodbury only tend to prove. And think of the lovely families! The Wickham family, for example! When you are discoursing of fine, highly cultured, hospitable American families, you naturally recall the Wickhams. Of such is the hope of our beloved land. And may they increase and multiply, that generations succeeding their generations may rise and call them blessed!

Grandfather Wickham, to begin with: Age had withered him a trifle, naturally, and he was, perhaps, rather irascible and somewhat profane of speech when the wind was in the east and his rheumatism bothered him; but what a great old boy he was! What a fine, dry old kidder! And how perfectly bully to see him in the evening of his presumably well-spent life, cherished and cared for by his loving descendants, to whom he would undoubtedly leave a comfortable little wad when called hence! And his son, Richard D. Wickham, a sterling, hard-headed, conservative and prosperous business man; not brilliant, but making no pretensions to brilliancy. Mighty good to his family, and a connoisseur of cigars. He was a good sort; and Mrs. Wickham was as sweet and motherly a woman as could be found anywhere; a little too indulgent to her young son, Johnny, possibly, but then, Johnny was a mighty fine little fellow, and if he was mischievous he had his good points too. Cheever was rather fond of the kid—at times. He really liked kids.

And then there was Riesa Wickham.

Averaging the family up, taking the good qualities, the bad qualities the admirable qualities and the adorable qualities of its several members and lumping them into the scale, there was no doubt in Ned Cheever's mind that it was a pleasant family to visit on a sunny Saturday afternoon, or any old afternoon, evening, morning or night, especially when Miss Riesa was at home; a family, in short, that any fellow might be proud to be connected with. Edward hoped to be connected with it, and, although a modest young man as young men go, quite conscious of his unworthiness of such a rare jewel as Riesa and fully alive to the danger of overconfidence, it may be said that he had, at the time, some reason to hope. For one thing, that glib and glossy goof, Albert Woodbury, had apparently given up the chase. Albert had worried Cheever. In fact, Cheever wasn't quite easy in his mind about Albert yet

*Cheever Arose Slowly. "I Hate to Find Myself Agreeing With You in Anything," He Said to Woodbury, "But in This Instance You're Right"*

Disagreeable and jarring sounds broke in upon Cheever's pleasant meditations. Boy sounds! Dog sounds! Cheever saw the boys at once—four or five small imps milling round and yelling their young heads off in that cleared portion of the vacant lot devoted to their ball game; but it was not until he actually arrived upon the scene that Cheever saw the dogs, and then, owing to their rapid and complex movements, it was not easy to identify them. However, he soon made out that one of them was Razzer, the Wickham family's Airedale, and that the animal on whose throat Razzer had just got a hold was McNab, the Belgian police dog that the Robinson family had recently acquired at enormous expense. The Robinson boy, Eugene, had just attempted to prevent the total loss of the costly creature, and was, at the moment, struggling in the embrace of little Johnny Wickham, who, shouting encouragement to Razzer, held the young pacifist with a tenacity that augured well for his future success in life.

Cheever acted at once, and as his humane and other feelings prompted. Razzer was beloved of Riesa, and it was inconceivable that he should stand idly by and let anything that Riesa loved risk injury. Razzer's throat grip was not so secure as it might have been, owing to the partial protection of McNab's brass-studded collar, and there was a risk. He therefore detached Razzer, and if in doing this he was not so gentle as he might have been, it must be remembered that it is difficult to separate fighting dogs by kindly remonstrance.

Having parted them he had some further difficulty in keeping them apart, but the timely arrival of the local grocer's delivery man, who took McNab in charge, left him free to start Razzer on his homeward way with an initial velocity imparted by the toe of his boot.

But Ned's task was not yet completed. Johnny Wickham and Eugene Robinson were now at fisticuffs, and their young companions, consoled thereby for the untimely end of the dog fight, were enthusiastically cheering them on.

"Here, you little devils," called Cheever, "quit that!"

He caught Johnny by the arm, and Eugene, taking advantage of this, smote Johnny plump on the nose and retreated to a safe distance. Johnny struggled madly and, squirming, kicked Cheever on the shins. Cheever laughed and held him off, but held him. Then assuming a ferocious expression he dispersed the disorderly assemblage with a stentorian bellow and released his red-faced and battle-frenzied captive.

"Now behave yourself, kid," he said good-naturedly. "Better come on to the house with me, hadn't you?"

But the berserk fit was still on Johnny. "Dog-gone you, Ned Cheever!" he cried and, stooping, picked up a stone. Cheever dodged, but the missile hit him pretty smartly on his chin, whereupon he emitted a roar of feigned rage and made a short rush before which Johnny fled in the direction that the others had taken.

"Some little scrapper!" Cheever chuckled as he moved on, retracing his steps a little to pick up a box of candy that he had laid down.

He was highly amused and not a little gratified by the incident, in spite of a slight swelling where the stone had struck him. Johnny was all right, and had acted as one would expect a male Wickham to act valorously, yet with discretion. Great kid! And it was just as well to have him give the house a wide berth that sunny Saturday afternoon, for Riesa was to be at home, and with Riesa at home Johnny could well be spared. So Cheever walked happily along, as many a man before him has walked, happily and innocently, to doom.

Riesa Wickham was in repose. Volcanoes are that way occasionally, though not in hammocks swung in the widespread shade of big cedars on velvety lawns. Also, volcanoes in repose have a somber appearance above their vineyard slopes, and Riesa was addicted to sports costumes of remarkably brilliant and varied hues, similar to a Brazilian parrot's. Nor, indeed, was the girl what one would call volcanic in her temperament, in the sense of being terrible or devastating, any more than her voice had the parrot's harshness. The idea is that if Riesa had a fault—which Ned would then have denied—it was a tendency to flare up on slight or sufficient provocation; and when she did that somebody was likely to get scorched.

Howbeit, Riesa was reposing, and a pretty and colorful picture of repose she made, in her white-and-green-striped skirt and orange sweater. She was pensive. She was thinking of this and of that. Sometimes of this, and her face was dreamily wistful; again, of that, and a mischievous smile parted her lips and dimpled her plump and pink-tinged cheeks. But she was not so profoundly sunk in thought as to close her ears to sound, and when she heard Razzer's distant ki-yi she became immediately attentive, and at the rush of his approaching feet she sat up and watched a hole in the hedge through which the household pet was accustomed to make his exits and his entrances.

This entrance was hurried, but once achieved, Razzer limped slowly along the path as Riesa, with a cry of horror, jumped from the hammock and ran to meet him. Regardless of dirt and blood she knelt beside him and with compassionate ejaculations examined his injuries. Then she sped to the kitchen, which at the time was deserted, and came out a minute later with a bowl of warm water and some towels that she really should not have used. Sitting on the kitchen steps she endeavored to bathe Razzer's slashed shoulder, torn ear and chewed hind leg, which was not an easy thing to do in view of her patient's persistent demonstrations of affection and his obstinate unwillingness to submit quietly to treatment.

It was obvious that Riesa needed assistance, and here, just in the nick of time, a footstep that she seemed to know crunched on the gravel walk. She did not look up, but she called.

"Oh, Ned! Here I am. Come here quick and help me!"

Ned came. He was an active well-muscled young man with no stiffness in any of his joints and there was no obstacle to impede or delay him. It would be hard to imagine a more prompt arrival; but Razzer did pretty well in the way of a departure. With one quick jerk and a simultaneous yelp he broke from Riesa's clutch on his collar and, with his tail tucked closely between his legs, made a rush for the garage, beneath which he at once disappeared.

Ned Cheever laughed.

He realized that this was injudicious as Riesa got up and the overturned bowl fell from her lap and clattered on the concrete walk.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but honest ——"

Here, in spite of his knowledge of the mere folly of the proceeding, he laughed again.

But amazement was Riesa's sole emotion just then.

"What on earth made him do that?" she cried, looking blankly first at Cheever and then at the garage.

"What were you doing to him?" Ned asked, picking up a towel and offering it to her.

"I doing to him? I was —— But it wasn't me! Ned Cheever, it was you! He was scared of you. The poor dear was all hurt and bloody—just look at my skirt and sweater!—and when he saw you he jerked away and ran. He was afraid of you, I tell you."

"That's funny!" said Cheever.

He tried to say it naturally, but it sounded forced. What was worse, his eyes fell before Riesa's questioning gaze and he felt himself blushing.

"It isn't funny," declared Riesa, contemplating him severely. "Nothing at all funny about it, so you needn't grin at me in that silly way. If you'd seen the poor thing you wouldn't stand there like a big Billiken and talk about it being funny. Razzer was always fond of you."

"Naturally," said Ned, attempting a diversion. "Nearly everybody but you is fond of me, and you'll acquire the taste before long."

"Not if you talk like that," she retorted. "But there's something about this business that seems distinctly fishy."

She pondered a moment, and then, regarding him with a no-use-lying-to-me look, put it to him straight.

"What have you been doing to Razzer?"

"Me? I? What have I been doing to him? Do you mean me, Riesa?"

"I'm asking you."

"Let me get this right," Cheever pleaded. "You're asking me what I did to Razzer, implying ——"

Riesa's frowning look went beyond him. "You run away, Johnny," she said. "You're not wanted. Go and put on a clean face."

Little Johnny Wickham, who had stolen up unobserved, showed no intention of running.

"I'll tell you what he did to him," he volunteered with a malevolent glance at Cheever. "He kicked him. That's what he did. Yes, sir, he kicked him and kept on kicking him. And he held me while 'Gene Robinson punched me, and then he chased me."

Riesa's face grew very pale, but her eyes darkened ominously—darkened and flashed. Johnny knew the storm signs fairly well, and Cheever, who had never seen them before, had not the least difficulty in making them out.

He turned to his small accuser.

*"Don't They Make a Lovely Couple!" She Exclaimed With an Excess of Enthusiasm*

"I thought you were a friend of mine, Johnny," he said in a conciliatory tone.

"You hurt my arm too," said Johnny, quite unsoftened.

"Did you kick Razzer?" Riesa demanded. There was a little shake in her voice, but it was caused by no weak emotion.

"I might have pushed him a little with my foot," Ned admitted. "You see, he was fighting. You don't want to get this wrong, girl. He ——"

"I'll thank you not to 'girl' me!" Riesa interrupted with a stamp of her foot. "You kicked him then? You kicked that poor, maimed, bleeding thing, and then you have the ner—the audacity to try to justify yourself by saying that he was fighting! What business was it of yours, pray? Oh, this is lovely!"

"But ——"

"I suppose Johnny was fighting too. I wonder you ever enlisted if you are so opposed to fighting. Did you kick any wounded Germans?"

"Now listen, Riesa ——"

"Or little German boys? Come here, Johnny. Don't get too close to Mr. Cheever."

"Honest, Riesa, don't you think you might give me a chance to say something? It seems to me you're taking a whole lot for granted. I mean it's all piffle, that stuff about kicking little boys, and you know it. Listen, now ——"

"I think I've listened very patiently indeed to the most outrageous thing I've ever heard of," said Riesa. "I've listened to you telling me that you kicked, brutally kicked, that—that poor, maimed, bleeding animal."

"You said that before, you know," Cheever reminded her coldly. He was a sweet-tempered, long-suffering fellow, but he was about fed up with this injustice.

"I shan't say it again," Riesa assured him. "And now, if you please, I shall be glad if you will go. I want to attend to my—my dog."

"Your poor, maimed, bleeding dog," Cheever suggested, with an irritating smile. "All right, I'll go. I'd better, before my brutal instincts get the upper hand of me again. And I'll promise you that I won't come back."

"I'm very glad indeed to hear it," said Riesa.

"Good-by," said Cheever in a tragic tone.

Riesa turned and walked toward the garage. Johnny put out his thumb and wrinkled his rudimentary little nose, and then followed her.

"Oh, very well!" said Cheever, and took his departure.

Razzer was now easily coaxed from his retirement, and with Johnny's help Riesa resumed her dressing of his wounds. She cried a little as she did so, or at least sniffed and gulped; but that was natural enough, for she had raised Razzer from his fluffy puphood.

"Aw!" remonstrated Johnny. "He ain't hurt bad. You ought to see McNab! I bet you Razzer would have chewed him right up if Ned hadn't butted in. I guess Ned thought Hazel Robinson would be sore at him if he let Razzer kill their ole cur."

That seemed to Riesa a very plausible theory. It was true that Hazel, the snippy made-up thing, had rather lost her grip on Mr. Ned Cheever since she, Riesa, had foolishly taken some notice of that person, but you never could tell. A man who would kick a dog would be capable of any deception. But she would not do Mr. Cheever an injustice.

"Tell me about this, Johnny," she said. "Cross your heart and hope to die, did he really kick Razzer—on purpose—hard?"

"I told you, didn't I?" Johnny answered. "And he called me a bad name and he hurt my arm, besides holding me while 'Gene punched me on the nose. Look at my nose if you don't believe me."

Here there was an interruption. It was Mr. Ned Cheever, who was standing by the front gate.

"Here's something for you, Riesa," he called. "I forgot to give it to you and you might as well have it. I'll leave it on the gatepost."

Riesa, bending over Razzer, made no reply. Johnny spoke in a whisper. "It's a box of candy."

"I'll be around this evening," Cheever called again, quite cheerfully. "G'by once more."

Riesa spoke to Johnny, not in a whisper, but in a voice that was loud and distinct enough to reach Mr. Cheever's ears.

"Johnny, dear," she said, "you take whatever it is that brute has left and throw it out into the road."

Don't blame little Johnny too much. He was not more than an ordinarily untruthful boy. Cheever had kicked Razzer, whether necessarily or unnecessarily; he had also held the hope of the Wickham family, twisting his arm painfully, if inadvertently, and only for a moment; he had called him a bad name—for if devil is not a bad name, where will you find a worse?—and including 'Gene made no difference.

Well, then! Of course a full explanation of these circumstances might have put Mr. Cheever in a more favorable light, but Johnny was holding no brief for Mr. Cheever.

For you take it when a kid has a dog that is a peachy scrapper, that can lick any other dog in town, easy, a dog that you betcher could lick a wolf if a wolf come around—a dog like ole Razzer; and then you take it where another kid has got a cur that just because he came from Belgium or somewhere he thinks is sump'n wonderful and goes bragging round about him—and he can't go over a fence any better than Razzer can, or as high, and you betcher if a burglar came he'd beat it under the bed; and then you get the two of them dogs together and started good and your dog is getting the best of it, like you said he would, and then to have somebody jump in and bust up the fight!

Well then!

And another thing: You take it when it's a person that comes to your house right along and goes with your sister places and pretends to be a friend of yours, and then he comes along and busts up your dog fight and insults you right before all the other kids and treats you like you was a five-year-old baby—well, all right if he thought he could get away with it, friend or no friend, and it don't make any difference if he did fight in the war.

It is a fact that previous to the unfortunate dog affair Johnny had more than a little brotherly regard for Cheever. When Ned was still wearing his lieutenant's uniform, including the brown boots, Johnny followed those boots about everywhere they went and considered them more desirable than the fabulous seven-leaguers. There was no question in Johnny's mind who won the war. Cheever won it—pulled on those boots and stepped out and stopped the darned thing. And Cheever could pitch almost any kind of a ball you could mention and had given Johnny's nine some valuable coaching. Furthermore, Ned Cheever was no tightwad. Meeting him down in the village was good for a bag of candy or a dime or a quarter almost any time. Considering all this, it was a pity that the thing had happened, but as it had happened Johnny felt it due to himself to resent it, even at the cost of a pang or two.

It was evening. Riesa Wickham was sitting out on the porch steps, a box of superchocolates in her lap and, one would have supposed, gladness in her heart, for her smiles were radiant and her musical laughter sounded about as happy as the young man seated on the step below her could have wished. It seemed to the young man a clear proof that he was in his best entertaining form, and he was the more gratified to find his efforts appreciated inasmuch as the appreciation was somewhat unusual. He was so gratified that he did not notice that Riesa occasionally laughed in the wrong places, particularly at the approach of footsteps on the sidewalk, and most happily and musically when the sound of one particular pair ceased at the gate.

The gate clicked, opened, and the opener walked briskly toward the porch. Riesa laughed again. "I think you are perfectly killing!" she told the young man at her feet. She said this enthusiastically, but the enthusiasm went completely out of her voice in her acknowledgment of the presence of a newcomer. "Oh, good evening, Mr. Cheever," she said. "It is Mr. Cheever, isn't it?"

"The same identical," replied the person addressed, regarding the two from the foot of the steps "Edward Ichabod Nero Cheever, the once light-hearted youth you knew of yore. Move over, Albertus, me bucko, and let me sit down. I'm weary and I fain would rest me."

"You'll find a comfortable chair up on the porch," Mr. Albert Woodbury suggested, extending his legs to cover the space on the step that he was not occupying. "If you move it round the corner of the house we won't disturb you." He turned to Riesa. "And the best of it was that it went right over her head. She took me quite seriously and you ought —— Here, what are you doing?"

Cheever was removing him to a still lower step. He did it with apparent ease, but then, Woodbury was too much of a gentleman to scuffle, under the circumstances, and allowed the intruder to take his place.

"You ought to have seen her face," he resumed.

"I'd have loved to!" laughed Riesa. "I'd have given anything in the world to have been there. What did Jim say? Or did he say?"

"What could he say? He just looked down his nose. By the way, Jim's nose rather lends itself to that, doesn't it?"

Riesa giggled. "How do you think of such things?"

"He doesn't," Cheever volunteered. "It's just a feat of memory. Is that Jim Halladay's nose you're referring to, Albertus?"

Woodbury looked at Riesa. "Shall I tell him?" he asked.

"I think I'd rather you didn't," Riesa answered. "You can tell me the rest later on. Is that the evening star, over by the moon? I suppose it is "

Again Cheever answered a question not addressed to him. "I'm no astronomer," he said, "but judging from its influence, which I'm beginning to feel, I should say it's the Dog Star. Baleful, I call it. Are those chocolates any good, Riesa?"

"Lovely," Riesa answered. "Would you like one?"

Cheever felt a little encouraged for the first time. "I'm very glad to hear that," he said as he took one of the confections. "I was rather particular in selecting them."

"These are some Mr. Woodbury brought me," Riesa explained sweetly.

"Bert, please," Mr. Woodbury corrected.

Cheever tossed away the piece of chocolate he was biting into. "I always said you were so considerate of everybody's feelings but mine," he complained to Riesa. "And not satisfied with having this pure-food-law violation called lovely, he wants to be called Bert? Not Al, but Bert."

"I wouldn't try to be offensive, Cheever," Mr. Woodbury remarked, gently reproving.

"I don't suppose you would," Cheever retorted. "I don't even believe that you do, consciously."

"Mr. Cheever!" said Riesa. "If you please!"

"If you speak to me in that tone of voice I shall begin to think that I am unwelcome," Cheever told her.

"If I knew what tone to use to confirm a suspicion of that sort I'd be tempted to use it," Riesa answered.

"And that, I should say, ought to hold you for a while," gibed Woodbury.

Cheever arose slowly. "I hate to find myself agreeing with you in anything," he said to Woodbury, "but in this instance you're right. It will hold me, and for quite a while. Good night "

He marched along the walk to the gate without half an inch of sag in the seventy-two plus boot soles of his height, gently closed the gate behind him and strode away at a quick step.

"And that's that," commented Mr. Woodbury jubilantly

"And that's that," Riesa echoed absently.

"And that's that," chortled a third voice, and its owner, little Johnny Wickham, emerged from the shadow behind the porch swing and looked down the street in the direction that his sister was looking. "He's turning down Wistaria," he announced. "I betcher he's going to see Hazel Robinson."

Old Mr. Wickham sat beneath the cedar on the lawn, but out of its shade, in a chair whose rustic corrugations were padded from his own venerable slats by well-stuffed down cushions. Old Mr. Wickham believed in having things comfortable and he tried to see to it that they were so.

He was comfortably attired in a suit of soft gray flannel, the lower buttons of the waistcoat comfortably separated from their buttonholes, and his feet, in comfortable gray elk-skin shoes, were comfortably elevated on a second chair, likewise comfortably cushioned. Sitting there in the pleasant, tempered warmth of the afternoon sun, the faint breeze stirring his sparse silver locks, and three-quarters of one of his son's unimpeachable cigars smoking between two fingers of one nicely manicured hand, old Mr. Wickham looked, from a distance, the very picture of comfort; but a closer view would have shown that his brows were knitted in a frown above his big beak of a nose and that his mouth curved grimly downward between his clipped white mustache and pointed beard; also, the two words that he muttered, if overheard, would have been likely to destroy the illusion of complete ease.

"Damned uncomfortable!"

He referred to the atmosphere. Not the balmy and salubrious air of Deepdene, but the domestic atmosphere. Some people might not have noticed it, but Mr. Wickham was an observing old bird. He could see a good deal, even without his glasses, and his big beak of a nose could still smell a rat when there was one in the vicinity to be smelled out. Yes, the domestic atmosphere had a ratty taint. Riesa—there she was now!

On a tray she carried a glass pitcher that tinkled as she walked and a tall tumbler on whose edge a slice of lemon was neatly wedged. The pitcher, apparently, contained weak tea and ice, and looked pretty, but as Riesa set it down on a little rustic table at her grandfather's elbow the old man made a grimace of disgust.

"Here you are, granddads," said Riesa cheerfully. "It looks good enough to drink. Shall I pour?"

"Take it back," old Mr. Wickham told her crossly. "Take it back and bring me something that will taste good enough. Slop! Catlap! Huh!"

"Taste it," said Riesa, smiling as she poured.

With feigned reluctance old Mr. Wickham tasted, and at the first sip he stopped long enough to look up at the girl with a grateful smile. Then he drained the glass and held it out to be refilled.

"Leave but a kick within the cup," giggled Riesa, as she complied with his unspoken request. "But I'd go easy on it, granddads. You're not used to it, you know, and it might go to your feet."

"Where did you get it?" asked the old gentleman, with great interest.

"Freddy Watts had it on his person when we were out last night," Riesa told him. "I don't approve of children drinking, so I confiscated it." She seated herself in the hammock and began to swing.

"You did well," her grandfather approved. "You did noble. The lips that touch liquor should never touch yours. I don't mean to say that I would cut Freddy's acquaintance exactly, my love, but whenever he produces anything of this sort take it away from him instantly. You might return his flask though." He took another long sip "But how come Freddy? I thought Woodbury had the inside. Not been fussing with dear Albert, have you, sister?"

Riesa bit her cherry-ripe underlip. "Certainly not," she replied "Mr. Woodbury is a gentleman."

"That's so," agreed the old gentleman. "I'd forgotten it for the moment; also that ladies and gentlemen don't fuss. There are peppery young ladies once in a while that come pretty near it, but I've noticed that they're generally

*(Continued on Page 129)*

*"I Hope I am Not Intruding," Said Old Mr. Wickham. "The Fact is I Find Myself Matchless"*

# FOUR LONG SWEET HOOTS

## By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN Henry piped up so darn dumb so darn dumb, "Yes, Mr. McCoy, I'll be very glad to get some good advice. What is it?" I whispered to Doc and I said, "Doc, you hadn't ought to spring such a big hoot on Henry Bellows, because you can't never tell how a big hoot is going to turn out." Or anyhow I think that's what I said.

But Doc just smiled and when Henry'd refused the cigar—Doc had a loaded cigar he was allus trying to palm off on Henry; kept it in one of the regular boxes behind the counter; but Henry wouldn't never smoke nothing—Doc handed him the big hoot on a platter. You wouldn't hardly believe that Henry didn't suspect, and that three weeks after that day he followed Doc's advice and went. Yes, sir; took the 9:20 one morning and went.

Doc said, "He'll be back in a month if they don't kill him on sight."

Well, we all laid back and let out one long sweet hoot, I'm saying so.

Just the same, anybody could see it meant sad days for Doc and me and Skeets and Fat because Henry was pretty near as much fun as we had. First place there was Henry's looks. He was one of these long boys about as thick as a match and as strong as a grasshopper and he had a face covered with spectacles. You'd hoot just to see him. And then he was so darn dumb so darn dumb. Booky. Allus reading and never learning nothing. After he'd finished a book you could send him out for ten cents' worth of elbow grease or a quarter's worth of strap oil and the next day Henry'd show up as dumb as ever, ready to look for the key to the Turner Hall curtain or to write the county clerk for a special license to shoot hodags.

Believed anything anybody told him. He sure was the town hoot. If we made a fool of Henry once we done it a hundred times. Yes, sir.

Why, just the other day Doc ast me if I remembered when the Parisian Gayeties come to town and we sent Henry over to Old Man Ruggles to ask for passes. Everybody allus said that Old Man Ruggles had married a burlicue actress. So whenever a burlicue show come to town it was allus a good hoot to send somebody around and ask for passes. Henry found the old man on the lawn with his daughter, a girl about Henry's age. Henry was kind of sweet on her, but he was one of these shy kind and afraid to tell her so. Well, Henry hadn't got more'n about half through his little piece when Old Man Ruggles let out a yell and chased Henry a quarter of a mile, hitting at him with his cane. Doc and me and Skeets and Fat was set behind the hedge and we saw it all from first to last. One long sweet hoot, I'm saying so.

*Then He Counts While Henry Stands Out There in His Nightie Going Through Exercises With Those Dumb-Bells*

And just because Doc had told Henry he ought to keep right on with his education and go to college Henry had went. Yes, sir, he'd lit out to get a college education. Can you beat it?

No money to speak of. His uncle—there wasn't any other relatives—hadn't much to give him. But Henry'd followed Doc's advice.

Well, even after Henry'd gone Doc pulled another hoot on him. Dug up a pair of iron dumb-bells as heavy as they was rusty and sent 'em to Henry express collect. You could just see Henry digging down into his pockets to pay the bill and then blinking through his spectacles at that scrap iron so darn dumb so darn dumb.

A week after, Doc got a letter from Henry.

"Well," Doc begun, trying to keep his face straight, "Henry's at college all right. One afternoon they got him out to play football and pretty near killed him. Next day somebody bet him he couldn't vault over a fence and when he did a crowd of perfessers or somebody threw him in the river with his clothes on because it's a law that new fellas ain't allowed to vault over that particular fence."

We all let out one long sweet hoot, I'm saying so.

Doc went on, "Henry writes he's got a job in the gymnasium, but the janitor's allus hitting him with the broom and skating Indian clubs at him because he don't sweep fast enough, and every now and then some of the athaletes catch him and toss him up in a piece of canvas to see if he's going to break when he comes down."

Doc laughed some more. "But that ain't all. They give Henry a roommate who's the college champion wrestler and every night he tries new holts on Henry, and when Henry don't fight back enough he rolls him under the bureau. Henry's much obliged for the dumb-bells, but he says they've turned out worst of all. Every morning now his roommate kicks him out of bed at 6:30 and makes Henry bring him the pitcher of water and a glass. Then he counts while Henry stands out there in his nightie going through exercises with those dumb-bells. And when Henry doesn't put enough pep into the exercises his roommate throws a glassful of cold water on him. Well," Doc finished when we got through laughing, "Henry says he don't feel he's got the strength to get a college education and so he's going to leave at the end of the week. This letter don't need no answer; all we have to do is to lay back and wait for Henry."

But about the end of October, Doc figgered he'd made a mistake by not answering, because Henry hadn't showed up and his uncle had moved to Chicago and nobody had Henry's address.

At the beginning of the new year when Henry didn't come back Doc looked grave.

"What do you think's happened?" I ast Doc.

"Figger it out for yourself," Doc said. "Those other college boys musta handed it to Henry on a platter. Maybe they killed him and then hushed it up the way they do. Or maybe Henry run away from college and starved to death looking for a job."

We were all pretty glum. You could see that the idea of Henry not coming back

*Old Man Ruggles Let Out a Yell and Chased Henry a Quarter of a Mile.*

made Doc sore. Yes, and it made me sore. Made Skeets and Fat sore too.

I said, "That's too darned bad." Or anyhow I think that's what I said.

Skeets said, "Wouldn't it give you a soft-pine finish?"

All Fat said was, "Canned bazzazas." But you could see that he meant it.

The second year passed without a word from Henry. In June of the third year a young fella stopped in to buy some cigars off Doc. He was driving an auto to San Francisco, and a pennant on it showed he'd come from the same college where Henry had went. Doc ast him if he knew Henry Bellows.

"What's he look like?" the young fella ast Doc.

"Well," Doc said, "stick a couple of toothpicks into a pea and you'll get a good idea of Henry."

"No," the young fella said, "I dunno anybody like that. First off when you begun to talk I thought you might mean Old Butch Bellows. I dunno what Old Butch's first name is; everybody allus calls him Old Butch. He's less'n seven feet high and he don't weight four hundred pounds, though a lot of boys on the second eleven think different. Old Butch's out in the harvest fields now, toughing himself up for the next season. If they don't get wise and outlaw him for fighting last winter under the name of Rough-house Kelly, the Hoboken Demon, it looks like we got the next football championship smoked and salted. Do you think that's the fella you mean?"

We all let out one long sweet hoot, I'm saying so. But just the same, we felt kinda sad, too, wondering what had become of Henry, because Doc and me and Skeets and Fat allus liked the poor little fella for all he was so darn dumb so darn dumb.

Well, another year passed. In September, Old Man Ruggles and his daughter come back from New York. She'd been going to some dramatic school or something and the old man had been framing some kind of a soap trust, but he wouldn't talk about it none to the newspaper boys.

It was Monday night of the second week of September and the bunch was sitting around Doc's place kidding as per usual and Doc was saying, "It's all over town that Thursday night Old Man Ruggles is going to stroll into this here now church fair and pay off the church debt"—when the front door opened and a young fella stepped in.

It was him!

But he'd filled out so that I wouldn't have known him if Doc hadn't stopped what he was saying and yelled out, "Why, hello, Henry!"

He'd shed his spectacles. His coat looked padded around the chest and shoulders. His voice had sort of gone down into his stummick. But he hadn't said more'n a half dozen words before you could see it was the same old Henry.

"Yes, Mr. McCoy," he said so darn dumb so darn dumb, "I changed my mind and I stayed at college till I got my diploma. I had a fine time after the first year. I was in a literary society and we used to have debates every week about the tariff, and I was in the Nature Study Club, too, and once I got the prize for having seen the third most variety of birds before June tenth. They played football at college, but it's such a rough game that I always felt bad when I had to sit there and watch the other boys play."

I run an elbow into Skeets, and Fat begun to laugh so that he had to go out into the back room and close the door, but Henry didn't seem to notice nothing.

"Well," Doc said, and you could see he was getting ready to pull a hoot. "I suppose you're fixed to settle down now. There's an opening at the Elite Coal Yard for a college man—wheeling coal in a wheelbarrow. They want a college man because they've got to have somebody who can tell pea coal from nut coal."

Henry didn't see it a-tall.

"That sounds good," he said, "but I've just about made up my mind to be a reporter. I know a lot about journalism because I used to work on the college paper. I folded and pasted the wrappers on all the out-of-town copies, and sometimes I wrote Campus Notes, and twice I kept the baseball scores."

"Well," Doc said, winking at me, "with all that experience I don't see why you shouldn't get to be an A1 reporter, but you wanta remember one thing."

"What's that?" Henry ast.

"You wanta get started right; you wanta sail in and hand the editor a roll of news right off the bat. Then he'll know you're a livewire."

"Where'll I get this news?" Henry ast.

"Here and now," Doc said. "Us boys know a lot of things that never broke into the papers. We'll fix you up, and glad to do it." And then we begun handing it to Henry on a platter.

First off Doc told him about Edison coming to the Grand Hotel and asking for two cakes of soap. "Why two cakes?" the clerk ast him.

"Well," Edison says, "it's a little invention of my own. I use the second to wash off the lather that's made by the first." Then I told him how last year George Cohan wanted to write a play so he came to Doc's store and wrote it down whenever Doc or me or Skeets or Fat made a comical remark; and then he took all those comical remarks and made 'em into a play and the play was a whiz.

The stories got better and better: Billiard balls built out of pressed paper; fishes with glass eyes; horses drinking gasoline instead of water and then being arrested for exceeding the speed limit.

And Henry just sat there, mouth open, taking it all in. I never saw anything so darn dumb so darn dumb.

I dunno how Doc fixed it for Henry to get a job on the Gazette, but he musta done it, because Wednesday the Gazette come out with all that we'd told Henry in two columns on Page Four.

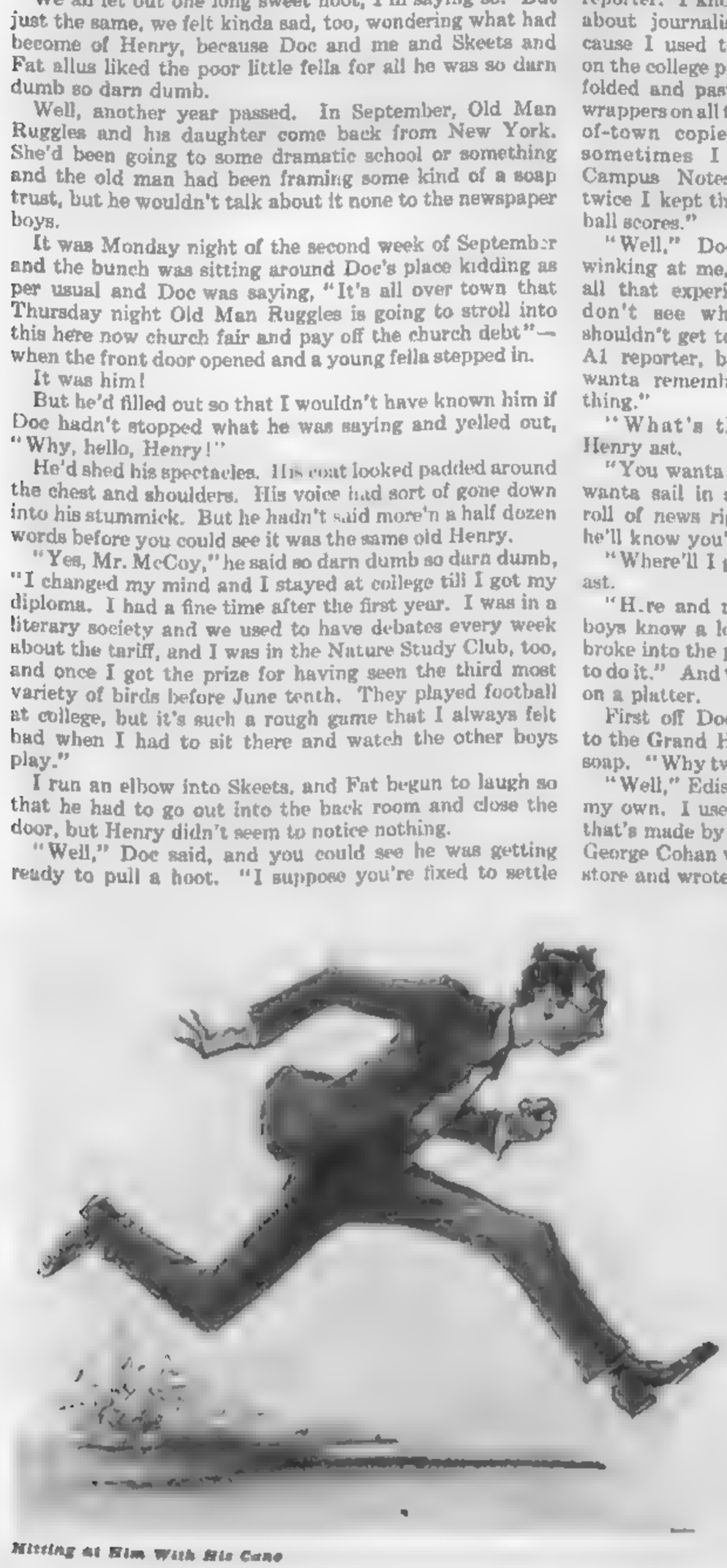
Only this is what it said on top:

NEW CHAMPION GETS LAURELS

EXPERT LOCAL PREVARICATOR LOSES COLORS BEFORE TRAVELING MAN SELLING TRICK SUSPENDERS

TALL YARNS FLY FAST AND FURIOUS IN CONTEST TO DETERMINE TUTORA COUNTY'S PRIZE LIAR

And underneath was a lot of comical stuff about a bunch of rubes with rube names getting together and telling lies to see which could tell the biggest one.



Hitting at Him With His Cane

Rat Was Sitting There on the Floor With Henry Looking at Him So Darn Dumb So Darn Dumb

Made Doc sore. Yes, and it made me sore. Made Skeets and Fat sore too.

Doc said, "He thinks he can hand it to us on a platter."

I said, "He'll find it don't pay to be so darn dumb so darn dumb." Or anyhow I think that's what I said.

Skeets said, "Wouldn't it give you a golden-oak finish?"

All Fat said was, "Canned gohunkus." But you could see that he meant it.

Thursday morning when Henry dropped into the store and we called him and called him good, all he said was that he was sorry he'd hurt anybody's feelings and that he'd fix it up by writing another piece stating that all those stories weren't comical lies but were true facts and naming the right name of each man that had told each story.

Doc figgered a minute and then he said, "No." Said it pretty sharp too.

There wasn't any more observations for a long while. Then Doc ast, and you could see he was sore, "Henry," Doc ast, "do you know what a reporter ought to do first of all?"

Henry said, "No. What? Buy a notebook?"

"Nope," Doc said; "he oughta take up boxing."

"What for?" Henry ast.

"Well," Doc said, "because reporting's a dangerous business. Stastistics show that last year in the United States eight thousand nine hundred and forty-three reporters was assaulted while in the performance of their lawful duty. Those are stastistics."

"Well," Henry said, "if those are stastistics then every reporter ought to take up boxing. I know how it's done because I read a book about it."

"If you read a book about it," Doc said, "then you've started the way you ought to start. You be here at five P. M. today and I'll lead you to a party that's just set right for lessons."

(Continued on Page 104)

# A NEW YORK KNIGHT

*A Lone Hansom Cab Drawn by a Venerable White Mare Came to a Halt Before the Club*

## By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

TWO men sat at the window of the Union Club. Outside was Fifth Avenue, and slanting sleet.

"Ghastly night to be out in," said one of the men.

"Any night is ghastly in this money-crazy town," said the other. He pointed. "Just look at those hard-faced devils hurrying along out there; always hurrying, hurrying. Why?"

"Dollar-mad, as you say," agreed the first man. 'That's New York life—the savage, merciless, unending chase after the yellowback."

"Look at those faces!" the second man burst out. "Not a single spiritual quality in any one of them; no soul behind them."

"To me," said the first man," New York is the city of sinister faces."

"And closed hearts."

They were silent for a time, watching pedestrians, with bent heads, pushing on against the sleet. A lone hansom cab drawn by a venerable white mare came to a halt before the club. The cabman, a little old brownie of a man, with cheeks red from the cold, beat his mittened hands across the green bosom of his old-fashioned coachman's greatcoat at some hazard to the bright brass buttons, big as demi-tasse saucers. The two men in the club window heard his voice faintly through the pane—a crisp, high, chirping voice, like a cricket's, as he touched the rim of his antique beaver hat and called out, "Keb, sir? Keb, sir?"

"Look at that old pirate on the cab," said one of the men in the club window. "See how hungrily he searches every passing face to see if it holds promise of a fare. There's a typical New Yorker for you; he'd do anything for a couple of dollars, that fellow."

"That curious-looking horse of his seems pretty plump, though," observed the other. "He's put a blanket on her, and—what are those things on her legs? They look like knitted leggings."

"Probably if she didn't have 'em on she'd fall apart," said his companion. "I know these old nighthawks; they're a hard-bitten clan. He put on that blanket because he's afraid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"He doesn't seem to have a whip."

"Too stingy to buy one. He probably kicks her."

"Ah, yes; like as not. But even so, it's a rotten shame that an old-timer like that has to be out dollar-grubbing night after night."

"That's New York for you. That cabby has been pounding the pavements of Fifth Avenue for years—twenty years at least. I've used his cab a couple of times; he's quite a character; his name is Henry Denry, or something fancy like that. He ought to be able to retire by now and take it easy. But he can't. He's got the gold germ in his blood and he'll chase money till he and his rig and his nag fall to pieces."

"Look! He's got a fare—that enormously fat woman in the fur coat. No, by Jove, he's shaking his head! He won't take her."

"Probably she doesn't want to go far; not enough money in it for him. See—just as I was saying—everywhere you turn in this soulless rabbit warren—sinister faces, closed hearts and dollar-greedy lives!"

This is the story of why Henry Denry, perched on the hurricane deck of a seagoing hack, cruised along Fifth Avenue in the sleet that mean night, while the two men sat in the warm club and philosophized about him and his soul.

Henry Denry was something of a philosopher himself. As, nightly, he drove up and down his accustomed beat between the Brevoort, at Eighth Street, and the Plaza, at Fifty-ninth Street, he gave himself over to thought, meditation and reverie. Sometimes he would think about his past with remorse, tempered somewhat by pride. He had been a bad man. It made him simultaneously shudder and glow to think as he rattled along that in all that bustling throng on the Avenue probably no one had led so wicked and wasteful a life as he, Henry Denry. That was before the days of Eleanor, of course. It would never do for her to suspect the sort of life he had led. It would never do for her to know that during the somewhat foggy period in his life between his first mustache and his first white hair it was no infrequent occurrence for Henry Denry, in good clothes, to take a drink in Baltimore, Maryland, and wake up three months later in rags in Salt Lake City, Utah. Since Eleanor had come into his life his conduct had been circumspect enough, and even reasonably sober. In fact Eleanor had been the direct cause why he had given up a life consisting of short fits of contrition made necessary, and endurable, by very long periods of inebriation. Indeed, he had become a cabman for her sake.

Henry Denry's memory about many things was not good; it was dotted with blurred spots; but he could remember the first day he saw Eleanor, and the not ignoble emotions that surged in his bosom on that occasion. It was in a horse mart near Madison Square, and Henry Denry had gone in there partly because he was cold and had no friends, and partly because he loved the perfume of horses. He had waked that morning in a coal shed hard by the East River. This was something of a surprise, even a shock to Henry Denry, inasmuch as his last act while conscious had been to borrow ten dollars from an acquaintance of his more prosperous days in the bar of a Cincinnati hotel. Also, there came back to him a scrap of the conversation that was part of the preliminary skirmishing leading up to a request for the ten.

The acquaintance had said, "Denry, how old are you, anyhow?"

"About forty-four," Henry Denry had replied.

"I thought you were sixty," said the acquaintance, with alcoholic candor.

This stuck in Henry Denry's mind like a sharp-prickled burr. So he looked sixty? He felt it too. He shuddered, shook off some of the coal dust, and started aimlessly in the general direction of Madison Square. On his way he passed the horse mart, where secondhand horses were being sold to the highest bidder, and in he went.

The sale was nearly over. The best of the horses had been sold, and but a few odd lots remained. The auctioneer, who had a reputation in horse-mart circles as a wit, said as a helper trotted out a remarkable-looking piece of horseflesh:

"Now, gents, this here is supposed to be a horse auction, but I'll be hanged if I know whether this thing is a horse or not. She was left or abandoned here, and I'm agoin' to sell her as a horse, but I don't guarantee that she is one. Run her up and down, Charley."

Bass chuckles came from the ring of men.

"Ain't she a beauty?" chanted the auctioneer. "You don't often see a horse like that. From her neck I guess her old man was a giraffe, and from her spots it looks like her ma was a leopard. Look at that gait, gents. Genuine St. Vitus. She's the only horse I ever see that could trot, pace, gallop and walk all at once. Well, who wants her? What am I bid for the only freckled horse in the city of N'Yawk? How much for this noble animal? Just look at them hips, gents. The highest hips on a horse that ever came into our stables, ain't they, Charley? You'll certainly get a lot of horse for your money if you buy her. What am I bid?"

The young mare, nearly all legs, with a dingy white skin dotted with rusty spots, stood looking about her timidly, nervously. A man stepped toward her and raised his hand to grasp her lip that he might examine her teeth. She jerked her head away and reared back until she almost fell; grace was not one of her attributes. She seemed thoroughly cowed and frightened.

"Why, the poor thing's head shy," said Henry Denry.

"Yep," said the man next to him, with a laugh; "the fella that owned her used to kick her in the jaw."

"Come on, gents," called the auctioneer. "Who wants her? She ain't much on looks, but she's got a lotta hide and bones you could sell. How much am I offered?"

No one offered anything: it seemed to Henry Denry that the horse sensed this

"Yearling, isn't she?" he asked.

"Yep," said the auctioneer.

"Where from?"

"Born and brought up on Second Avenue," said the auctioneer. "Well, who'll start the bidding? How about it, Mr. Sluss? Five dollars? Thank you. Mr. Sluss bids five dollars. Five dollars I'm bid, who'll make it ten? Yep, Mr. Sluss, I guess she'll live till you get her to your tannery. Five I'm bid, who'll make it ten? Are you all through at five?"

Henry Denry saw Mr. Sluss, a weasel of a man, about to take the horse's halter; he saw the horse shrink back. His lips tightened and he plunged his chapped hands into his pockets; then he drew out one hand as if a tarantula had bitten him; his hand had touched something strange. He looked! Money! He counted the small wad of bills and the coin or two; nine dollars and fifteen cents. Henry Denry realized that by some miracle the borrowed ten had not been spent. He calculated rapidly—nine dollars and fifteen cents equaled one hundred and eighty-three small, bad whiskies at a place he knew on the Bowery. He stared at the money; he stared at the horse; he stared at the weasely face of Mr. Sluss.

"Going at five," sang the auctioneer. "Going, going——"

"Six," said Henry Denry loudly.

"Going at six," said the auctioneer.

"Seven," said Mr. Sluss, giving Henry an unpleasant glance. Henry looked at the horse; she was looking at him very earnestly. He took the plunge.

"Nine dollars," he said firmly, "and fifteen cents."

Mr. Sluss rubbed his chin, appraised the horse with his small red-rimmed eyes, and opened his mouth. Henry Denry trembled. Mr. Sluss spat on the pavement and closed his mouth again

"Nine-fifteen, I'm bid," cried the auctioneer. "Are you all through at nine-fifteen? Going at nine-fifteen. Sold!" And down came his gavel, bang!

Henry Denry led his purchase out of the yard and down the street quite as if he had some place to take her A block away from the mart he stopped, tied her to a telegraph pole, stood off and surveyed her thoughtfully for some minutes. Then he went over to her and patted her gently on one of her high bony shoulders.

"Now I know why I bought you," he said. "You're the same kind of horse I am man—no earthly use to anybody."

He ran his hand along her ribs, which stood out in bas-relief; at first she was frightened, but his voice and his touch reassured her

"Take it easy, lady," he kept saying. Then, "But I've got to get a name for you." He pondered this problem a while. "I know," he said, inspired; "I'll call you Eleanor. After a girl I once knew; she had freckles too. I hope you'll use me better than she did, Eleanor."

She leaned toward him and neighed softly.

"I know," he said; "you're hungry. Well, that's just another way you're like me, Eleanor."

He took the wisp of rope that served as halter.

"Come along, Eleanor," he said. "Too cold to stand here Let's go. But I wish I knew where in hell we could go to"

Down Twenty-sixth Street toward the river they went, then up Avenue A. Truckmen had stopped along this street for lunch, and their fat horses were making enthusiastic crunching noises as they plunged noses into feed bags Eleanor paused and looked wistfully at them.

"Come on, lady," said Henry Denry, smiling grimly. "They say a good horse must have plenty of feed and plenty of exercise. Well, Eleanor, this is the day you get the exercise."

He towed her along Avenue A, suddenly—it was at Thirty-sixth Street—his eyes brightened He tied her to a lamp-post.

"Wait here, Eleanor," he said, patting her. "In half an hour one of us is going to have lunch."

Passers-by on Avenue A were as surprised as New Yorkers ever permit themselves to be to see that noon a small shabby man bending over the gutters where the truckhorses had lunched and industriously picking up the spilled oats, oat by oat. From spot to spot he went, reaping a tiny harvest at each; it took him an hour and six blocks before he filled his ruin of a derby hat, and his pockets. Then he hurried back to Eleanor

"Here's lunch, kid," he greeted her gayly "These oats are secondhand, but they're not half bad. I know. I've tried 'em."

She gulped the oats gratefully from the derby hat; Henry Denry sat on the curb, watching her enjoy herself; from time to time he ate some oats himself.

When they had finished every last oat Henry Denry stroked her nose and addressed her.

"Eleanor," he said, "I like you. You're so sort of modest and scared and forlorn. You're funny looking, too; but I guess you're no funnier looking as a horse than I am as a man. I wish I had some nice warm place to take you. There's the public library—but you're such a darned inconvenient size. Of course I could leave you flat; after all, I can't support you even in the style to which you are accustomed. No, I can't leave you. You're mine now. I haven't owned a horse since I was a kid. You're a responsibility, young woman, and I've got to shoulder you. But we can't live on gutter oats, Eleanor. I'm very much afraid we are going to have to go to work. Would you like that?"

Eleanor pensively shook her head.

"Neither would I," said Henry Denry

Nevertheless he did. How Henry Denry, to support Eleanor, ceased being a rover and set up in business as a New York cabby is one of the great unwritten chapters in the history of finance. His first step was to pawn Eleanor for three dollars; this bought oats, soup and shaves for a day or two; then he shoveled snow, carried a suitcase or two, amassed four dollars, took her out of pawn, and rented the oldest, most decrepit hack that the poorest, shabbiest renting stable in town had rusting in its yard. Boldly he set out upon his new career

"Fifth Avenue for us, Eleanor," he said. "We're no pikers."

As in most great careers, luck played its part. For hours Henry Denry scoured Fifth Avenue for a fare in vain. There were no taxicabs in those days, but there were many smart equipages drawn by high-stepping bays. Eleanor was not high stepping. She progressed by a series of hitches and twitches as if she were being periodically stung in her nether portion by wasps. Utterly discouraged, Henry Denry was about to give up, when, from a club on the Avenue, came a portly man in a fur coat; his face in shape and hue was like a boiled ham, and he teetered as he walked. Spying a letter box, the portly gentleman approached it, bowed to it, and asked for the next dance.

"Keb, sir?" chirped Henry Denry, gingerly touching his hat rim, for it was apt to come loose from the crown

The portly gentleman made a curtsy

"Thanks for telling me," he said. "I wondered what it was."

(Continued on Page 140)

*They Were Perfectly Sure He Was Mentally Unbalanced When They Heard Him Saying, "Eleanor, What Did I Tell You?"*

# JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB

*Welcome, Stranger!*

## By Henry H. Curran

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THIS man, John Citizen, who is my friend, is also a trouble maker. I told you in my first article how he suddenly up and declared himself in on the great American game of politics—because he didn't like the way politics are run. Going to fix it up overnight all by himself. Next day I found that Jane Citizen, his wife, was bothered by the same bold, bad bee. She loves and honors John, and sometimes obeys him. That's why they get along so well together. It's just what they both expected. Which means among other things that Jane has horned in on this political game of her lord and master and takes a hand on her own hook now and then. She says it's in the Constitution, and John guesses that goes. Not a bad guess—not necessarily.

But there are the two of them, and now it's the whole damn family that lays for me when they get to thinking too hard about how to improve the alderman. They put it up to me to tell them how. And sometimes it's hard to tell. Beyond all that, however, John Citizen is troublesome because he is complete and thorough and expects everybody else to be the same. I know few people who are both, but they make enough trouble to do for all the rest.

John was like that when he was a buck private in the Army. One day he stopped praying over the mules he had to push in and out of French freight cars, and began to argue with them, plaintively and introspectively. For a whole year he had prayed over those beasts. The rear end of a Missouri mule makes for prayer. It has a certain significance. Especially when over the top of it you see a long ear forward, revolving slowly. So John, praying, got the mules in and out—and survived. But when he sank to argument the boss knew he had cracked and sent him on leave—just after a swift Missouri hoof had touched John's left ear on its way to the moon.

### *Saluting from Morning Till Night*

WHEN he landed in Nice—that muleless heaven—he blinked and gasped as he breathed in the sunny beauty of the Riviera. Heaven? Ah, it was more, that palm-fringed ocean of dazzling blue. And there would be seven days of it—seven whole days without mules! But not without officers. There were a thousand officers at Nice. That was the joker. Bright and early next morning John Citizen began to salute officers. And for seven days he saluted officers, at two-minute intervals, all day and every day.

If you muffed a salute in those post-Armistice days you might not go home so soon. That was the dope. Fatal breach of discipline—let the culprits tarry abroad awhile. So with a thousand other doughboys John saluted anything on the shoulder that looked like a leaf or a bar or a wide-open eagle executing "Eyes left." If it was a star he held his salute for half a mile after he had passed it, walking rapidly—he took no chances with generals. Always he saluted. And always the officers saluted back for they were stung by the same disciplinary dope. At ten paces, at thirty, at five hundred, John Citizen saluted. He searched the horizon for something to salute. The blue of the Mediterranean he saw not—nor green of palms nor dream of flowers. Only and always he saw the shoulders of higher authority—an o. d. sea of them, bobbing up and down—and he saluted till his arm became weary, then numb, then hard like a hinged bar of steel. For he wanted to go home.

On the seventh day—and this, too, is true—he spied far ahead an army automobile, parked on the promenade and empty of occupants. With the instant discipline of the good soldier he snapped into his best salute as he neared the o. d. flivver, then passed it, then left it far behind. Eftsoons his hand dropt he. Then a sad sergeant stopped him wonderingly.

"What's the idea, buddy?" queried the sergeant.

"Regulations," snapped John Citizen.

"Sun a little hot today?" pursued the sad one compassionately. All sergeants are sad. They have a right to be.

"Regulations, I tell you. Salute all cars. Maybe officers in 'em."

"Oh, yes." The sergeant looked sadder. "That was that general that got up to the front Armistice morning, and his car passed a doughboy standing in the gutter and splattered mud over the poor cuss so hard he didn't see the general inside the limousine—and didn't salute. Then they made the regulation—salute all automobiles, anyhow—never know what might be inside. But ——"

"Precisely," said John Citizen. "And I'm obeying regulations. I want to go home."

"But, look ahere, buddy—that's a dead car, empty, standing still, in broad daylight ——"

"Thank you, sergeant, but—regulations. I want to go home."

"Poor devil," murmured the sergeant as John Citizen passed on, his eyes nervously scanning the horizon while his right elbow twitched for the next salute.

Yes, John Citizen is thorough.

And the other morning down on Broadway in New York I saw that same stern gleam in his eye that says "Regulations," as plain as day. Now you know what I'm up against. We met head-on.

"Good morning," said John stiffly.

He made no pretense at saluting. He's still practicing not saluting.

"You've left a lot of people high and dry," he went on, with the tone of a magistrate about to say "Thirty days."

"Yes, yes," I put in anxiously. I know a thunderhead when I see one.

"Yes, high and dry. Started to tell us all how to take a hand in politics, how few of us are in, how much we're needed and all that. Got into the middle of it, then cut us off with a continued-in-our-next. Say, how do you get that way?"

"But it's quite a subject, John—American politics. Big country, this America—and shot through with politics in more ways than you can shake a stick at. I'm just chipping in a little."

"Well, go ahead and chip, then. Let's see what you've got. And try to be thorough for once in your life."

Thorough!

All right, old snoozer—here's to you and your Jane, too, bless you! For you're doing your bit, just as you both did in the war—thoroughly. Stand aside now—we're off!

First, let's pick up the slack—in a couple of paragraphs.

*The Alibi Marching Club*

### *The Army of Nonvoters*

WE'VE found that 15,000,000 American citizens failed to vote in 1920—fifteen out of some forty-odd millions who were entitled to vote. That's a big number—absent. And that was in 1920, when everyone had his hammer out to get hunk for something, at the polls. In the off years of politics when we vote only for governors, poundkeepers and such like instead of for President, there are still more who are absent. For voting is voluntary. Taxes are compulsory and so is education to fit us to vote for the laws that make the taxes. But voting is voluntary. Queer arrangement?

Then we took up the 26,000,000 Americans who did vote in 1920. Do they keep track of politics between votes? Give them a once-over now and then, along with the big-league scores? We know they don't—not many. Too busy in business. For one example we took a look at the wonder of the Woolworth Tower in New York as a symbol of America's world leadership in business. Then at that Mulberry Street tenement a stone's throw away, where Marianina and Mike and Dick and their like—all little children—try to grow up into healthy American men and women. And in Mulberry Street we found dark homes, crowded schools, and, for playgrounds, only the streets where the playful automobiles kill New York's children at the rate of one a day, the year round. A tough contrast. Something wrong. Something that we're not willing to put down to

human nature, with a wave of the hand and a "Well, the poor are always with us." We think better of human nature. No, we put that thing down to the absence from American politics of those who are best fitted to lead in politics and in government. For politics make government, and it is government that has let Mulberry Street and a thousand other American city streets, from one coast to the other, become what they are.

Business took care of the Woolworth Tower in all its wealth and beauty. But Mulberry Street is a matter of government. Now let's find out why.

### *Why City Hall Is Hind Side To*

THAT Mulberry Street omelet has been cooking for a hundred years. Away back in 1807 there were three worthies—government officials—who laid out a plan for the future city of New York. At that time the city covered only the toe of Manhattan Island—a dinky little settlement down by the Battery. But legally it covered the whole island. These Solons decided to do a big job—their plan would also cover the whole island, all the way to Harlem and beyond. They conceived the simple idea of a crisscross of right-angled thoroughfares, with avenues running north and south eight hundred feet apart, and streets running east and west two hundred feet apart—a sort of hot waffle of rectangular regularity. They let the Dutch lanes downtown and the winding roads of Greenwich Village stay as they were; they left a little deviation from the rule of the right angle in the Bowery and in the Bloomingdale Road, which is now Broadway; they forbore forcing the rivers to flow at right angles to each other; but all the vacant land that was left—and that was more than four-fifths of the island—was sentenced to a waffllelike existence for eternity. There were to be no boulevards, no plazas, no winding departures from the straight and narrow path—no possible suggestion of the attractions of London or Paris. Parks were skimped, because the air from the rivers was expected to give enough recreational nourishment to the New Yorkers of the future. And right angles were cherished—because it was cheaper to build on a rectangular lot than on any other kind

But the pet, the pièce de résistance, the prize package in the plan was this device of laying out four east-and-west streets, from river to river, for each avenue that would run from south to north. They knew—those bewigged wise men with sly wink and finger laid aside the nose—oh, yes, they knew—that the great burden of the future's traffic would run east and west, from river to river, forever. The city would never grow north, never enough to need more than a handful of traffic sluiceways in that direction. In fact, the three planners acknowledged what a merry joke it was to extend the waffle all the way to Harlem—as though New York could ever grow as far as that! But they had their little joke, on Marianina and her friends and on all the rest of us; and the town laughed with them.

It was at the same time that the City Hall was built, with its front, that faced south, of marble, and its rear, that faced north, of brownstone, because so few people would ever stray far enough north to gaze upon the rear of the City Hall! That was a famous saving of funds, and there was a famous banquet, paid for with city funds, to celebrate the economy. The City Hall still stands in all its pristine beauty of outline—down by the Brooklyn Bridge! Nobody lives on the marble side; everybody lives on the other side

Well, that was as bad a beginning as any befuddled rummage heap of right-angled wits could possibly make for the city of New York.

But what followed was worse. In all the generations that have since come and gone there has been no material deviation from the plan of the waffle, no commutation of sentence to ease the sufferings of a multitude of New Yorkers. We can understand the failure of those worthies of 1807 to foresee the New York of 1923, but we know that from the moment the waffle plan became a fact, the city grew visibly northward, ever northward, with every leap emphasizing the need of more north-and-south thoroughfares, plazas, winding ways, more parks and playgrounds. A fish in the river could see the trend. A stroke of the pen of city government could change the plan at any time. But there it is, just as it was a hundred years ago—Manhattan's crisscross monument to representative government.

This scarcity in the avenues that run up the narrow island of Manhattan like the long tines of a fork, struggling with the countless cross streets as they go, gave the right-angled city its false start. Business did the rest. In possession of the lower end of the island it stayed there for no necessary economic reason and took up its own growth by sitting tight amid the constantly increasing congestion of its own small chosen area.

"Attaboy!!!"

The result was inevitable. When the ground had been covered, from river to river, with buildings of four and five stories, the growth ceased to be horizontal and became vertical. Skyscrapers appeared, ugly, formless and ever increasing in height; and business, that would not budge horizontally, mushroomed up into the air.

The richer workers found the outside sunshine above; the poorer worked by bulb light inside the stems of the tall buildings or anywhere in the general gloom below as they hung onto the cliff-like walls of the deep cañons that had once been streets.

Skyscraper Manhattan, the spearhead of the country's business, is today primarily vertical. Its transit is the cage-like elevators that cart up and down all day their cubes of compressed humanity, standing wishbone to wishbone like sardines on end—though they belong to a nation of plains and prairies.

And—here's a hot one! The most frequent occasion of debate among these human sardines as they rise and fall is the question of what to do with the man who removes his hat when a woman is present. It is objected that a hat held anywhere but on the head takes too much room. What do you say?

### *The Teeming Towers*

THE skyscraper population, if put down into the adjacent streets at one time, would fill them with a solid carpet of humanity too thick to move. That is no place for a fire! Ask the chief—he knows! He has grown gray wondering about that fire.

Yes, the few towers that flower above this business monster look well from down the bay; but they are not so kind to those who work within their walls.

For a hundred years government did nothing about it. Meanwhile the people of the city had the choice of living near their work by huddling into the housing that holds Marianina and her folk, in lower Manhattan; or attempting a brighter home spot farther away—and ever farther as the city grew—by traveling twice a day the miles that make up Manhattan's bowling-alley pattern of subways and elevated roads; or else trying the bridge and ferry jams to the right and left.

Some chose one form of suffering, some another; there was no other way out.

And so the city lives today, with business in the wrong places, homes in the wrong places and a transit between the two that is nothing short of degrading. On every hand is the corollary of shortage in homes, schools and play places. Two per cent of the people of Manhattan own their own homes; 98 per cent are tenants—that in itself is enough to point the story. Out of some 900,000 public-school children of all grades in the whole city—that now includes the boroughs of Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens and Richmond, as well as Manhattan—over 300,000 are on part time or double session. Out of nearly 800 people killed by motor vehicles in 1922, over 400 were children under thirteen, and I don't like to think how many more than 400 have been crippled for

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Such Dirty Water and Such Awful Boys

# NORTH OF 36

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

*Two of the Night Watch, Caught by the Storm of Horns, Were Pushed Away, Barely Keeping Ahead in the Night. The Dreaded Run Was On*

XII

AT MIDNIGHT the tired herd, after the strange fashion of cattle, rose almost as with one impulse and began slightly to straggle before lying down on the other side. The four men then on the watch, slowly riding two in each direction of the round of the massed cattle, did not redouble their monotonous crooning—time out of mind a range custom in handling cows—but kept their spaces, knowing the herd would soon again resume its rest. No unusual sight or sound alarmed them. As Len Hersey said to Del Williams, they handled sweet so far. The last watch saw the herd rise for the morning, not yet beginning to feed, standing, stretching. The cook began duties of the day, grumbling to himself.

By now, without a word, the wrinkled Anita was gathering bits of fuel, starting a tiny practicable blaze, and groans could be heard from black Milly, still in her cart, complaining of her misery. Frugal, but better than the fare of these others who now moved here and there between the tent and the massed brown blur of the herd, was the breakfast for the owner of Del Sol.

The sun still was young when Nabours, moody, morose, finished his snatched breakfast, got into saddle and resumed his lead. Len Hersey was moved up to left point now. He and Del Williams dribbled the thin forward edge of the loosely grazing cattle into line. Without crowding, stopping, grazing, advancing, the cattle again began to trail.

No man mentioned the incidents of the night before.

"Roll erlong, little dogies! Roll erlong!" intoned light-hearted Len. "I don't give a damn where we're goin', but we're a-travelin'!"

"Say, Del," he resumed, "did you see that night kid when he fotch in the remuder this mornin'? He ain't got no coat, no slicker, and on'y one shirt, and his pants is right wore out now. He was shiverin' like a monkey in a rain."

"Did he holler?" asked Del.

"No, not oncet. And he lay his string on a new horse and when he clim him the damn bronc he begin high, wide and lonesome. But the kid sets him. 'I allus take a pitcher fust off, cool mornin's,' says he, 'along of it's bein' so warmin'."

"Sinker'll make a cow hand," rejoined his companion. "He ain't no bigger fool than the rest of us."

Back on the line of the great herd the swing men were edging the cattle in. At the rear the two unhappy drags were again in argument with the cook. With the latter, old Sanchez agreed every new calf should be shot and abandoned. Cal Taney opposed this.

"'Tain't fer you, boy, to say what you'll do er won't do. None o' yore difference ef we pile calfs on yore damn kyart tell their 'airs sweep the groun'. I reckon afore us all gits to Aberlene we'll have more'n four thousand newborned calfs—straight hundred per cent. An' ever' one o' 'em is a-goin' to ride under or on top o' yore ole kyart. You better engage in prayer, nigger."

It was again high and hot noon. The herd had fed and walked a half-dozen miles, and now some had lain down in the shade of a live-oak fringe. Nabours, scouting ahead, for an instant paused. Turning, he came back at speed to his point men.

"Throw 'em off!" he called. "Hold 'em on this flat! There's a big herd ahead coming down from the west. We don't want to get mixed in."

"Who is it?" demanded Del Williams. "Somebody ahead of us, going north?"

"Kin savvy. No wagon in sight, and a right loose drive. I'll go back."

He met the leader of the new herd, who was riding to meet him; a tall, loose-clad man of aquiline features. He was perhaps thirty-six years of age, and of a certain gay assurance, as his laughing eye declared. His beard, pointing down to his breast, was dark and glossy. Even in his rags he did not lack in jauntiness.

"How, *amigo!*" Nabours pulled up.

"*Caballero!*" rejoined the other, grinning and extending a brown and sinewy hand. "My name's Dalhart, from Uvalde. Which way?"

"North," said Nabours; and no more.

"You got a trail herd?"

"*Si, señor.* Fustest and damnedest ever went out o' Caldwell."

"What's your brand?"

"T. L.—we're Del Sol people; old Colonel Lockhart."

"Shore, I know you! Well, you'll want to cut our herd, for we got plenty o' yore cows."

"So?"

"*Si, señor.* You see, we're a cow-huntin' outfit—on spec. We been out around seven months. Started at the Nueces Cañon and worked north and west clean almost into the Staked Plains. We cleared the Concho and was over almost fur as the Pecos. We sold some cows in yore brand to a outfit going to Sumner, and 'll account fer them on our tally—less, say, a dollar a head for findin'. What they was doin' clean over in west away from home and off their range you'll have to say, fer I don't know. What we got now in the T. L. we picked up mostly on the Double Mountain Fork. You know as well as me they don't belong in there, and how they got there is something I kain't figure. But we shore got three-four hunderd o' T. L. fours."

"I need 'em," said Nabours.

"There's others from even as fur north as Palo Pinto. All north and west o' where they belong at. What pushed 'em west?"

"Friend," said Jim Nabours, "you're a cowman. The truth is, Del Sol, and maybe more, has been reg'lar skinned for two years. The push has been up and west, toward the Llano. There's been a big steal going on. It looks like some big fellers was planning to stock that open range as soon as the Comanches is got out of there."

"How you figger that? And which way you headed now yoreself?"

"You ever heard of Aberlene?"

"No; what is it?"

"It's the head of the railroad. A three-dollar steer here is worth five-ten-fifteen-eighteen dollars up yon—we don't

know how much. The news has just came down. I'm trying to drive up the last leavings of our cows—Miss Taisie Lockhart's cows—to make a little stake for her. We've been skinned by the gang at Austin ever sence the war What we know we can't always prove. I'm talking to a cowman. . . . How many men is in yore outfit?" he concluded

"Only six of us. We got pack horses, travel light. But of all the antigodlin' bunches o' cows off their range—I couldn't tell you how many!

"You see, us fellers don't skin or drive to the coast canneries. We just turn in any brands we get, and folks usual pays us a dollar a head—er promises to. I reckon we've picked up two-three thousand head. Lots got loose in the thickets; we ain't strong enough to hold em.

"And so you're drivin' for Miss Taisie Lockhart? I've heard of her, clean down home. Colonel Lockhart's daughter. Orphant, huh?"

Nabours nodded.

"Yes; and the damnedest whitest, squarest, worst-robbed orphant in Texas. I'm 'shamed to show my herd to a cowman, fer it's the sorriest I ever seen. Now, I want them fours, all you can spare of 'em. I'll trade you in cows just come in with calfs; I can't get them on north. Seems to me like a million cows, now, every one of 'em, have taken this perticler time fer to bring a nice spotted calf inter the world when he ain't wanted."

Dalhart, the cow hunter, hooked a leg around his saddle horn, and Nabours went on:

"You take them cows and calfs, right now, and throw 'em back on Del Sol, just below, and I'll take what fours and long threes you can spare. When we get back next fall, ef we ever do, I'll set 'em in yore brand or vent 'em to anyone you say, and I'll credit you fifty cents on each trade inside our own brand, or a dollar if you'd rather have cash then. I'm playing her wide open. Ef we bust on this drive anybody can have Del Sol—corral, house, cows, calfs and all. I just don't want to be bothered with fresh she stuff right now, that's all. As for money—friend, we ain't got none."

"Nor nobody."

"You know you said it! That's why this Del Sol herd's important. We allow to bring back money. We'll settle then, and pay you a dollar a head fer fours damn glad, fer they was lost off the earth so fur as we was concerned. Well, you boys done swung over the whole north and west of Texas? That's the biggest rodeo on spec I ever hearn."

"Not so much money," said the other. "We started twelve strong, all good men. One was killed by a horse. Four was killed by Comanches. It was one fight after another on the old Comanche road. We could only bring through the leavin's, too, like yourself.

"Now, what you say is fair. We'll throw your she stuff back fer you—hit ain't fur and they'll go back easy. Take what T. L. stuff we got rounded up—and anything else you like. Comes to a orphant, no cowman in Texas is going to ast to look at yore herd."

"One bunch has," said Nabours. "Some day I got one or two scores to settle. But till I get back from Aberlene on the railroad, I got neither time nor money. Mr. Dalhart, our outfit's broke! We're eating borrowed corn meal and hog meat, and borrowed where I wish to God it wasn't. Our remuda ain't all our own. And as fer our brand, I'll bet you, outside the Fishhook road brand, there ain't hardly ary two head alike. I been liberal. Please, sir, don't comb our herd, because it'll make you dizzy. She's a orphant."

Dalhart nodded.

"I know. No man shall ride into yore herd, least of all us. Take what you want out of our stray rodeo. Ef you get back settle with us fellers any way you like. Down in Uvalde we know of Taisie Lockhart. Ain't a Texan but says hit's a damn shame the way her father was a-sassinated. Since the war, there ain't no law and no jestice in all Texas no more. Hit's eena'most each fer hisself, and no pay fer nothing. But orphants!"

"And like her!" said Jim Nabours.

"Is she perty as she's said fer to be?" smiled Dalhart.

"More! Come and see!"

"How?"

"She's three mile below, in our outfit."

"You're not lettin' her go up the trail!"

"Where else'd she go? She's broke, and a reg'lar organized gang working out her last head! What elset could she do? Come back. We'll talk things over."

When they sighted the scattered Del Sol herd, its riders sitting loose, some of the men asleep in the saddle, the little pair of white carts made first objective for Nabours and his new-found friend.

The latter was not prepared for the vision of the tall young girl who rode out to meet them. Somber of eye, grave, sad, Anastasie Lockhart could no more deny her youth, her beauty, her heredity, her education, than she could negate the strong round figure, the clear skin and the mass of ruddy hair which first impressed this observer, not easily abashed, who now cast down his bridle rein and advanced on foot to meet her, broken hat in hand.

"Miss Lockhart, this is Mr. Dalhart, of Uvalde," began Nabours. "He's just above, with a rodeo of mixed stuff. He's been on a cow hunt. He's done found cows. I was purposing a few things. We come down to talk it over."

Taisie Lockhart held out her hand in shy, stiff fashion that little comported with her inches or her masculine garb.

"I'm shore pleased to meet you, Miss Lockhart," said the newcomer. He stood, a wild but not uncouth figure, a typical border man of that fierce and self-reliant land. "We have heard of Miss Lockhart as fur south as Uvalde," he added.

When Taisie smiled, a small dimple, very feminine, quite often appeared on her left cheek. This now unsettled Dalhart's reason utterly.

Nabours now briefly outlined the proposition of trading cows for beeves and making the herd more suitable for the trail. Taisie Lockhart nodded soberly, by no means ignorant of cows and cow methods.

"But now," broke in Nabours presently, "Miss Taisie, I'll have to get a new hand somehow, out of Mr. Dalhart's outfit."

"Yes? We-- we lost one, sir." Taisie's voice was unsteady. *(Continued on Page 112)*

*On a Gentle Slope Well-High Four Thousand Cattle Were Lying Close Packed in a Vast Oval*

# JACQUELINE

## By MARGUERITE CURTIS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

"Here's Penny," She Said Breathlessly. "She'll be So Annoyed If She Knows I've Been Sitting Here Like This!"

WHEN I saw a letter in Victoria's hand lying on the top of my pile of mail I tried to disregard it. Victoria comes just as well after breakfast as before it; better, to my mind, but Greg looked at me with a malicious grin.

"Morning, Uncle Luke; see that letter from Aunt Victoria?"

He grinned again so infectiously that I had great difficulty in keeping the corners of my mouth turned down. I managed it by growling a request for eggs. Greg had eaten them all, he admitted with shame.

"Tell you, Uncle Luke, I'll ring for more."

He got quite uncomfortable when I refused. Actually, I did not want eggs; but Greg could not know, and my revenge was easy

"She isn't your Aunt Victoria," I went on morosely

"I always forget," said Greg. "Being your adopted brother's widow, she seems as if she ought to be, somehow." He kept his mouth straight, but his eyes danced with a thousand gleeful devils as he lighted a cigarette. "And the girls," he went on, "they ought to be sisters or cousins at least, from the way I feel; yet you persistently keep them away from me." He allowed a portentous sigh to finish his sentence.

I glanced up at him, subtly alarmed. Could it be that the imp that lay behind Gregory's common sense had discovered that I had a real reason in heading him off from my —so-called —nieces? I never quite knew with Greg. Still, second thought assured my inner sense that alarm was unnecessary. When the time came I could bring him into contact with Jacie, but first I must find some romantic setting for her, away from the clutter and messiness of Holmedene. If he saw her there he'd confound her with the rest, though how anyone could ——

I took up Victoria's letter. She isn't really my sister, being the widow of my adopted brother Archie. My parents despaired of having children and adopted him years before I was born. He died and left Victoria to fight the way alone for her five little girls. I promised Archie I'd help her, and I'd tried to. But poor old chap, I don't suppose he knew that it was the hardest promise to keep that I ever made; I hope not, anyhow.

It isn't that Victoria isn't wonderful; she is. She knows it, because her friends tell her so regularly. She had pride enough to refuse money from anyone, and for years she struggled along rather miserably, taking advice, but going her own way in spite of it. But when the girls grew up it was plain that she had made no mistake, for she had fitted them perfectly, in an artistic way, to battle with the world. They were wonders, the Stanton girls, all but Jac

Sighing, I opened Victoria's letter. I knew what was in it, for about twice a year one comes, and it always says the same thing. I could read it with my eyes shut:

*My dear Luke:* I am a little worried and want to ask your advice. Can't you come up and spend a few weeks with us? I am sure that my girls all want to see the nearest thing to a father they possess. Your affectionate sister,

VICTORIA HANDS STANTON.

This time it was no different. I tossed it across the table to Gregory.

"Well, if you go I guess I'll bone up a bit," said Greg: "ought to, anyhow; that Leyton murder—you've read about it, haven't you?—the husband called me in yesterday. He's retained me to defend his wife. I ought to be getting evidence instead of idling my time away with you."

"Idling!"

I can grunt as well as anyone. I grunted; it is a telling accomplishment for a man nearing forty.

"I'd like to know what you call work, then. Six evenings this week you've worked until midnight. I didn't know what you were up to "

Greg shifted and looked across at me quizzically.

"Bless your heart, Uncle Luke, I thought you were happy without me. You were snoring in your chair each time I left."

He told this lie with an air of great seriousness. I imagine he believed it. He'd tried to be modest about his first big case, but he couldn't quite put it over. He went on putting the details before me for fear I might forget them—fail to see what a very important case it was.

"This Leyton man, you know, who was found murdered—a no-account fellow if there ever was one. They found him dead, with his head gouged in by an ax, back of an empty lot near the cottage of his cousin Tom Leyton."

"I remember," I nodded; "and they accused Tom Leyton's wife. Wasn't she an old sweetheart of the dead man, or something?"

Greg's eyes glinted.

"Oh, I don't know; they always say something like that when a case comes up. Her story is that she gave him a meal once in a while when he was hungry; that is all. She didn't like him, I think, really. But her mother-in-law has never liked her, and she's come forward with this story of Mrs. Leyton's saying that he made her sick; she'd kill him with an ax."

Details like this seem to delight a lawyer; I hate them. I admit that Greg's excitement was beyond me. He finished by banging the table with his hand and making the china clatter. Why a young fellow of Gregory's brains and wealth should wish to waste his time on sordid cases of crime I have never been able to see. But he dreamed of being a lawyer even as a little chap. His shingle had been out now for nearly two years. This was the first important case that had come to him.

"Of course," said Greg thoughtfully, "you never can tell about a woman."

I held up a hand in protest.

"My dear Greg, I am old enough to want to keep a few illusions. At thirty-nine I prefer to believe all women beautiful and good. I'd hate to think otherwise. They all have a bit of the divine in them somewhere."

Greg got up and strolled about the room with his hands in his pockets. He's made his home with me ever since his father died, and the house isn't right without him. He's merely my ward, not a blood relation; but we cling to our nephew-and-uncle myth that we formulated in his school days. I eyed his well-built height with pride as he walked restlessly about, but I saw that he was really worried when he turned to me again.

"Don't know much about women, old top, do you?" he said in a slightly superior tone. "They are born actresses, all of 'em. Why, even your beloved Madame Isabel ——"

Isabel lives near us. She is one of the most famous dancers in the world, even now, though she retired ten years ago. She specializes in charm. There may be secrets in her cupboard—a woman who's had three husbands is liable to have a few but I don't think they could be harmful to anyone but herself.

"For heaven's sake," I snapped, "leave Isabel alone! There's no doubt about her being an actress; it was her profession. Greg, at heart you're a vandal."

You couldn't get a rise out of Greg; he grinned.

But I was going to Victoria's and the thought depressed me.

Later in the day I drove over to Isabel's and told her the sad news. She consoled me, as she always does, for she greatly dislikes Victoria, whom she has never seen. I once said something about her untidy house, and so rang her knell so far as Isabel is concerned. I've been glad that Victoria lives on the far side of New York and I on the other side of Boston, thus making a sufficient barrier to frequent intercourse. Since the girls have been too busy for years to do much visiting, they haven't been to see me.

I have always secretly cherished a scheme for marrying Jacie to Greg. Jacie is the Stanton baby, different in every way from her sisters; and although the time had never yet come when I could stage a beautiful setting for the romance I dreamed of, I felt now that the hour had struck. Jacie —why, Jacie must be eighteen; and Greg was twenty-five. I spoke to Isabel about it, telling her a little about my small Jacqueline.

"I wanted to adopt her for my daughter, Isabel, a few years ago; but her mother would not hear of it."

I couldn't see in the least why Isabel should interpolate a laugh here. I looked at her inquiringly.

"It was just the idea of you—as a father, Luke. It does not appear that you are Methuselah."

She seemed very much amused.

"No," I said loftily; "but I could well be her father, Isabel: Jacie is eighteen."

"And you are thirty-nine."

She laughed again, clapping her hands as at some supreme joke. I ignored her. It was unwise of me ever to tell Isabel my age. Women have no discretion about male birthdays.

I continued in an aloof tone: "Jacie is different. She's the tidy one of the family. You may imagine what a time she has with all the rest."

"But yes," said Isabel softly. "And what is it you wish of me, old friend?"

Without any actual words, she understood that I wanted something. I never knew another woman like her, outside of that disconcerting sense of humor.

"I thought that if I brought her to call on you, perhaps you would invite her to stay with you for a while. I think I could arrange it with her mother, and then Greg could meet her without absorbing the background of Holmedene."

Isabel was wearing sapphires. They were not bluer than her eyes beneath her soft hair, and the thought came to me that the stones envied their sparkle. She clasped exquisite hands.

"I shall have pleasure, my friend. Your small Jacie must be of a sweetness. The big Greg will worship at once. I shall arrange it with craft and care."

I went home to my last evening with Greg, feeling much happier. He joked me on my rise in spirits, offered to accompany me to Aunt Victoria's. I pretended gravely that I should be glad of his company, and he sheered away uneasily. He remembered the discomfort of his one visit years ago, when Victoria fed us cold bread and milk and fruit for luncheon in January, saying pensively that she hoped we did not mind; but wasn't life too short to spend over a kitchen stove? Even in the sunny warmth of August Greg shivered at the thought. I pretended not to notice.

Victoria was at the station the next day to meet me, sitting in her battered electric in the busy small-town street. She looked just as she always did—artistic, careless, handsome. From the car she bent down a cheek smooth as a girl's for my salute

"Oh, Luke dear, this is adorable of you! My little girls are so looking forward to a visit from their almost-father"

She spoke the last two words as if they had been spelled in capitals, and I felt the skin turning to goose flesh under my collar. I don't know why it is, but Victoria always has the power to make me miserable by her words. I tried to laugh it off.

"Pretty big girls now, aren't they, Victoria?"

"Yes; it's amazing when one looks back" She indicated by a far-away gaze that her mind was back on the early years of her widowhood, when the five girls were really little, and she was struggling to educate them. She did not mind in the least attitudinizing right there in Main Street; and when she turned back to me she smiled brightly, with an air of conscious cheeriness. "I forget, Luke; but it is charming of you to remind me. The girls are big, indeed, now; and it is not height alone, you know. Their minds"

She waited for me to catch my cue. Irritated though I was, I did not fail her. One way or another I had heard it too often.

"Indeed, yes, they are splendid, Vicky. You have been wonderful in bringing them up to make such a success."

It was true, but I'd as soon have told a lie. Victoria's eyes brightened; she shook her head with an indulgent smile at my phrases.

"Well," she deprecated, "I had to set my own dreams aside. An early marriage means that for a woman, Luke; and of course dear Archie was a poet, and he needed great and self-sacrificing understanding. But when he went from me I made up my mind that the girls should have their chance to continue the career love had denied me."

"You certainly succeeded!"

I'd have preferred a different place to talk this out—it was a formula between Victoria and her friends, almost, when they met after an absence—but she seemed to think nothing of sitting there in her rickety car and talking while I stood on the curbing. All the other vehicles that had come to meet the up express had driven away; and still Victoria sat, handsome and dreamy and playing her inevitable part, keeping me waiting for my drive home. Gently but inexorably I turned the handle of the door.

"Shall I drive you home, Vicky, or do you prefer to do the dirty work?"

My action more than my half-facetious remark seemed to rouse her. She looked at me in a pained manner.

"Oh, Luke, I'd forgotten! I can't take you home. I wondered if you'd like to walk or the trolley goes part way. I'll take your bag, of course." She indicated the empty place beside her. "There is a committee of the art club I'd forgotten all about it. I hope you don't mind They seem to depend so on my presence"

"I'll walk," I said crossly, for there seemed to be no taxies. "See you at dinner, then?"

She nodded brightly.

"Yes, you'll find Jacie at home, I think. I want to talk to you about her."

She trundled off briskly in the opposite direction. For a bit I walked along in a rage. Then I began to laugh. If I could only see it, Victoria was very funny. She had always been like that, and she really had been wonderful. I thought about the girls. Victorine, the eldest, even now was a china painter with a fast-growing reputation. Chloe, slim and beautiful and charming in an indolent, languid sort of way, made rag rugs—just rag rugs, but how different! The colonial rooms of millionaires—and every conventional millionaire has a few colonial rooms somewhere in his great new house—were not complete without one of Chloe's rugs. And as she said gently, tilting back her untidy and pretty head, "What a good thing that there is a never-ending stream of millionaires!"

The twins, Fanella and Frances, had begun by trying their hands at landscapes—creditable little schoolgirl performances still hung in my dressing room at home; but Victoria had suggested, in that delicate way of hers, that it paid a great deal better to do portraits. Art was an end in itself, but naturally one had to live. It wasn't a bad idea to hitch one's wagon to an income. She'd laughed at her own paraphrase. If Fanella and her darling Francie could make themselves just as happy painting portraits—and of course, since they were her daughters, they could. I had never dreamed that artistic ability could be switched about like that; but seemingly it might, for Fanella now did most admirable portraits, and Frances painted miniatures—delicate, fairylike things that I admired with all my heart. I really was very proud of the girls when I hadn't to live in their house.

Because nobody—not the most enthusiastic person in the world—could have called Holmedene a home. It was a beautiful old place, with a great veranda running away around the house from a portico that looked down over the valley and the little town; and it was filled with fine things, too, for with the place Archie had inherited old furniture and rugs and silver, and even pictures that were worth looking at. And since the first lean years of Victoria's widowhood the girls had made money surprisingly, and there was no lack of anything anywhere. Unless well, no servants ever would stay, except old Susan, and she couldn't do everything I thanked my stars that at least she was a good cook.

Still, it was the most amazingly untidy place and horribly aggravating to sink down into a big wicker lounge

(Continued on Page 54)

*"Look," She Said With a Wave of Her Hand, "at What Your Fairy of a Niece Has Accomplished—Obliterated My Satyrs!"*

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Senator James Couzens

SOME people are born to be stepped on; some people always manage to avoid being stepped on, and some people go out of their way to step on others. Usually there is nothing particularly noteworthy about any of these three classes of steppers and steppees. Occasionally, however, the attention of the community needs to be drawn to someone who has been ruined by being stepped on, or to someone who has been doing some unusually high and forceful stepping; and since Senator James Couzens, of Detroit, Michigan, is one of the firmest and most energetic steppers that ever stepped on either the just or the unjust, a moderate amount of attention will now be drawn to him.

James Couzens, of Detroit, is a millionaire; and the manner in which he came to be a millionaire is frequently cited by energetic stock salesmen who seek to persuade unwary widows and orphans to sink their savings in fake automobile, oil well and radio stocks guaranteed to return a modest 4000 or 5000 per cent a year on the investment. This was the way of it:

He was born in Chatham, Ontario, in 1872, and since the opportunities to make money in Chatham were neither prominent nor glittering, he was as poor as Job's turkey, which seems to have been the poorest thing known to science. From Chatham, Ontario, the poverty-stricken Couzens moved to Detroit, where he toiled as a car checker in the yards of the Michigan Central Railroad—a position that enabled him to pick up large quantities of grime on all exposed portions of his person, but enabled him to pick up very little money and no fame whatever.

We next see the young man laboring in the coal yards of a Detroit coal dealer named A. Y. Malcolmson at the princely wage of sixty dollars a month, his duties being the pursuit, chaperonage and general guardianship of coal cars. In 1898, at the age of twenty-six, James Couzens wished to marry a wife, and he exhibited some discontent at his sixty a month, stating to Malcolmson that he needed the sum of seventy-five dollars a month in order to accomplish his purpose. A few years later, at the age of thirty-one, he was acting as chief factotum of Malcolmson's coal yards in return for the magnificent honorarium of $1800 a year. Apparently, in order to become a millionaire, he only needed to save one-third of his salary for the next two or three centuries.

### A Profitable Little Investment

BUT in Couzens' thirty-first year, which happened to be the year 1903, Henry Ford began to make himself heard in Detroit with the assistance of an asthmatic but effective gasoline engine. He organized the Ford Motor Company and persuaded Malcolmson, who was Couzens' boss, to guarantee the bills of the company up to $7000, and in return for this he gave Malcolmson $25,500 in stock of the Ford Motor Company. Ford also took the same amount, so that the two of them together owned fifty-one per cent of the company's stock. In order to protect his interests Malcolmson detached young Mr. Couzens from his labors in the coal yard and sent him up to the Ford factory to keep an eye on things. As a result Couzens became interested in the Ford Motor Company and decided to sink some money in it.

He had saved $400. With this he put a bonus of $500 that Malcolmson had paid him for bringing the profits of the coal yard to $90,000 for one year. He then borrowed $100 from his sister, which made his cash in hand $1000. To this he added his note for $1500, and in return for the total he received twenty-five shares of the Ford Motor Company.

Instead of paying back his sister in cash, he gave her one share in the company. She drew $95,000 in dividends from this one share, and eventually sold it for $260,000, all of which is better than a poke in the eye with a pointed stick.

As for Couzens, he stayed stubbornly with Ford when other stockholders sold out cheap, and became general manager of the company, and tended his stock carefully, and so on and so forth, occasionally drawing $500,000 or $1,000,000 in dividends. In 1915, wearied by his twelve long years in the automobile business, and no longer being thrilled by his yearly salary of $150,000, he decided to quit. So he permitted Henry Ford to pay him $30,000,000 in cash for his share in the business, which represented an original outlay of $900 of his own money—which, in a manner of speaking, is infinitely preferable to being buried beneath an avalanche of soft coal. He is, and always has been, stubborn and dogged about everything he does. In the case of the Ford Motor Company his stubbornness made him a millionaire.

*Senator James Couzens, an Expert at Stepping on Other People's Toes*

Not only did his twelve years with Ford boost him from an $1800-a-year coal-yard worker to great wealth, but they also made him president of the Bank of Detroit, the Highland Park State Bank and the Rogers Shoe Company, a director of the Detroit Trust Company and a director of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and pitchforked him into various other high positions

So James Couzens, of Detroit, is a millionaire, as originally stated; but he is a millionaire with a difference. He might with reason be called the scab millionaire, because he can usually be depended on to side against the wealthy classes in any fight. He doesn't insist on fighting the rich, though he prefers to do so. If there seems to be any occasion for him to fight the poor he will do so with equal enthusiasm.

When he was general manager of the Ford Motor Company he was noted for his determination not to pass on an unpleasant job to a subordinate. He was hard-boiled and he was ornery whenever in his opinion the occasion demanded it; and from all appearances, he is going to keep right on being hard-boiled and ornery whenever he feels the urge to be.

Nobody will ever be able to count Couzens as a friend in the accepted sense of the word. He will go to people's homes for lunches and dinners and soirées and what not; but if these people do things that he doesn't like he will stand up in front of them with a cold, hard face and tell them so in language entirely devoid of salve, dressing, polish, suavity, affability, soft soap, or any other vocal unguent or liniment.

### Onward to the Senate

WHENEVER he gets the idea that a newspaper or magazine has misquoted or misrepresented him he takes his pen in hand within one hour of receiving the newspaper or magazine and delivers himself of a powerful and scathing blast of contemptuous denial. If he continues this course in Washington his senatorial life will be devoted to issuing denials.

It might be remarked in passing that he is afraid of nobody and nothing on earth so far as can be discovered. He stands up in front of United States senators or of labor leaders who control great numbers of votes, and he fights all of them with equal readiness and acrimony.

His political life has been marked by fights that offer more excitement and points of interest than the average minor Balkan War. He was made police commissioner of Detroit, and promptly irritated the automobile owners by his traffic regulations to such an extent that their wild yells of rage sounded like the storm winds of the equinox. He made something of a mess of Detroit traffic during his incumbency, and no fountain or obelisk will ever be erected to perpetuate the memory of his commissionership.

Then he was a candidate for mayor of Detroit, and a deafening anvil chorus rang out against him as soon as his campaign started. He was enthusiastically hated on every side, and the situation was simplified by the fact that his opponent was very popular, as a result of which it was universally predicted that Couzens would be overwhelmingly defeated. Couzens himself advised the voters not to elect him if they wanted a good fellow.

"If you want a good fellow elected mayor," he would bellow, "don't elect me! The only reason for having a mayor who is a good fellow is to get a man who will do favors for his friends. How often do you fellows expect to go down to city hall looking for favors?"

The voters agreed that here was a mean, hard guy, who could be depended on to be mean and hard to his own sort of people. So they elected him.

Now Detroit had voted for the municipal operation of her street railways, and all mayoralty candidates had been pledged to this program for years. When Couzens was elected, therefore, he proceeded to tackle the difficult task of changing the privately owned street-car lines over into city-owned lines. He asked for $15,000,000 to start the work, and the voters voted on it; and on the morning after election day, before the vote was canvassed, Couzens had steam shovels in the streets starting the municipal lines. Since the bonds weren't ready and couldn't be ready for some time, Couzens financed the operations out of his own pocket.

He was a fast and ruthless worker. On one occasion he found it necessary to cross the privately owned tracks with municipal tracks. Of course this couldn't be done. Couzens therefore proceeded to do it. One Saturday afternoon he mobilized his workmen, steam shovels and equipment at the disputed crossing and started work. Early in the evening the privately owned railways got wind of the proceeding, secured an injunction forbidding it, and rushed their general manager to the scene with the injunction in order to put an end to Couzens' activity. Among his equipment, however, Couzens had included a squad of police; and as the general manager appeared with his injunction and stepped majestically from his automobile the squad of police seized him, hustled him into their automobile, rushed him over to Belle Isle, pulled up the drawbridge and kept him there until Sunday night. Meanwhile Couzens and his gang proceeded noisily and recklessly with their labors.

### The Treat-Em-Rough Mayor Reelected

ON MONDAY morning the judge who had issued the injunction stormed and raved and howled and tore his hair, and cited Couzens and all his underlings, employes and assistants for contempt of court. But the track was laid, and it stayed laid; and later Couzens paid the street railways for the privilege.

When he came up for reelection he was reëlected by the largest majority ever given to a candidate for mayor in Detroit. The privately owned street-car lines continued to fight against him, but he beat them on every count; and the city now owns all the lines. The cars are old and the service is poor, but the railway is making a large profit and paying off all its debts, which is something new for street-car lines to do.

As mayor of Detroit he accomplished a number of remarkable things. For one thing he wiped politics out of the city government. For another thing he carried the city through the unemployment crisis of two years ago without bread lines or other evils. He did it by starting all the construction projects that the city had authorized, and by dividing the work fairly and equally among all residents who needed work. When Hoover subsequently called a national conference on unemployment the chief thing that the conference did was to commend the Detroit system that was originated and operated by Couzens.

Before his last term as mayor was completed he was appointed by the governor of Michigan to fill the vacancy occasioned by Senator Newberry's retirement. Everybody in Detroit urged him to refuse the senatorial appointment; but, according to his hard-boiled custom, he defied public opinion and took it. It goes without saying that he will be reflected in 1924, for Michigan voters have clearly demonstrated that where Couzens is concerned they like to be treated rough.

Couzens' activities in the Senate should not be confounded with the flannel-mouthed raving of the average demagogue and blatherskite who gets his information from partisan sources or draws it from his inflamed imagination. When Couzens wants information on a given subject he pays for it, using his own private intelligence department and digging deep into his own income.

His chief hobby since arriving in the Senate has been government ownership of railroads. He dislikes private ownership of railroads for the same reason that he dislikes high-toned churches. He finds both systems inefficient.

# SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT

claiming that the high-toned churches don't distribute religion economically and efficiently, and the railroads don't route freight economically or efficiently. Yet he differs from most government-ownership fanatics in believing that although the Government should own the railways, it should not operate them. He likewise believes that if the Government should take over the railways at the present time a horrible debacle would result, which is another belief contrary to that held by the average government-ownership advocate.

His enthusiasm for government ownership seems to be based on two facts; one being the theory that under present conditions the railroads cannot get sufficient capital, which results in a very bad condition, and the other being the belief that there is an enormous amount of competitive waste of privately owned railways—a condition brought about by the fact that freight must be routed uneconomically and expensively in order to keep small railroads from turning up their toes and dying with great vigor.

He refuses to make any public statements concerning his stand on government ownership of railways; but he probably has a large and expensive force of private investigators gathering statistics, remedies, ideas and conclusions for him, so that when he finally decides to make a statement it will contain more reliable information on the subject than a railway gazetteer.

In spite of the fact that he has never come out in the open with his railroad ideas, he is handled as tenderly and gingerly by railway officials as though he were loaded with TNT. It will be noticed that other senatorial government-ownership devotees are kicked briskly and frequently by railway officials, which tends to show that Couzens is one of the few who is loaded with something more dangerous than hot air.

Officially speaking, Couzens is not a Progressive. The Progressives have never asked him to be one of them; and Couzens, after talking to them for a time, has pointedly refrained from asking to be allowed to join. His opinion of most of the Progressives is not high. In fact there are a number of things to be said in his favor.

## *Senator Pat Harrison*

SOME twenty-five years ago, when the Spanish-American War was progressing in a limping, amateurish but highly satisfactory manner, the small and sleepy town of Crystal Springs, Mississippi, was awakened from its lethargy each day by a series of reverberating and bloodcurdling yells. These yells were so fearsome that the hound dogs of Crystal Springs sprang from their twitching slumbers and betook themselves hurriedly and suspiciously to sheltered seclusion beneath convenient porches, while back-yard porkers ceased their snuffling and rooting for succulent morsels and awaited their seemingly impending doom in tremulous silence. Daily, as the peace of Crystal Springs was shattered by the yells, all Nature stood aghast.

The yells, however, were an old story to the natives of Crystal Springs. The housewife engaged in her daily task of manufacturing corn pone for her lord and master; the loafer sunning himself on the front stoop of the hay, grain and feed store; the local politician decorating the landscape with tobacco juice as he discoursed mellifluously on the state of the Union; all these and all the other inhabitants of the town were well aware that the yells signified that the daily shipment of Memphis Appeal-Avalanches had arrived in the hands of Pat Harrison, news agent; and that Pat, in order to sell his papers, was killing Spaniards vocally.

No records were ever kept for the purpose of discovering how many Spaniards Pat Harrison killed vocally during the Spanish-American War; but if old residents of Crystal Springs are to be believed, he annihilated the Spanish forces in Cuba at least twice a week, and won minor military and naval engagements on the other five days, and at the close of the war vocally accounted for the demise of some eight hundred and fifty thousand Spanish fighting men through the prowess of the American Army and Navy.

Whenever Pat, on tearing off the wrappings from his shipment of Memphis Appeal-Avalanches, saw that the paper's front page was decorated with a rich, black, seven-column head, he made no effort to read farther; but instantly lifted up his rich Southern voice and bawled that the Spaniards were anny-highlated, whereupon horses shied in terror, the little birds in the tree tops ceased their twitterings, and all the mules within earshot revolved their ears nervously and burst into answering brays. It might be remarked in passing that he always sold his papers.

Pat's pronunciation has improved during the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the Spanish-American War; but his technic as senior senator from the sovereign state of Mississippi still retains points of strong resemblance to the technic that he employed when he dispensed the public prints to the eager residents of Crystal Springs.

He is the official sniper and sharpshooter of the Democratic side of the Senate; and on behalf of the minority members of that august body he is constantly rising to his feet behind the desk that once belonged to Jefferson Davis and planting a poisoned dart or a red-hot bullet in the person of a Republican senator, or thrusting a keen harpoon into the Republican Party, or casting with unerring aim a wreath of poison ivy upon the brows of President Harding and his associates in the Administration.

### *Just Plain Pat*

IF, IN glancing at a newspaper, he sees any favorable mention of anything Republican, he is usually moved to attract the attention of the Vice President in a courtly and graceful manner, and to view with alarm.

In the absence of any specific thing to view with alarm, he views the general Republican situation with alarm and at great length, thus providing his Democratic colleagues with leisure to hunt up specific things to view with alarm.

Whenever he views with alarm he likewise expresses his amaze-munt at the nefarious attempts of the Republican Party to bring down the country in ruin around its ears by doing the awful and loathsome thing that has caused him to view with alarm

*Senator Pat Harrison. He Expresses the Amaze-munt of the Democrats at the Actions of the Republicans*

The Republican Party is eternally filling Pat with amaze-munt—the accent falling heavily on the "munt" in the most approved Southern oratorical manner. Figures do not hamper him greatly, any more than they did in the old Crystal Springs days when he was vocally anny-highlating the Spanish Army on Tuesdays and Fridays

Before proceeding further with this fascinating subject, it should be mentioned that people who hold the United States Senate and all its works in high esteem are frequently somewhat distressed that Senator Harrison should be addressed by such a familiar diminutive as Pat. It doesn't strike them as being quite so coarse and common and low and anti-American as would be the application of the diminutive Cab or Hank to Henry Cabot Lodge; but it offends their sense of delicacy none the less. They think that Senator Harrison ought at least to be addressed as Patrick.

Unfortunately the Congressional Directory, which contains the very last and most authoritative words on senatorial and congressional biographies, owing to the fact that the senators and representatives always write their own biographies, gives Senator Harrison's first name as Pat.

"Pat Harrison, Democrat, of Gulfport, Miss., was born at Crystal Springs, Miss., August 29, 1881," states his biography in the customary pellucid and jocose style of the Congressional Directory. Not Patricius or Patrick or Pat-with-a-period to denote a contraction, but just plain Pat.

It would therefore be scarcely proper to address him as Patrick when he insists on being addressed as Pat. It would also be erroneous, for careful research in musty records reveals the fact that he was christened Byron Patton Harrison

Now Byron is a good name. It is a name redolent of poetry and laurel leaves and the isles of Greece and flowing neckties and soft collars that reveal smooth white throats, and the fragrance of roses in the moonlight and all that sort of thing. A name like Byron would have gone big in the old romantic South of crinolines and mint juleps and ruffled shirts and dueling pistols; but a name like Pat goes better in the South of today. It also goes better when attached to a Southern senator who intends to become so entangled in national politics that he will be required to address horny-handed sons of toil in the crude, coarse Northern states.

### *Eats Republicans Alive*

PAT HARRISON has one great and noteworthy peculiarity, and that is the fact that he is never half so bad as he seems to be. To read his speeches in the Congressional Record, one might think that he was a political cutthroat of the most depraved sort. Republicans who read his attacks on the Republican Party on the morning after the attacks were made are usually eager to pick up some blunt instrument like a table leg or an andiron and batter Harrison to pieces. But while the attacks were actually being made Republican senators were probably sitting comfortably in their chairs on the Senate floor and listening to Pat's mellow accents and tastefully embroidered metaphors with equanimity if not with actual pleasure. Occasionally, after Pat has kept pushing his finger against a raw Republican nerve for days at a time, two or three Republican senators may emit a few angry screams; but five minutes later they may be found seated on the same couch with Pat in the cloakroom and bellowing amicably at the story about the two Irishmen named Pat and Mike. Never a week passes by that Pat Harrison doesn't take a long running jump at the Republican Party and dance gayly up and down on its back; and yet he is as popular with Republican senators as any Republican.

When that distinguished Southron, Senator Thaddeus H. Caraway, rises slouchily to his feet and peers peevishly out from under his eyebrows at the Republican side of the chamber and delivers himself of the smallest jab at the Republican Party, or its leaders or its policies, the Republican senators are filled with an almost uncontrollable desire to strangle him. When that equally distinguished Southron, Senator J. Thomas Heflin, rises in all the majesty of his great frock coat and his broad white flannel vest and bellows noisily and at length about the plutocratic tendencies of Republican senators and the Republican Party, the Republican senators would obviously take keen delight in seeing the roof fall on him.

But Pat Harrison hunts out each weakness of the Republican Party and the Republican Administration,

(Continued on Page 76

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 21, 1923


## Policy in Russian Relief

IT WAS officially announced some time ago that Russia would enter the export market with wheat and rye. It is now known, on the authority of well-informed grain merchants, that Russian grain is lying ready for export at Black Sea and Baltic Sea ports, and some has indeed been shipped. Russian agents, with samples of the grain, are soliciting trade in Scandinavia, Germany and Italy. Samples of rye displayed in Norway were not of good grade, though not absolutely unsound. The amounts at present available are given as one hundred and twenty-eight thousand metric tons, equal to some four and three-quarters million bushels. By this time this grain will have been disposed of. How much more grain Russia will be in position to export this season remains to be seen.

This episode in itself does not deserve comment. Russia ought to be an exporter of grain, and the sooner she gets back into exporting on a large scale the better for her people. The occasion for comment lies in the fact that appeals are being made for shipment of grain into Russia to avert famine while domestic grain is being shipped out.

Last fall the National Information Bureau sent into Russia three trained men to investigate conditions and make a report. The report of this commission does not make good reading. The food resources of the famine areas were scrutinized and estimated. The report states that grain shortage in certain areas is so extreme that some seven to nine million people face starvation unless fed by foreign aid. Refugees and orphans are most deeply concerned.

Why is not the surplus grain of the areas providing the grain now being exported sent into the famine districts? To this natural question two answers are given by the Russian authorities. The first answer is that transportation is so demoralized that shipment of grain from the surplus areas to the deficit areas cannot be accomplished; if the grain is not moved to export it would simply lie in the areas of production or be fed to animals. The second answer is that Russia needs essential imports so crucially that these must be secured even at the risk of famine to certain classes.

It is the second proposition that interests us. Russia needs above all things restoration of railways, meaning new equipment, work animals on the land and agricultural implements. If the surplus grain of areas having surplus is shipped into famine areas the restoration of the country is not aided by such a procedure. If this surplus grain be exported the imports that can be financed with the proceeds of the exports will aid in the restoration of the country. In a word, the famine districts would make the saving necessary to improve the plant of Russia. The people in the famine districts would be sacrificed in order to improve the condition of the rest of Russia. If eight million people starve now, the exported grain on which they could have been kept alive will purchase goods whose purpose is to increase production so that next year famine will not occur again.

In part, the situation is like that in China during the last famine. There was no lack of food in China. In certain districts drought had destroyed the crops and the people of these districts did not have the wherewithal to purchase food from other parts of the country. That is the situation of the starving Russians. We sent money, not food, into China, to provide the buying power to the inhabitants of the famine districts. Why should we not send money, or food, into Russia, despite her export of grain, just as we sent money into China, despite the fact that the rest of China had the food and the means to feed the starving? Just how directly do the needs of the submerged tenth or an afflicted area of one country impinge on the resources of a distant country?

In fact, the conditions are not parallel. The famine of Russia was the result of drought on a disorganized agriculture. The food resources of Russia have been brought to their present pass by the policies of her government. Had the cultivated acreage in Russia in 1921 been normal the drought would have produced no such result as did occur. If the acreage under cultivation in 1922 had been normal the drought of last season would not have resulted in the present shortage. If an industry is reduced to minimal operations, naturally there is no leeway when production is cut down by catastrophe. The peasant class is paying the price for the economic sins of the soviet government.

Has Russia no resources with which to feed her starving areas? There is good evidence that Russian gold flows abroad into propaganda. There is evidence that Russia still possesses balances in foreign lands that could be used for the purchase of food. For a long time the imports of Russia have exceeded her exports. How are these imports financed? Would not a different handling of the funds in the hands of the Russian Government result in imports of foodstuffs for the famine districts as well as railway equipment, work animals and farm machinery? With full recognition of the plight of the inhabitants of the famine districts, is there to be no end to the state of affairs that governments may waste while foreign relief feeds the unfortunate victims of the governmental waste?

## Stabilized Broadcasting

DX FANS and their little brethren of the galena sets who continue to follow the new indoor sport for the next year or two are bound to witness the evolution of a marvelous electrical toy into a commonplace unit of household equipment, little more thrilling than the telephone in the back hall or the washing machine in the kitchen or the talking machine in the sitting room.

This is to come about, not because radio telephony will ever be any less wonderful than it is today, but because it is so increasingly taken for granted that the bloom of novelty will have worn off long before the five million listeners-in of the autumn of 1924 begin to grouse about having musical programs drowned out by the Boanerges voices of the rival candidates for the next presidential nomination.

Secretary Hoover told the radio conference over which he presided last month that during the year just closing the number of broadcasting stations in the country had increased from sixty to five hundred and eighty-eight. These figures typically represent the growing popularity of radio all over the United States. How many receiving sets there are in operation it is impossible to determine with even moderate accuracy. There can scarcely be fewer than a million and a half; and if there are not three million at the present time, there very likely will be by next Christmas. The number of new inventions, new hook-ups and novel improvements of real merit, to say nothing of the countless gimcrack accessories promising better results in reception, is too great for anyone to keep track of unless he can devote his entire time to it. The young art is expanding so rapidly that it fairly crackles, like growing corn on a hot August night.

Along with this phenomenal development of the physical side of radio must come some centralized control, some parliamentary code for the government of those who have it in their power to make themselves heard over continents and oceans. Without such control, exercised either by law or by voluntary agreement, the solid development of an art of infinite possibilities will be measurably retarded, and the all-pervading ether will become a carnival of interference, a shrieking pandemonium and a babel of tube howls.

A bill for radio control was lately passed by the House; but the Senate, in its crystal-set wisdom, allowed it to die along with the immigration bill and other important measures rather than permit the pressure of public business to curtail the political pleasures and profits of last-week filibustering. It is hard to believe that the next Congress will neglect the passage of some such legislation. In the interim some sound ideas have come out of Mr. Hoover's recent conference, and the whole question of rational control and the allocation of hitherto forbidden wave lengths has been brought to the fore.

Nothing can prevent tremendous advances along the inventive side of the art, but we may not hope to see broadcasting stabilized on sound and permanent lines until governments take the matter wisely and thoughtfully in hand; and until this has been done we may not expect the new medium of communication to realize its highest possibilities.

Once adequate groups of transmission wave lengths and hours for operation have been allotted to broadcasters as veritable franchises, the whole business will find itself on a new and much more stable basis. When that has been done we shall find men of wealth endowing broadcasting stations just as they have endowed colleges in the past, with the widest choice of specified subjects, programs and courses.

Already many of the most eminent clergymen, physicians, bankers and publicists have been captivated by the possibilities of addressing audiences numbering a quarter of a million persons. The reactions they have experienced have prepared them for the inevitable development of this means of public enlightenment. The best minds in the country will be at the service of endowed broadcasting. It is only a question of time, and not a long time, when the University of Chicago or some state college in the Middle West will decide to carry its university extension courses to the entire Mississippi Valley by radio; and there is no reason why it may not presently be done with every prospect of success.

The potentialities of radio for good and for bad are about evenly balanced. It can be made just as useful and elevating as the people of the country desire, and by the same token it may become as cheap and vulgar as the prevailing demand may dictate. It is up to the people at large to determine the future of radio, and it is to be hoped that they will choose the better part, just as they are beginning to do in the motion-picture field.

In the meantime, while public opinion is crystallizing and broadcasting is getting into its stride, the young science offers unexampled opportunities to budding electrical genius. It is not at all unlikely that great improvements may be worked out by lads in their teens with only ten or twenty dollars' worth of equipment to play with. Almost any day we may expect to read that some schoolboy with a peanut tube, between gropings for the valley of the heterodyne, has hooked up a winning super-circuit, invented a perfect wave trap or devised an effectual gag for all the world's static.

Radio is just now the great boon of the boy. The ether is his plaything and he sports with its waves as in a swimming hole. The excellent popular-science journals that have done so much to teach and stimulate the American boy have crowded the dime novel off his bedroom shelf.

# Ourselves and Those Others

## By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

WE WERE seated in the luxurious dining room of the Bankers Club, far up above the noise and haste of New York's throbbing streets—a little party, well picked for the variety represented by its members' occupations. The simplicity of the luncheon laid out showed we had not met merely to eat together, and to a listener like myself it was quite evidently the conversation which made this feast so well worth while. A small group sat discussing some of the most difficult world problems of the moment: Europe's needs, and America's; how to bring the East and West into better relationship. Politics, economics and relief—each was given its turn. Our small party consisted entirely of natives of the United States, and the men were distinctly valuable citizens to their country. Representing different professions, each one wielded considerable power. Two or three traits were common to them all, for they were well up in knowledge of foreign affairs and had contributed in time, money and even military service to the Allied cause during the war. Also, they were all anxious to see the world recover, and to help if possible with general reconstruction.

One man was a Westerner who in the seething competition of New York had made a vast success at banking, who makes his influence felt in London or in Paris as well as here at home; another, the autocratic editor of a great paper, is an international force, has made the leaders of several nations fear and respect him; a third, somewhat younger, is a diplomat of the United States, one of those whose long service has been in far corners of the world and who has used his time so well that he is considered an expert on many questions. There sat a traveled writer, with a serious strong face and long experience, who has lived much among Europeans and studied them in their own languages and as their friend. There was another listener besides myself, and the conversation was worth our strained attention. I only wish I could remember all I heard during that meal, when an hour and a half passed without the thought of time.

The traveler began by telling something of the misery in Europe today and of the need of aiding the Old World if civilization was to be kept alive. He spoke of the danger of complete economic collapse in several countries and the possibility of a wave of red terrorism submerging the results of centuries of human effort; then he told the loss and suffering this would mean. Someone there took up the writer's argument; said knaves and fools had worked at Paris preparing a peace treaty which in its execution, or evasions, had been a complete disillusion to all concerned, had broken up many lands and ruined many peoples, leaving no one in Europe better off for it either morally or materially. The Old World was become a suffering mass of humanity with voices raised and arms outstretched, begging our aid!

### Judging by Different Standards

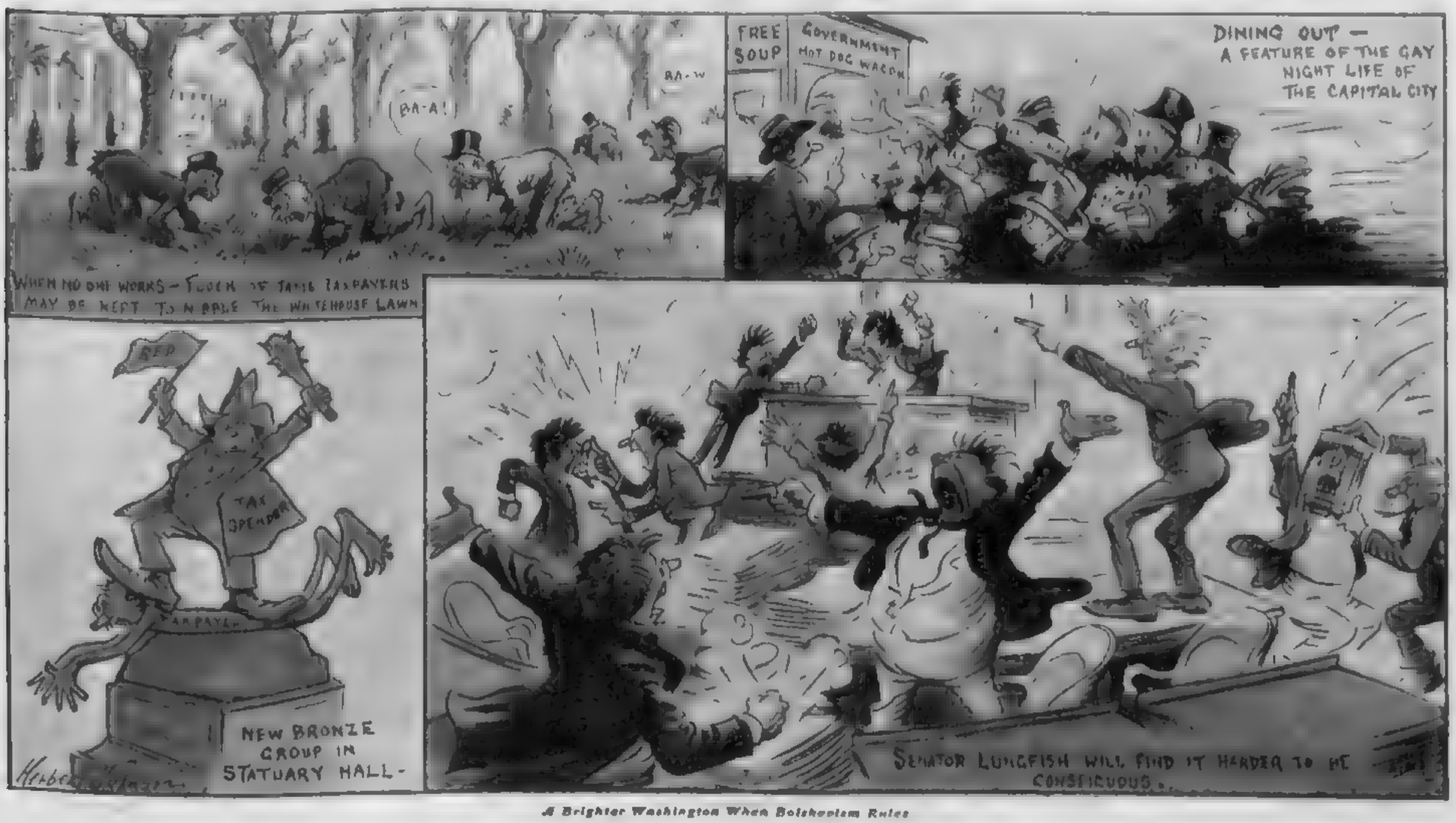
"YET there is no handle by which we can take hold to help them to their feet; none at least which I can see," the diplomat struck in. "The League of Nations, from which so much was hoped, is not dead perhaps. It has accomplished several quite definitely useful results, but it is not a real center of control, nor even a powerful influence; and I don't believe our joining would have made it so. It is merely a neutral meeting ground now, where discussion can often be kept friendly and almost always be kept cool. Once in a while some satisfactory solution of a difficult political problem has been arrived at by the League, and side issues useful to humanity at large have been settled in the best manner. I have in mind the Saar government, the settlement of Upper Silesia, and lately the Austrian loan, as being in the first category; while in the second I place the white-slave and opium-traffic reforms, with a variety of other good work. But the League doesn't offer us any road to the heart of the Old World's troubles. I rather think business cooperation might be better, but I don't know much about business, nor how the men of affairs feel on both sides of the ocean. Apparently what suits one nation the other hates. Different blood, traditions and education make up altogether different characters, and each people over there judges us as we do them, by the standards each is used to. It has been bedlam let loose ever since that misnamed Big Four undertook to re-create the world in 1918–19, and brought about chaos."

I seized this occasion to tell about some of the conversations I had had in various countries during my recent trip, when business men as well as politicians had expressed an immense longing to see American action in almost every sphere of Europe's life. The usually calm Englishmen had perhaps been clearest in asking for American coöperation and in saying they were prepared to make great concessions to gain it.

I had been much struck by the frank admissions of helplessness everywhere abroad

"Why can't the world's business leaders meet and talk over the world's plight?" I asked. "The Britisher is sane and steady and has had long experience. He claims his technical ability is of equal value with our energy and generosity, and that he should be our middleman in negotiating with the continent of Europe. Wouldn't you like to see us go into Europe with our interests well guarded? This hasn't generally been the case in the past, but English and Americans speak the same language in more ways than one, and we could be the Britishers' partner more satisfactorily than that of any other nation, even if in other than economic fields we find we have much more in common with Latins or Slavs than with our English cousins. All Europe wants apparently to talk things over, and if we could manage at least to have that exchange of opinions something might come of it Don't you think so?"

(Continued on Page 150)


BA-A!
BA-A!
WHEN NO ONE WORKS—FLOCK OF TAME TAXPAYERS MAY BE KEPT TO NIBBLE THE WHITEHOUSE LAWN
FREE SOUP
GOVERNMENT HOT DOG WAGON
DINING OUT — A FEATURE OF THE GAY NIGHT LIFE OF THE CAPITAL CITY
RED
TAX SPENDER
TAXPAYER
NEW BRONZE GROUP IN STATUARY HALL-
SENATOR LUNGFISH WILL FIND IT HARDER TO BE CONSPICUOUS.

*A Brighter Washington When Bolshevism Rules*

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

### If I Were Thin

*IF I WERE thin—ah, love, if I were thin*
*I'd greet the dinner menu with a grin,*
*Those sylphlike belted jackets I would wear,*
*And pass by nothing on the bill of fare.*
*With oysters, soup and turkey I'd begin;*
*Some caviar, perhaps, served in a tin;*
*Then roast beef as an entrée, and some inn—*
*Assuming I could order liquor there—*
*If I were thin.*

*No more I'd fear the dreaded double chin,*
*For calories I would not care a pin,*
*But nonchalantly munching an éclair,*
*My graceful form draped loosely in a chair,*
*My much too spacious belt I'd then pull in,*
*If I were thin.*

*—Newman Levy.*

### The Shaksperean Craze

*TWINKLE, twinkle, little Star,*
*How I wonder what you are*
*Up to! Is it rather risky*
*Bedroom farces, French and frisky?*
*Highbrow heroine, vampire vapid?*
*Or a melodrama rapid,*
*Full of throbbing throes and thrills,*
*Crooks and countesses and chills?*
*Twinkle, twinkle, little Star,*
*In electric lights you are.*

*Twinkle, twinkle, little Star,*
*How I wonder what you are*
*Booked for! Do you mean it, really?*
*Aren't you threatening us, merely?*
*Ethel, Marjorie, Laurette,*
*Jane and Julia tried—but yet,*
*Isn't Shakspere a banality*
*Played with only personality?*
*Twinkle, twinkle, little Star,*
*You are far from Juliet—far!*

*Twinkle, twinkle, little Star,*
*How I wonder what*
*you are*
*Thinking! Just be-*
*cause the box*
*Office says the public flocks*
*In to see you look so pretty,*
*Don't you think it is a pity*
*Not to have a voice, a talent,*
*Ere you try a rôle so gallant?*
*Twinkle, twinkle, little Star,*
*Don't essay a part bizarre!*

*Twinkle, twinkle, little Star,*
*How I wonder what you are*
*Bound for! Reputations perish*
*When ambitions mad you cherish.*
*Little plays for little actors*
*Silence critics and detractors.*
*Play yourself as you have played it—*
*Shakspere's noble task? Evade it!*
*Twinkle, twinkle, little Star,*
*You are better as you are!*

*—Gelett Burgess.*

Perkins May be Absent-Minded, But He Never Forgets to Water His Garden

## Why Aren't You Writing Short Stories?

By MISS MIGNON CRAW

*Instructor in Short-Story Writing at the Transylvania Pharmaceutical College*

CHAP. I

THE SHORT STORY

NOW that the short story is acknowledged as an art almost equal to the movies, and since our leading colleges—including the dental, agricultural and correspondence—consider it of sufficient importance to include it in their curriculums, it behooves us to ask ourselves what the short story is. Prof. Brander Matthews, in his brochure entitled Short Stories: Why and Why Not? defines it as the shortest possible distance between two advertisers; and Dr. Alfred McCann would, I am sure, describe it as pure reading matter—but I contend that its mission is nobler still. In my opinion the short story is the crying need today of our elevator boys and switchboard operators, and I have prepared this little book in the earnest hope that you who master the principles contained herein will strive to contribute your share to lightening the burdens of these oppressed peoples.

CHAP. II

STRUCTURE

THE short story, as any editor will tell you, is far easier to write than to read. Almost anyone with proper instruction can write one, though I must admit that the most successful among modern writers have been those whose instruction was not so terribly proper. As Aristotle said to Prof. William Lyon Phelps—or it may have been the other way round—"A story must have a beginning, a middle, and an end." Now, the best way to assure oneself of these three essentials is to make a diagram thus:

| A | B | C |
|---|---|---|
| BEGINNING | MIDDLE | END |

An interesting development of this idea occurred when one of my pupils—a bright lad of fifty-seven who contributes many clever things to The Literary Digest—found, after experimenting with his diagram, that if he eliminated A—his Beginning it would save a lot of time and trouble for everybody concerned. Next time you feel like writing a story try this scheme.

CHAP. III

PLOT

A PLOT is essential to a short story, and not so difficult to find as the beginner imagines. Try to think of the little things that happen in your own home every day—have they no tragic significance? We append a list of possible plots that are within almost everyone's experience:

1. A prominent clubman—wealthy, handsome, and so on—returns home one evening. After preparing for bed he opens his window, turns out the light—or perhaps it would be better if the order here were reversed—and hits his shin on a rocker. How does it affect him?

2. A young girl alone in the Subway drops her last nickel in a slot machine marked Oxblood gum. The machine doesn't work.

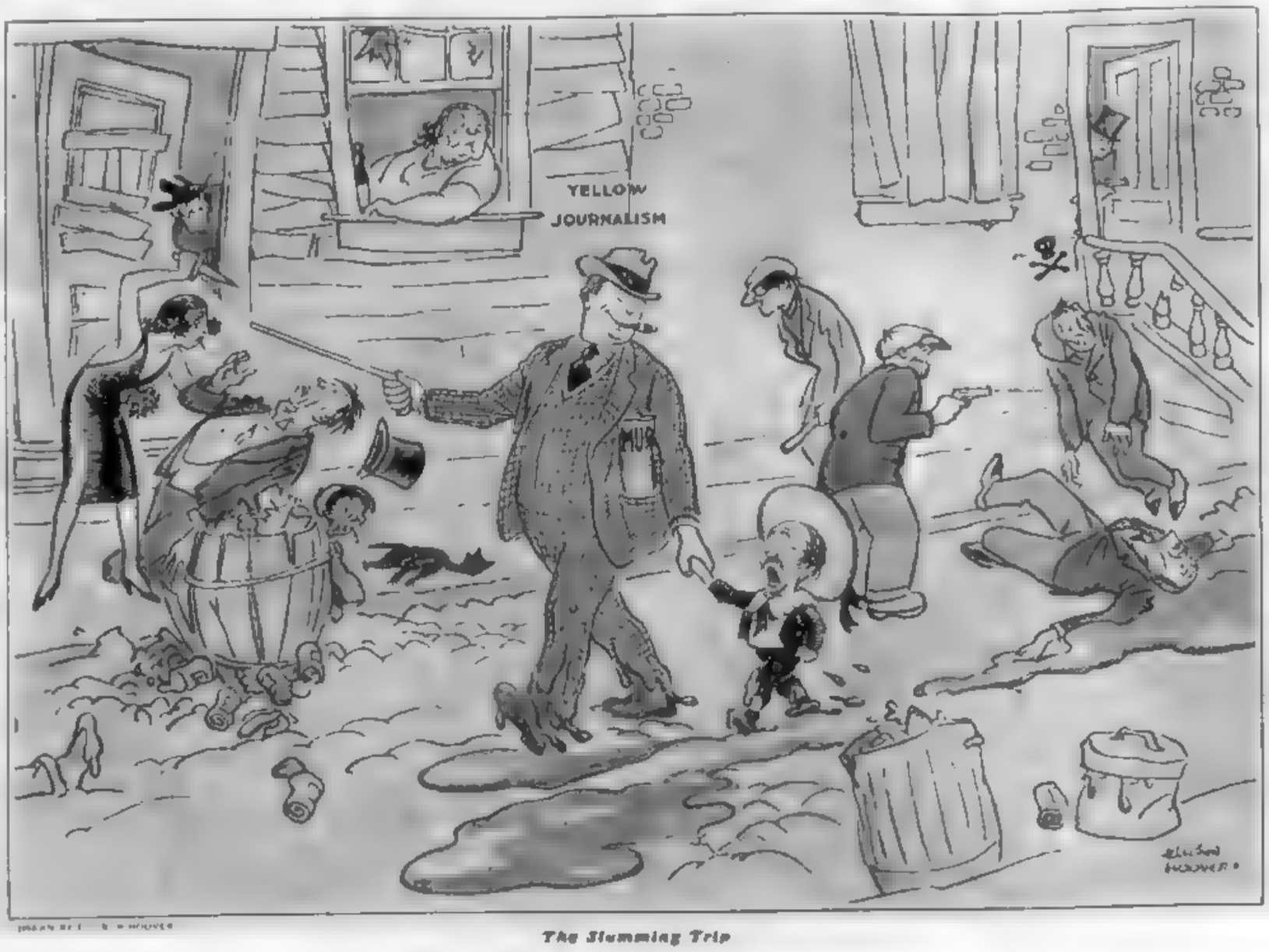
3. It is the day before Christmas. Everyone in the household is looking forward to the morrow, with its feasting. The exterminator man calls and sprinkles his deadly powder about the pantry shelves. Seven little roaches will never see Santa Claus.

CHAP. IV

INSPIRATION VERSUS TECHNIC

EVERYONE must find his or her own method of work. Blasco Ibañez always rubs the

(Continued on Page 108)




The Slumming Trip

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Now here's a crop to make you stop
And state your admiration
For all fifteen will soon be seen
In Campbell's rich creation!

# Vegetable Soup that's real!

Just the hearty, delicious, filling kind of soup you mean when you come home hungry and say to yourself: "What I want is a good hot plate of real vegetable soup!" Fifteen vegetables, picked at their prime in the finest gardens, are in

## Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Rich broth of fine beef, substantial cereals, fresh herbs and tasty seasoning add their nourishment and flavor. Thirty-two ingredients in this one famous soup! Baby limas, dainty peas, sweet corn, juicy tomatoes, potatoes—white and sweet,—Chantenay carrots, choice turnips, chopped cabbage, celery, barley, alphabet macaroni. Each spoonful laden with real strength-giving food!

**21 kinds** **12 cents a can**

**Do you know all the delicious Campbell's Soups?**

They are decidedly worth knowing. In addition to your regular favorite Campbell's kinds, you will enjoy serving and tasting each week some of the soups you are not familiar with. It's such an easy and delightful way to give variety to your table—so welcome to every woman who has to plan the meals.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

# TRIUMPH

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XVI

AT 10:30 King Garnet had reached his room, lighted the gas jet and filled his pipe. All his senses were sharpened; his ears listened for a footfall; his eyes watched the door and barely wandered from it; he was quiet as the grave with expectancy. He sat there for fifteen minutes, when feet climbed the uncarpeted stairs; a knock fell on the door. He sprang up, called "Come in!" and Paul Bobby entered.

They looked at each other, and Bobby nodded. He closed the door very quietly. He had the knack—which at many times he had found useful in adventures both amorous and more material—of closing doors without a sound, of moving without stirring the air. He was resolute and furtive at the same time, and there was a light in his cold black eyes.

"Expect me?" he queried.

"Yes," King nodded.

"You have faith," said Bobby.

"No," said King; "a hunch; an inspiration."

"Inspiration is what you will need, my friend," said Bobby, and he peeled off his dress overcoat and tossed it with his silk muffler on the table, where his hat and cane already lay. He looked the room over thoroughly and with a slight smile.

"You're not exactly doing yourself proud at the moment, eh?"

"As you see," King replied.

Bobby took the room's one chair and opened his cigarette case. King settled himself on the narrow bed close by. "Have a cigarette?" said Bobby, proffering his own.

For a short while after the cigarettes were lighted there was silence between the two young men. It was due not so much to hesitation as to deliberation on Bobby's part. He was again thinking his proposition over, and weighing up his man, while suspense numbed King's tongue. Quite suddenly Bobby got to work.

"Look here, you, Johnson. I suppose that's not your name, but, as you remarked, it will serve as well as any other. Answer my questions again. You have no down on Silver Garnet?"

"No," said King.

"Nor any hold on him of any kind?"

"No."

"And you're right up in a tight place for five hundred pounds."

"I am."

"You'd do anything short of murder and arson to get it?"

"I would."

"Tried any particular way?"

"I've got no further than looking around jewelers' windows."

"Ah," said Bobby with an air of satisfaction, "but you'd definitely got as far as that, had you?"

"I had."

"Ever—er done anything of that kind? In your line at all?"

That made King laugh, and his laughter caused his mere shake of the head to convince Bobby.

"Well," he said, "you're desperate. I've a ticklish job I want done quickly and quietly and without any bungling. A skilled criminal is not really what I want; some dare-devil practical joker would really fill the part better. The risks are yours entirely. If you fail and get nabbed I disown any connection with you, except I shall speak to having had you cadging round for money. You've got to shoulder the risks and let me and my partner go safe. You understand?

"The pay's high—five hundred pounds—and the work will take twenty-four hours at the outside."

"I'm on it."

"Know Silver Garnet by sight?"

King claimed this knowledge casually.

"Now look here!" said Bobby, his quiet voice growing somewhat staccato and his eyes brighter. "Silver Garnet has to be kidnaped and lost as soon after dark tomorrow as it can happen."

"You ask me to kidnap Silver Garnet?"

"It is the job I offer you."

"There's some kick to a job like that," King mused, and his heart felt lighter and more laughing than it had for three months.

"Like it?" said Bobby.

"It makes me laugh."

"M-m! Understand, you take all the risks. We disappear from the game entirely."

"We? Who's your pal?"

"I can tell you enough to satisfy your curiosity," said Bobby; "but I don't propose to tell you more. There's no purpose in it, and the less you know the better. There's a certain important deal which I want a certain friend of mine—or rather, a man who will become a friend of mine if I help him to what he wants—to pull off at his own figure; the figure he's prepared to offer as a piece of sound business. Any much higher figure would be preposterous. But Silver Garnet is preposterous. He's going butting in with some fancy offer that no sane man would compete with Out of his sheer, silly ignorance and conceit he does it, but it will bust the other fellow's scheme just the same. Do I explain clearly, or do I not? You see, there will be two offers for this concern, and one will be Silver Garnet's, who will outbid any reasonable figure the other fellow offers. Get Silver out of the way, and the only offer going—which is a pretty fair one on the whole—will be taken. You get my meaning?"

"Absolutely!"

"Silver Garnet's like a mad bull among china at the present moment; rushes at everything; sees himself as a big speculator, a mighty company promoter, great film magnate or anything else that takes his fancy. Only idea that never occurs to him is that he'll inevitably come out on the wrong side of everything. His ignorance is so colossal that he takes himself for a clever man."

"What's this particular business, then?"

"Films," said Bobby after a momentary hesitation. "No doubt you want to know a little about what you're asked to do. That's all right. I'll tell you something willingly. The immediate negotiations are for the sale of two picture houses—big uns. I've told the managing director of the company concerned in purchasing them that I think I can work Silver Garnet."

"Where do you come in?"

"I shall ask for a five-year contract at my own figure and get back into the work I love doing."

"Silver Garnet would give you a contract."

"That fool? He'd be broke in twelve months if he ever started on the game. He has money, but not enough. That's Silver all over. He can't imagine Cræsus with a fuller purse than he himself's got. Yes, he'd break himself within twelve months. Why, we're doing the poor mutt a service if we keep him out—not that kidnaping is exactly a lawful action, I'm afraid."

"Lawful be hanged! If that's all you want, I'll do it!"

"And all the penalties—if any—are yours, mind. Any exposure, and I disown you."

"That's all right," cried King Garnet from a buoyant heart. "And now we come to my end of the stick. Where and how do you pay over my five hundred?"

"I shall give you a post-dated check—post-dated by exactly two days from now—on the Sub-International Bank in King William Street. If in the meanwhile Silver Garnet has made his deal and bought the picture houses by any ways or means you'll find that check stopped."

Adversity and its strange fellows had sharpened King Garnet's wits. His trusting good nature was a thing of the past. He saw the shifts and dodges, the twists and turns made by men to make and keep money; he had begun to guess that some men would rob their mothers as gladly as they would loot a safe; or send the savings of ten thousand widows and orphans to glory, to bear a market with profit to themselves. And he knew that a man will promise to pay this or that for a service that may cost the servitor dear—and then sneak off, paying nothing. He had already seen taxi drivers tricked; and worthless signatures put to dinner bills; and those of little strength thrust aside conscienceless by those of greater.

(Continued on Page 34)

"When You See That Every Step of the Way Must be Taken Over Stones, You'll Decide to Drive Over it With Me in My Limousine"

# Type 61 Has Grown Even Greater

At its introduction, Type 61 was regarded as the greatest Cadillac ever produced and, indeed, as the criterion of fine car manufacture the world over.

Month by month, new features and refinements have been added as Cadillac engineers and craftsmen have worked to bring Type 61 even nearer to perfection.

Today, moulded and matured by intensive concentration on the one type, the car rises to a still higher plane of excellence, and its margin of leadership is noticeably increased.

Type 61 today is even finer, even more dependable and desirable, more representative in every way of Cadillac craftsmanship at its highest pitch.

Definitely proving this advanced quality and splendidly rewarding it, is the fact that in the past few months demand for Type 61 with its V-Type eight cylinder engine has reached its greatest magnitude and far exceeds the demand for any previous Cadillac.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
*Division of General Motors Corporation*

*Type 61 Phaeton $2885*

STANDARD · OF · THE · WORLD

CADILLAC

(Continued from Page 32)

He therefore leaned across the table to Paul Bobby and asked. "How do I know I won't find it stopped anyway, as soon as it's written? How do I know I won't do your job and find myself a fool for my pains?"

Bobby was in no way discomposed.

"I'm not surprised it occurs to you. You'll find the money all right, because we prefer your silence to your speech, discredited as that speech would be."

"All right," said Garnet. "But I tell you, if things are not O. K. two days from now when I walk into that bank with the check—why, I'll speak. Speak? I'll roar! And little as you think it, I'll be believed."

"Rot!" said Bobby. "We're not out to do you. You'll draw your money fair and square. But rot, about being believed! There is no mistaking a man on his uppers"—his practiced eye ran over the other—"and that's what you're on. Your uppers, my good fellow! You're seedy; you come from nowhere, you're nobody. I don't advise you to shout."

"That's where you're wrong," King Garnet returned. "I come from somewhere pretty definite, and Silver Garnet would believe me."

For a few moments Bobby stared curiously and uncertainly. Then he remarked:

"All right. No need for all this rough stuff. I'm offering you a high-priced job. You take it. That's all either side wants, I suppose. Let me show you that pretty picture you want to see."

He drew out a thin pocketbook of morocco, gold mounted, and from its few papers selected a folded check. He spread it on the table

"I brought it with me, you see,"—he indicated the signature—"he had an idea notes would be better. But I don't think it matters anyway; and I think you'd better not come calling round at all

"I part from you tonight; you take what steps you choose; this can be cashed in two days: I don't set eyes on you again, or you on me. Understand?"

"I can't suppose we find any mutual pleasures in each other's society," King Garnet returned

He took the check. It was fully made out, and signed "J. Ogilvey."

"Thanks," he said.

He put it away in an inner breast pocket. His head swam a little; his heart felt transcendently light and elated. There remained only achievement and that check would really be his—or rather Anna's. Bobby watched

"How," he asked, with the first uneasiness he had shown, "do you propose to carry the thing out?"

"What are his movements tomorrow evening?"

"No engagements," said Bobby; "but I can arrange for him to dine at his club. I'll find a reason. That'll be easy. We can get him out."

"What's the size of his chauffeur?"

"Big soft chap," said Bobby.

"Silver hasn't changed his livery?"

"No, he only renewed it, spick and span. Can't help dropping money, Silver can't."

"Where's the old suit?"

"I suppose the fellow's got it, to sell, or do as he likes with."

"Is he sleeping in the house still?"

"Yes."

"Is he in tonight?"

"No; Silver's dining with Lord Ivinghoe. The car'll be fetching him soon."

King Garnet bounded to his feet.

"Give me a taxi fare."

Bobby's mouth folded tight

"I didn't promise extras," said he, with eyes like gimlets.

"You silly fool, I've got to have my expenses! Give me a taxi fare. I haven't got five bob. Paid my overdue rent just before you came in. They caught me for it on my way upstairs. Come! Quick! Ten bob!"

With a hostile stare, Bobby drew out a ten-shilling note and handed it over slowly.

"Don't you run up expenses," he threatened, "or——"

"Or?" King snarled, reaching for his hat.

"It ought to come off that check, dashed if it oughtn't!"

"You try it on!" King snorted, making for the door.

Bobby reached it, too, realizing that the business had begun.

"Here! You! Johnson! What are your plans?"

"Leave 'em to me! All you do is to see he goes out in his car tomorrow night, and then that the chauffeur gets down to deliver a note somewhere specified before Silver gets out."

Paul Bobby's mind ran like lightning along the track before it.

"He'll dine at his club. I'll fix up some guests there for him tomorrow morning. On the way he shall stop at the Senior Charlton to deliver a note or something or other to Lord Ivinghoe. I'll see it's necessary to do it. Know the Senior Charlton? The chauffeur will have to go right inside to speak to the hall porter; I'll see he has something definitely to speak about, for Silver. Silver remains in the car."

"That's all I want. I'll be waiting near the Senior Charlton from 7:30 tomorrow evening."

"A moment, you, Johnson! You're not to kill him. Not to go in for anything messy."

"He shall be safe as a baby with its nurse."

Bobby laughed.

"Baby he is, and nice lot o' nurses he's got!"

"Say, though," King corrected, "instead of dining at his club, after stopping at the Senior Charlton, can't you arrange for him to dine out at Regent's Park, or Highgate, or somewhere like that? Maida Vale would do."

For a few seconds Bobby's mind ran on. Then: "I'll fix him a dinner party in Hampstead. Leave that sort of thing to me. Tomorrow night he shall dine either with Sir Toby Framlingham or Julius Hepburn, the journalist, out there. Leave it to me! I can work on Silver's mind the way the wind bends reeds. . . . I say ——"

But King Garnet had opened the door and was already halfway downstairs. While Bobby still stood there, listening, he heard the street door bang far below.

He put on his coat and muffler, dusted his hat and looked around the narrow room a moment or two before he went out. He had known it all by heart himself, before he learned the uses of rich women and vain men. He had not yet quite forgotten that one turned off the gas on every possible occasion. Mechanically he reached up and turned off King Garnet's flickering jet before he, too, went down into the street and made his way, by taxicab that Silver would pay for under the heading of General Secretarial Expenses, to the Legation Dance Club, where even now Lucia would be awaiting him, after her evening at a theater. She would give him a perfect supper.

### XVII

SILVER GARNET'S chauffeur missed his cast-off suit of livery from the hook where it hung, pending a pretty good sale he had in mind; and he thought the other servants had played a joke on him, being in no wise impressed by their denials. The master of the house was dining out, the chauffeur had gone to fetch him home, the servants were all shut into the servants' hall, when King Garnet opened the front door noiselessly with his well-oiled latchkey—which had been on his key chain all these three months of exile—slipped quiet as a shadow up the stairs and down again, with the suit of livery over his arm.

But the chauffeur suspected a riotous little housemaid; and he still suspected her when, the following evening, he brought the car round for his master at 7:30.

Silver lay in bed late of mornings now. He was making up for the enforced good habits of a lifetime. He did not know that Bobby had been telephoning very early and very busily. Sir Toby was away, but Julius Hepburn was in, and Paul Bobby's agility of brain was entirely equal to the situation of his own devising.

"I say, Hepburn, this is Paul Bobby, whom you will hardly recall. . . . It's good of you to say you do, I'm sure. . . . By the way, I'm secretary to Silver Garnet just now. . . . I beg your pardon? . . . Yes, that's the man, no other. . . . Yes; yes, he has sold the works. Too dull, you know. . . . Ever met him? . . . I say, ever met him? . . . Well, that's just what I'm venturing to ring you up about. As a matter of fact, you did meet him, in a way, at one of Lucia Aveline's affairs, I think; though I suppose you didn't notice him. . . . Now, look here, Hepburn, are you doing anything tonight? If not, why not ask him to dinner quietly with you at home, eh? . . . Why ask him? Well, I'll tell you, old man. He's thinking of buying up The Adventurer, you know; that weekly thing you write your topping stuff for. . . . Yes. . . . Well, I did think you might like to know. . . . Oh, don't

(Continued on Page 38)

One of the Most Side-Splitting Rounds Ever Fought Was Fought in That Moonlit Road That April Night Between the Half Brothers

# The Improved CHALMERS SIX

Never before has any Chalmers been so beautiful as this improved Chalmers Six.

Never has any Chalmers performed so amazingly well, nor possessed such a satisfying wealth of power and speed, nor yielded such a high degree of economy.

The truth is that this car is actually worth hundreds more than the price we have placed upon it.

Not only on the score of its beauty of design; but, even more, on the score of the quality that is so carefully built into it, and the results the owner gets.

It is an easy thing for engineers to increase the power of an engine, or its speed, or both.

But it requires the highest sort of engineering skill and resource to do both, as Chalmers engineers have now done, and at the same time decrease the consumption of fuel and oil.

It requires, further, that other indispensable element—a plant equipped with fine precision machinery, and broad knowledge and experience, without which such quality work cannot be produced.

Approach the improved Chalmers Six with the performance and the riding comfort of much higher-priced cars in mind.

You will be delighted to find in this car—at hundreds less—the same splendid abilities of speed and power, and the same smooth, easy riding.

*Five-Passenger Touring car, $1185; illustrated. Seven-passenger Touring, $1345; Sport Touring, $1445; Sedan-Coach, $1585; Seven-passenger Custom-type Sedan, $2095. All models equipped with disc steel wheels and non-skid cord tires. Prices F. O. B. Detroit; Revenue Tax to be added*

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

(Continued from Page 34)

thank me, old man. . . . And—are you there?—Garnet was asking me specially about you yesterday. . . . And if you rang up, reminded him you both dined at Lucia Aveline's—for I'm sure you have—and asked him to dinner tonight, I believe he'd come like a shot. Do you no harm either, if he's going to buy the paper. . . . No, no, don't thank me. I want to give Silver Garnet the pleasure of meeting you again, because I know he's keen to have it; only the pleasure would be greater if the invitation came spontaneously from you. He's the shyest man you ever—you'll ring him up? Do it in ten minutes. He'll be bucked no end. I say, don't say I let on about the sale. It's all in the air. . . . Thanks. . . . G'-by."

So Silver got into his car with a distinct feeling of gratification. A man—a Julius Hepburn—had rung him up. He had turned to Bobby to ask "Who's this?" Young Bobby had been warmly pleased

"Why, Hepburn's one of our biggest journalists, sir! You met him at Lucia Aveline's. Probably thought him an insignificant chap and never noticed him. But he noticed you, Been talking about you ever since. Has he asked you to dinner, sir? I'd go, I would. It'd please him. He'd be bucked no end. And an invitation from Julius is quite a good thing too. Don't say I mentioned it, because of course it's his affair, not mine; but he's doing a book of big business careers—biographical. I suppose nobody can impart the touch of romance to a thing like that as Hepburn could do it. What I think is, he wants to get round you to be put in it. You see, your career's pretty remarkable; you're a very outstanding figure; and that's what I think. If that's what he's after I wouldn't refuse him. Really, I wouldn't."

"I'll see about that," said Silver with a swell at his heart that suffused his veins and made him heady. "Meanwhile, Bobby, call him up and say I'll be delighted to dine at 7:30 tonight."

Silver was heady again, then, when he got into his car to go to this new triumph. The day had been busy. The young inventor had lunched with him. He had made his decision unalterably about the purchase of the two Atholl picture houses. The greatest journalist in London wished to include him in his brilliant book of big business careers. He found life fine.

As he drove he was wondering about old Ivinghoe. He supposed he was worth a five-hundred-guinea fee as director of the Garnet Superfilm Company. Superfilm it would be called, for Garnet's whole mind was in a superlative attitude as regarded himself and his affairs. Old Ivinghoe had been awfully pleasant at dinner last night and had made some gratifying introductions as he ambled through his club, Silver Garnet quivering with exaltation at his side. Silver was glad Bobby had reminded him that Lord Ivinghoe had an interest in natural history, was a past hunter of big game and would be particularly enthralled by that new book of Abbey's that Bobby had bought for the Garnet library that afternoon. It was a good idea to stop at Ivinghoe's club, according to Bobby's suggestion, and leave that book, with Silver's card, and "Have you seen this? Pretty fine!" scribbled on it.

Ivinghoe was an old fellow worth pleasing by such attentions.

"He'll be awfully touched and pleased," Bobby had said; "and, personality as he is, the old man's lonely. And he's taken an extraordinary liking to you. . . . Hasn't many intimate friends, Ivinghoe hasn't."

The car rolled smoothly up the Mall, turned and ran into St. James's. They drew up at the vast dark portals of Ivinghoe's club. The chauffeur alighted, came to the door for the book and went sedately up the steps of the club. He disappeared within the big swing door. Silver lay back, dreaming.

His chauffeur was quickly in the driving seat again, and they headed northwest.

Silver wondered what Mr. Julius Hepburn would be like. The fellow would spread himself, no doubt. Silver smiled

The usual traffic blocks occurred as far as Regent's Park, but after that there was little private traffic on the roads. They ran on and on; came to Hampstead, the chauffeur showing no lack of decision as to direction. Silver himself had no idea of where Julius Hepburn's house lay. But as the big car purred on melodiously, without a pause, he congratulated himself on the new chauffeur who knew his London really well

"Every inch of it," Silver thought. "Yes; I can pick a man as well as most."

"I am Fated," Said Lucia. "There Comes a Time When Quite Suddenly a Woman Meets Her Fate. Nothing Can Help Her"

The wooded slopes on either side of the darkish road of the best residential Hampstead were practically unknown to Silver. But he was very comfortable. Bobby had mixed him, before going out, one of the finest cocktails he had ever tasted. In fact he had drunk two.

He was very sleepy, and between recurring blanks against which his mind struggled he registered the wish that he should be at his best this evening

Two of those particular cocktails—seemed rather much—fine idea—book of big business careers ——

Silver slept.

When Silver awoke the car still rushed through the dark. He had slept through the stop at an all-night garage for petrol; he had slept while King Garnet jammed the fastenings of the door. And when at length he awoke it was to darkness and complete silence, save for the even rush of the car. He leaned back a while, not troubling himself as to his whereabouts or errand; then gradually realized his dinner clothes; struggled, and recalled that he was going out to dinner; recalled it should now be Hampstead; judged it wasn't; felt a hungry void within him and looked at his wrist watch. It was two o'clock in the morning!

He had had no dinner, and he was being driven at any speed from forty to fifty miles an hour along a black road, without a house or person in sight; and no light in sight, either, save the dimmed lamps of the car.

Silver sat up aghast in a moment and crying aloud in his astonishment, "Am I mad? Or who is?" He seized the speaking tube: "Hey, Jarvis! You! Hey! Hey!"

The chauffeur presented the dim shape of a solid back, making no sign of response.

Silver rapped frantically on the glass. So for some while he called and rapped, his astonishment growing, alarm beginning, and then anger rushing over him in a torrent. He flung away the speaking tube and tried the doors. It wasn't that he intended to get out while traveling at that pace, but he just wished to feel that he could if he so desired. He could not, for the doors were jammed. He started to batter them, but his pride in his handsome possession was still new. He respected this august car too much lightly to damage it. He tried the speaking tube again; he bellowed into it. He perspired; his voice was raucous and hoarse. Minutes passed, and still they rushed on obliviously.

Silver began to commune with himself frantically. He was being kidnaped. For what purpose? He might be murdered! On what count? Who was Jarvis? Where were they going? And suddenly, queerly enough, he remembered the picture-house deal. The Atholl people were to make their answer to Ogilvey's today. Silver must get back to town; or at least to some telephone or post office from which he could wire his proposition. It was nearly 2:30 now, and they were driving on relentlessly. Jarvis must take him back to London. They must turn instantly. Seven hours of this sort of driving! Why, they must have done at least a hundred and eighty miles!

He sought the speaking tube again.

"Here, Jarvis, you bloody fool! What in hell d'you think you're doing? Where d'you think you're going? Answer me! Answer me, I say! Damn you, answer me! What the blazes do you mean? Jarvis! Hi!" he bellowed. "Jarvis! I say! You gone staring mad, what? Stop! Stop! Do you hear me? This is going to be serious for you! Stop, I tell you! Stop! Stop!"

The chauffeur made no sign.

Silver sat back again, wiping his brow, from which sweat trickled. He felt fear. "What's it all mean?" he moaned.

He contemplated the dark sheet of glass which hemmed him into the car—the dark wall of glass with the chauffeur's blacker form limned against it He snatched up the speaking tube again.

"Hi! You crazy fool!" he shouted. "I'll break the glass! I'll get at you! I'll break up the car! Stop, I tell you! S-t-o-o-o-p!"

The car rushed like a swallow on the wing up a long hill, crested it and swooped down the other side. Trees, telegraph poles, like black skeletons, flew by. They gained speed on a long stretch of straight highroad. The speedometer, which Silver could not see, jumped from fifty to sixty—sixty-five—seventy—eighty miles. Clouds which had darkened the night were scudding away; and a moon, white as a lily, was trying to show herself before dawn came. Silver stared through the glass; and as time passed, and the moon won her battle, he could see the long road on which a car could race at its top speed, stretching before him like a light ribbon between black armies of fir trees sentineled along the hedges. The whole night now seemed horribly to threaten him.

"I'm going for it!" Silver yelled, beside himself, and he smashed the wall of glass that hemmed him in, and the cool wind sang through. Then he felt their speed slacken.

"A-ha!" he shouted; but he was afraid, and his heart raced oddly. He wound his muffler round his hand and

(Continued on Page 145

# Your refrigerator needs this *"double action"* cleanser

## Sunbrite keeps it sweet and odorless as well as spotlessly clean

*To guard against food odors and flavors which so stubbornly cling in the moist cold air of your refrigerator, give a weekly cleansing with Sunbrite, the double action cleanser*

PERHAPS there is no other place connected with the kitchen which is the object of such special care from the housewife, as her refrigerator.

And rightly so. For it absorbs food flavors and holds unappetizing odors; it may easily become the source of contaminating dangers that menace the health.

The ice chamber, as well as the food chambers, requires something more than superficial cleansing with soap and water. Every corner, edge and surface must be free not only from visible dirt and stain but from invisible impurities.

A weekly cleansing with **Sunbrite,** the *double action* cleanser will keep your refrigerator free from all impurities.

For **Sunbrite** has this special quality, due to a mild but effective purifying element in its composition. There is double action in its cleansing; it cleans and scours thoroughly as all good cleansers do, but in addition, it also *sweetens* and *purifies*.

Sufficiently abrasive to scour off stains and hardened particles, **Sunbrite** is not coarse enough to scratch. And because it has no strong, harsh chemicals in it, it does not irritate the hands.

A can of **Sunbrite** costs only a few cents. The great production facilities of Swift & Company make possible this low price—much lower than you often pay. And count a United Profit Sharing Coupon with *every can*.

Try this double action cleanser in your refrigerator. It will keep it looking clean and smelling sweet—without extra work.

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# Sierras by Camp Fire and Pack

## By HAL G. EVARTS

OF ALL my recollections of the Sierras, the most vivid center round our night fires. A camp fire in the open has ever exercised a strange fascination upon the minds of mortals; perhaps a heritage handed down through a thousand generations since that day when fire was the one chief factor that gave our ancestors power over all other creatures of the jungle. There is a certain sense of peace and security that floods the human soul when the camp fire blazes up.

Our fires in the Sierras were the most satisfying I have known. Always our camps were high, and pitch-pine stumps were ever available. A few of these solid pieces, compactly piled, make a fire that burns long without attention and flames steadily and fiercely for hours. I touched off such a fire at the base of a huge rock at one edge of the depression that graced the center of the island, and the flames licked greedily at the fat pine, rising in a column that provided ample warmth and flooded the little rock-bound basin with a mellow glow.

Rae Lake is actually overcrowded with trout, and we could see scores of big fellows swimming lazily about in the deep water just off the ledges as we rode round the lake shore the next morning. A number of fishing parties were camped on the stream below, and we met several hikers with packs on their backs.

The trail followed down the South Fork of Woods Creek to the confluence, then up the main stream, mounting steadily to a series of basins above timber line. This was the best feed country that we encountered in the higher areas of the Sierras, the basins being carpeted with velvet meadows.

It was typical mountain-sheep country, the meadows hemmed in by ragged cliffs and great masses of slide rock, and I watched closely for sheep tracks. Several lines of tracks, when traced out to some spot where the prints showed clearly, proved to have been made by deer. Eventually, in the soft earth between two patches of meadow grass, I found two perfect tracks left by the forefeet of a bighorn ram. I later learned that a man had crossed through this country with a pet goat, and consequently felt less certain of my find. However, on the far side of the pass I found the tracks of a ewe.

Further evidence that there were bighorns left in this section was furnished by Mr. McCloud, who stated that he had found a dead ram on the head of Woods Creek two years before, and that he had positive knowledge that certain of his friends had seen small bands of the animals both high up on the summer range and on the Inyo slope where they wintered. There were other testimonials to the same end and there can be no doubt that a certain number, perhaps thirty head, of the bighorns of the Sierras still survive in this section.

We topped out on Pinchot Pass after the usual steep ascent over solid rock. The basin below us was thickly studded with lakes, and one of them, sheltered by semicircular cliffs that shut off the sun, was frozen entirely over, the ice of sufficient strength to support the weight of a bowlder that had fallen from above and rolled out across the lake.

### A Shelf of Polished Stone

A few miles down the bottoms, the cliffs on our left made a right-angle bend. A mile-wide shelf followed along under them, its outer edge defined by the gorge through which flows the South Fork of King's River. We turned off along this bench, and the traveling was different from any we had encountered previously.

One may always expect something new in the Sierras. This shelf was floored with solid rock, its surface as hard and smoothly finished as polished marble. The iron shoes of the animals clanged noisily. Upheavals of the past had produced various cracks in the surface, and the earth that had sifted into them had supplied roothold for trees. In many spots it seemed that we clattered along a forested pavement.

Bench Lake, perhaps three-quarters of a mile across, nestles on this shelf at the foot of a rift that breaks back into the cliffs above, while a pyramid peak rises from its upper end. Snowdrifts still lingered along its shores on the sheltered side under the cliff, and frothing cascades poured down the crevices of the walls to feed it. Bold timbered promontories thrust out into its waters from every conceivable angle, forming a network of twisting bayous, while wave-lashed bowlders studded much of the troubled surface. Bench Lake is truly a spot of wild and matchless beauty.

Our camp was pitched in a sheltered niche at the end of one of the many bayous. The animals were somewhat worn, having been pushed rather hard for a number of days, terminating with this last journey of twenty-four miles over rough trails, so we decided to stop over a day and give them a well-earned rest. There was evidence that two other outfits had visited Bench Lake during the summer.

A camp fire of pitch-pine stumps kept off the chill that crept in upon our little rock-walled niche as night shut down over the hills, its reflection setting off the uneven knobs of the points that jutted far out into the lake with strips of black water between. I spread my bed roll near the fire in order to enjoy it for an hour longer. As its brilliance waned somewhat I learned for the first time that others besides ourselves were thereabouts. The dim glow of a fire was discernible, merely a vague wavering light, and I could not determine whether it came from near or far.

### Professors on Vacation

The next morning I stumbled across the camp while prospecting among the rocky promontories that twisted forth from our own niche at the end of the bayou. The camp was deserted, but blankets were spread upon a spruce-bow pallet near the dead ashes of a fire that had been kindled in a rock-bound depression in one of the higher tongues of land that pushed out into the lake. The camp was within 200 yards of our own. The occupants later returned and proved to be two college professors out for a summer hike, transporting their slender equipment on their backs. Their food supply was exhausted and they intended heading for the outside on the following day, but as our own larder was far in excess of our needs, we furnished them with supplies sufficient to last for another two weeks.

The narrow tongues of water that writhed back into the breaks in the shore line were teeming with trout. I saw at least 500 while wandering about the rocks that next morning, many of them big fellows that would weigh from three pounds up. The outlet drained into an intermediate lake perhaps 100 yards in extent, and this little body of water was alive with trout that had banked up below the outlet and waited for food to come swirling down from the parent lake.

The South Fork of King's River lay below us, but in dropping down to it we were forced to angle well up country toward Taboose Pass, striking a well-traveled trail that led down a creek to its confluence with the river. Several fishing camps dotted the river bottoms; but apparently their occupants were engaged in fishing the stream at points that were sheltered from our view, for not one soul did we sight. The overflow waters of Bench Lake tumbled to the floor of the cañon in a series of falls, the only indication of the marble-floored shelf and the beautiful rock-studded lake with the wild tumbling gorges above it that lay just over the rims beyond our range of vision.

A mile below these falls we started upon the ascent of the opposite slope of the cañon, and climbed for hours over trails so steep that the animals could proceed but a few yards at a stretch before halting for breath. The series of basins above timber line, each with its lake, were rankly carpeted with grass, and we encountered more flowers here than at any other spot in the Sierras. Shooting stars sprouted in heavy clusters; and though it was late in August, the red columbine thrived in rank profusion, along with a goodly variety of other blooms. Each succeeding basin was attained only after a stiff climb over naked rock. Late in the afternoon we came out in the notch of Cartridge Pass, through which, as far as we could ascertain, only two outfits had crossed in the last six years. Beyond and below us lay Sierra Lake Basin, clusters of blue lakes peeping through every break in the peaks that shrouded the head reaches of Cartridge Creek; but between us and this fairyland lay a funnel-shaped depression filled with loose slide, down which we must take the outfit.

It was somewhat of a scramble, the loose stuff frequently sliding with a mule as the animal braced its feet and coasted. Rocks dislodged by those above hurtled down past us, and both mules and humans kept a sharp watch for such missiles. I was ahead, leading Babe, and the mare suddenly halted as a rock, the size of a washtub, heaved into slow motion some twenty yards above us, gathered speed and came on with a rush, bringing a shower of smaller débris in its wake. The hurtling collection passed well to our right; and immediately thereafter, as if in protest against such travel, Babe set her teeth in the upper part of my arm. The shock of this action occasioned a convulsive leap on my part, and I lost my footing and landed some six feet down the slide.

Our way led through the Sierra Lake Basin. There were no large bodies of water, but small lakes nestled in clusters on every bench and in every crease between the towering peaks. We made camp on a bench just below Marion Lake, a beautiful sheet of water situated at the mouth of a vast crevice that thrust back into the cliffs, seeming to hang on the very lip of the wall over which its outlet waters poured in a series of cascades

An hour before dark a strange figure approached our camp. The man might have stepped out of the pages of a storybook dealing with the hermits of the hills, except that he prodded a pack burro ahead of him. The wayfarer was a small man, nearing fifty, and his scant attire gave evidence of long hard wear. He had lost his hat weeks before; but had fashioned an eye shade from a scrap of cardboard, and a shaggy mop of hair stood stiffly erect within the band of cord that served to hold the cardboard shade in place, his features smothered in a two months' growth of beard. His coat, too, had been lost, blown over a precipice, and he traveled in a sleeveless undershirt, his arms and shoulders scorched to a mahogany brown by the sun and wind of the high country. I sized him up as an old hand at the game, one of the drifting prospectors that float through the hills with apparent aimlessness, experienced and able to make shift with scant equipment rather than burden themselves with a more extensive outfit. Instead he proved to be a city man with no previous experience in the hills.

### The Stranger's Story

That night as the pitch-pine stumps blazed cheerily at the base of a huge rock, and we sat with our backs against another, a dozen feet away, he explained the reason for his presence in this little-visited locality. He had learned a trade in his youth, a specialized trade that is seldom in demand outside the larger industrial centers. Year after year as he worked at his bench he had looked forward to the time when he might wander through wild country such as he knew only from reading and from pictures but had never seen. Then had come industrial depression and unemployment, and he had drifted from spot to spot in search of an opening, but finding no present need for one of his trade in the large cities on the Western Coast. He had been forced to draw upon his savings, which he had thought never to touch until old age. Living expenses were high in the cities and he had seen his nest egg diminishing, so he had stopped this leak by taking to the hills with a burro and a secondhand packsaddle, the whole outfit costing him less than twenty-five dollars. For two months he had wandered alone through the Giant Forest of the Sequoia National Park and on up into the fastnesses of the high Sierras. His expenses had averaged thirty cents a day.

We met others who had chanced across this lonely rover, and some of them rather scoffed at his mode of living, at his protracted vacation when he had far better be looking for employment; but his course seemed logical and sound to me. He had checked the drain upon his savings, for he could live in the hills for a year with

(Continued on Page 40)

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scarcely more outlay than a month's expenses in the city, well content with his lonely camps in the wilderness, the ambition of a lifetime achieved and enjoyed to the fullest until such time as employment in his line should be open to him again. If there were more like him there would be fewer soup kitchens and bread lines. Also, his case constituted the most positive refutation of the assertions so frequently floated by the nibblers, that the national parks are the playgrounds of the rich.

The next morning Woody once again resorted to his practice of secreting himself in the brush and delayed our start for an hour. However, we were in no particular haste, since we fondly imagined that the worst going had been successfully crossed in the three miles between the crest of Cartridge Pass and our camp on the bench below Marion Lake—hopes that were soon shattered, for the next few miles were the most difficult of any stretch that we encountered in the Sierras

The country fell away in a series of narrow benches of solid rock, each so sharply sloping that only the uphill edge of the mule's shoes could secure a purchase, frequently leaving an inch or more of space between the lower edge of the shoe and the slippery rock. We rounded each bench in turn until finding some crevice that led down to the next, then tacked back upon it in the opposite direction in search of a route that would lead down to the next tier below.

Many of these crevices pinched down to mere slits at the bottom, so narrow as to grip even the slender hoofs of a mule; and after an hour of such travel, seven shoes having been pried off in this fashion, the boys were forced to unpack the mules and reshoe.

While rounding a sloping rock bench Bart lost his footing and fell against a four-foot bowlder, the weight of his pack carrying him over it in one complete turn, and he landed on his feet on the downhill side, where he cautiously tested his footing before moving on. Except for this fortunate landing, Bart would undoubtedly have achieved his heart's desire of rolling on his pack; once started, he would have pinwheeled for hundreds of feet.

After six hours of rather difficult going, we came suddenly out into the broad bottoms of the Middle Fork of King's River and turned down that stream on a broad, well-traveled trail that led through groves of giant pines to Simpson's Meadow, where there was feed in plenty for the animals. Several other outfits were camped at the meadows, among them a party that had camped near us on the Kern.

### The Bear's Rendezvous

Simpson's Meadows has been filed upon as a power site. If the application is allowed it will mean the flooding of the cañon for a considerable distance. A few miles below Simpson's, near Tehipitee Dome, the valley widens again, and there is a second power-site filing on the Middle Fork.

A few days later we dropped down from Granite Pass to the South Fork of King's River, the head of which we had crossed near Taboose Pass on our departure from Bench Lake. Here we saw the first evidence of man's handiwork that we had encountered on the trip. Kenoyer's summer camp, a main dining hall and individual cabins for tourists, stood at the edge of a grove of giant yellow pines. Kenoyer's, too, is slated for submersion, application for a power site having been filed on this stretch. Paradise Valley, a few miles above, has been similarly applied for; and below, at Cedar Grove, a third power-site filing has been made.

A party of four bears had acquired the habit of forgathering at the garbage dump back of the camp somewhere round ten o'clock at night. One of the group was of such generous proportions that the camp manager rather believed that the old fellow might prove to be a California grizzly, even though it had been fifteen years since one of those animals had been seen in the hills. I hoped to get a glimpse of the big fellow in the light of a flash torch; but apparently there was too much commotion round the camp, as not a bear of any size or variety put in an appearance at the garbage heap that evening.

The floor of the valley was clean and sandy, covered with a light carpet of needles that had dusted down from the giant pines and cedars. There was no grass and but little underbrush of any variety. Our other camps had been high, and the temperature in the King's River bottoms was sufficient proof of its lower elevation. It was very hot as we rode down the valley in the morning. The river bank was dotted with fishing camps, and we met several pack outfits. After leaving the river to ascend the south slope of the cañon we passed a party of a dozen or more boys with packs on their backs, out for a week's hike through the back country.

As we broke camp on the last morning out we knew a pang that was akin to homesickness, for this was our final day on the trails. For three weeks we had slept in the open, with only the cloudless sky for a canopy, our only music the sigh of the wind through the timber-line trees, the hollow roar of cataracts and the soft sucking gurgle of the waves romping against the rocky shores of some upland lake, the night air so fresh and crisp that ice formed on our water pail three nights out of five. One cannot leave all that for the stifling heat of the valleys and nights under roof, to the accompaniment of the clash and clatter of city traffic, without experiencing a wrench such as one knows at parting from old friends. Therefore it was with no sense of elation that Mrs. Evarts and myself started on ahead of the outfit with an eighteen-mile ride before us.

### Virgin Park Country

We passed again into the Sequoia National Park, and saw two does within the first half mile after crossing the line, the first deer we had sighted since that day three weeks before when we had tramped down Seven-Mile Hill and out of the park. On that day we had found the tracks of nine different bears in the trail; and here, a mile inside the park line, we found the dusty stretches similarly littered with bear tracks. Other deer were sighted; more bear sign at every bend of the trail; one more bit of evidence that the wild things soon learn the limits of a sanctuary—one more bit of conclusive proof of the value of a national park as a game preserve.

This was a well-traveled trail over which we rode, the main highway from Giant Forest to the South Fork of King's River; and we passed one outfit after another, horsebackers and hikers, heading in for a few days' sport with the trout that swarm in the South Fork and its tributaries.

After a ride of perhaps a dozen miles we looked down upon a thin white line that followed round a sidehill across from us, our first glimpse of a wagon road in three weeks. A car waited at the end of the road, and the driver, a park ranger, hailed us.

Colonel White, knowing the day of our arrival, had sent his car out to meet us at the end of the road, and a half hour later we were back at our starting point in the Giant Forest. We had covered the greater part of the present Sequoia National Park and the area that is proposed for an extension under the Barbour Bill, the whole to be named the Roosevelt Sequoia National Park.

When considering an area for park purposes there must always be a careful weighing of the recreational advantages against the commercial possibilities of the tract. Where there is any considerable opportunity for development of a permanent character the decision will ever incline to that side. However, in weighing the proposed development, if it should prove to consist merely of another attempt to nibble off the natural resources of the region without lasting benefit to a great number of our population, then the recreational advantages are entitled to a hearing on that ground alone, since nothing will be lost by holding those resources until such time as their utilization is of prime necessity. Considered from that basis, and quite exclusive of its economic value if set aside as a park, this stretch of country along the backbone of the Sierras is the most overwhelmingly one-sided example of its sort.

It is quite the most logical of any of the several proposed extensions to various national parks, for it has every qualification in its favor and but a scattering handful of possibilities on the opposite side of the scales. Those few possibilities, however, are so vociferously urged by the interested parties that they may even yet tip the scales in favor of the nibblers.

The whole extension area is park country, its scenic grandeur equaled by but few other spots in America. It is virgin, unspoiled; in three weeks of continuous traveling we had not once viewed a spot that gave evidence of man's handiwork; never a cabin or corral or dam or bridge, not even a wagon road; and we could have traveled for another month through those hills with similar results, for we had not crossed through a half of the passes or traversed more than a fraction of the valleys and the cañons of the extension area.

Taken from the standpoint of absolute primitiveness, it is perhaps the one extreme example left in the United States, since in all other isolated localities I have visited one always finds a scattering of cabins and other evidences of man's occupation. Even in the Kaibab and in the Thoroughfare region at the head of the Yellowstone these indications are present; in the Sierras there are none. This extension area stands as Nature fashioned it, and in the fashioning she turned out a sublimely rugged job. There is water everywhere through those hills, creeks, lakes and rivers, and there is no better trout fishing in any stretch of similar size in America. Five hundred miles of saddle-horse and hikers' trails could be laid out there, and still less than half the scenic attractions would be tapped. A string of back-country chalets and a saddle-horse company patterned after that of Glacier Park would render the best of it accessible to all who would follow the trails, yet would not impair the primitive magnificence of the country as would be the case if it should be cut up with automobile roads and littered with all manner of cabins, resorts, corrals and eating stations. There must be those, of course, for a national park must be made accessible for all manner of folk with all variety of tastes; but the auto roads and the resorts that go with them should be confined to stub highways leading back to the main points of interest on the Kern and the several forks of King's River. But in the main the country should be considered a wilderness playground and maintained as such.

There is small use to cite more reasons in favor of this Sierra wilderness becoming a park, since there is no argument on the adverse side of the question, all parties concerned admitting that it is ideal for the purpose. The park service, the forest service and the people at large all indorse it. The Sierra Club of California and several kindred organizations have worked unceasingly toward its realization. In addition, it is generally conceded that it can be utilized for little else, the commercial possibilities being of the most meager character.

A prominent stockman has asserted that he can produce more beef on two sections of alfalfa land than can be produced by grazing the whole of the present Sequoia Park and the proposed extension, and his assertion has not been disputed. This is not a good feed country, and in addition has been badly overgrazed for fifty years, perhaps longer, and grubbed to the very grass roots. There are vast areas devoid of grass, weeds and flowers, bare as the gravel bars in the streams, and it will require many years for their re-seeding. Then, too, the stock that summers there at present need not all be expelled at once if the region is taken in as a park, but could be decreased on an annual percentage basis.

### Of Scant Grazing Value

In the final analysis, I doubt if there is a single stockman who profits considerably from grazing in this section of the high Sierras. It is sentiment. Even though the stockmen's claims for grazing privileges are ever urged on the grounds of practicality, yet it is pure sentiment that sways them in many cases. There are certain traditions behind the stock business, things that have always been done, the same as every other industry is characterized by certain respected customs. It is custom for the stockman to summer on the mountain with his herds. Many look forward to it as a sort of semivacation, leading a free life in the hills and camping here and there as they ride to keep a loose check on their stock. Under present-day conditions there can be little if any profit in summering on the mountain in the Sierras. The long drive in over bad trails, the appalling scarcity of feed, the brief period of summer grazing, the long return drive—all these combine to eliminate the possibility of profit.

The timber of the proposed extension is largely worthless for commercial purposes, and such stands as are of value are widely scattered, in most instances quite isolated,

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

so inaccessible that logging could not be conducted at a profit.

The water that flows down from the hills is now used to the fullest extent for irrigation in the valleys, so there is no possibility of any very large system of storage reservoirs being constructed in this section. For the rest, five power sites have been applied for. These, if allowed, will flood the cañons that afford the main leads into the country and would decrease the value of the region for park purposes by at least 50 per cent.

There you have the scant handful of commercial possibilities of the region—some little grazing of doubtful value, timber so scattered as to render logging operations impracticable at present, and a few power sites—as against the unrivaled recreational advantages of this last bit of virgin wilderness.

Even if the park should prove to have no economic potentialities, the evidence in favor of its creation is still overwhelmingly apparent. That its economic value, by itself, would actually outweigh the financial possibilities of developing it to the fullest extent if anywise otherwise is quite certain. Judge Wallace, of California, recently handed down a decision based upon the economic value of the present Sequoia Park. Much might be added along this line; but, as I have said, there is small object in bolstering up an argument that seems to be conceded.

Apparently we are on the way to success in having this area for a pack-trail park. The only question, then, since it already belongs to us in any event, is just what it will cost us to see the fulfillment of our wish as to its disposition; for it seems that in order to gain this region for a park we are being asked to part with another area that is already a part of a park; all of which brings us back to the question of just what is behind all this swapping around of our property.

### Garfield Grove in Danger

The situation is simply this: The proposed extension area is at present under the control of the forest service, though of small value to it, while the present Sequoia Park is under the national park service. Apparently the forest service is willing to part with the extension area, provided that the park service gives in exchange for it three townships of the present park, which, of course, will revert to the control of the forest service.

By personifying myself as the American public, and discarding all minor details, it was not at all difficult to grasp the situation. Such a summary would run something after this fashion:

"I am 100,000,000 people and my best interests are at stake. I own the proposed extension area and desire that it be set aside as a pack-trail park. The present Sequoia Park also belongs to me in its entirety, yet to have my will in the disposition of the one tract I must meekly submit to a transgression against my wishes in the disposition of the other. This being true, what does it signify? Are my best interests, my decision in the matter of my own property, being considered above all else, or is there somewhere a balancing of departmental interests regardless of my will?"

There is the summary. I leave it for you so to personify yourself and form your own conclusions.

The three townships that are to be excluded from the present park, if the extension is added to it, include some of the finest standing timber to be found in the world today. The Garfield Grove is one of the few extensive tracts of the giant sequoias left intact. It is to revert to the forest service, where it will immediately become available for lumbering. There's many a grape stake in that grove of 4000-year-old monarchs. The forest service gives assurance that the grove will not be logged, but will be maintained for recreational purposes. If that is true, then just what is the reason for transferring this tract back to an organization whose reason for existing is the conserving, marketing and regrowing of our national timber, where its maintenance will be a dead expense, rather than to leave it under the control of an organization whose purposes are primarily of a recreational nature, and which has made a tremendous success of it?

Granting the sincerity of the forest service in stating that the grove will not be logged—and the sincerity of the present personnel is not to be questioned—just how can we have the assurance that it will not be logged in ten years, or five years, or in six months, whenever the present officials have been succeeded by others who may entertain entirely different views upon the subject? That timber can be sold by executive authority without recourse to the will of the people if it is transferred back to the forest service. Therefore, from our viewpoint as the American public, just what is it all about, and where is the necessity for all this trading about when we wish it to remain as it is?

As a nation, it seems that we have made a concentrated effort to part with our national resources as swiftly as possible; land grabs, timber steals, and so on. Always there is a hue and cry in progress over some vast waste of the past, while the waste of the present goes merrily on. Giant killing rather than giant harnessing has been viewed as development. In most cases it has been waste.

### Save the Sequoias

We can lose nothing by retaining this Garfield Grove in the park. It can then be utilized at some future time, when the necessity for the felling of those mighty trees is more pressing than the present demand for grape stakes.

The fallacy of this proposed trade is apparent from many angles. The ruthless logging of the sequoias and the coast redwoods occasioned great concern in the minds of many who feared that the last of these giants whose history antedates the records of mankind would be destroyed in a single generation. Public-spirited citizens contributed millions of dollars of private capital for the purchase of a few tracts in order that the titles could be conveyed back to the Government that had parted with them for a song, and so retained for the benefit of future generations of Americans.

California is the home state of Stephen Mather, director of the national parks, the man who picked up the loose ends of the various parks and combined them into the magnificent system of today. Mr. Mather has contributed generous slices of his personal fortune for the purpose of purchasing certain private holdings in his state, and conveying the titles back to the Government to be used for park purposes for the pleasure of future generations.

Public-spirited citizens of California recently raised a fund to purchase the last privately owned tract within the boundaries of the Sequoia National Park and conveyed it back to the Government. Tulare County subscribed the last $10,000 necessary to complete the purchase price and paid it out of the county funds.

*Lake Odessa, Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado*

Yet squarely in the face of all that, here is one of the most magnificent of the remaining groves of sequoias, its title still vested in the Government, that will be thrown out of the park.

In a previous article I mentioned that the people of the San Joaquin Valley were a farseeing lot. They voluntarily relinquished their privilege of building private cabins in the park, looking ahead and realizing that such a program was the first step in the crumbling of the whole national park edifice; realizing also that the economic value of the Giant Forest through its power to draw 40,000 to 50,000 tourists annually would far outweigh any benefits they might derive from littering it with their privately owned cabins and turning it into more or less of a local resort. That broad-minded attitude is one seldom encountered among the local inhabitants adjacent to any national park. Just how will the people of Tulare County view that rather inconsistent bit of swapping, coming as it does on the heels of their recent purchase and contribution to the park?

Those three townships to be excluded will largely destroy the value of the park as a game preserve. That section is the winter range of the deer herds. Two thousand head wintered there last year. The deer herds of Sequoia Park have increased to such generous proportions that the overflow has restocked the adjacent hunting country. Under present conditions the park will continue to operate in that fashion and provide excellent deer hunting throughout the whole countryside for all time to come. Take away those three townships and the deer will be crowded outside in the winter months, for in all the proposed extension there is scarcely an acre suitable for winter range. That is the one chief hindrance to most game preserves in the Western hills, as without winter range there can be no really practical game preserve; so why should we take a step backward and tear down what has just been successfully built?

### A Case of Now or Never

The well-wishers of the parks find themselves rather between the devil and the deep blue sea in the matter of this trade. It is absolutely essential that the proposed extension be acquired before it is too late. It is such an entirely marvelous stretch of country, so ideally qualified from every standpoint for a wilderness playground, that it seems advisable to acquire it before it is spoiled, no matter what the cost, and it appears that the price will be those three townships—the elimination of the park's value as a game preserve and the loss of the Garfield Grove.

Once those five power sites that have been applied for in the proposed extension area are allowed, they will permanently impair the value of the country for park purposes. The friends of the parks fear that the filings will be allowed unless the tract is acquired at once.

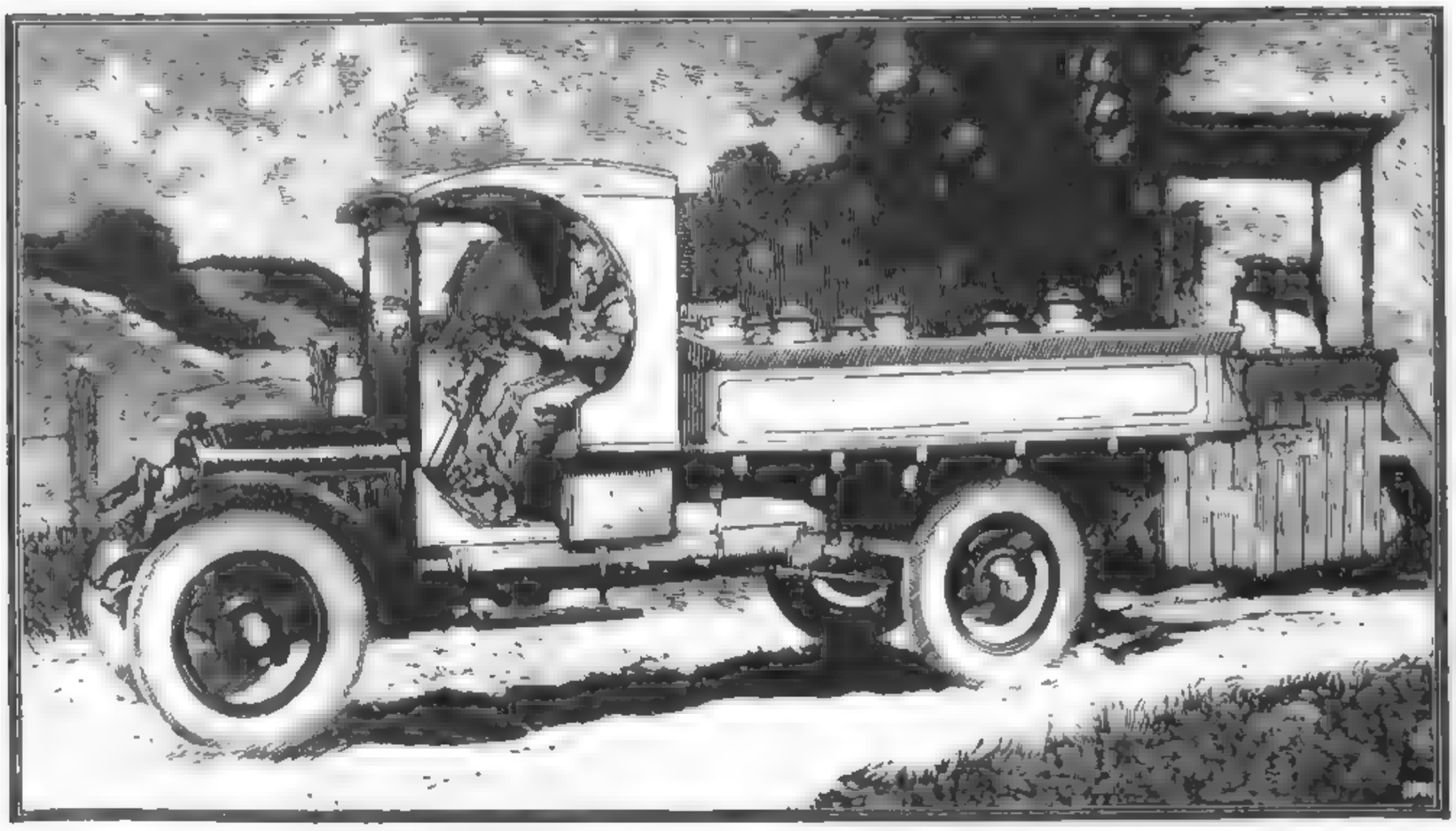
These filings have been made by the city of Los Angeles, the power sites intended to assure ample facilities for the lighting of that city in the future. Later, in Los Angeles, I was unable to discover any great scarcity of lighting facilities; yet from the urgency with which these applications are being pushed one would be justified in imagining that Los Angeles had suffered a total eclipse. Since she has not, and since the filings are only to assure supply for the distant future, why should we be crowded into allowing those applications at once? Surely they can be held under advisement for a year or two without inflicting any great hardship upon the citizens of Los Angeles. But if they are allowed at once it will certainly inflict a very great hardship upon the well-wishers of the national parks and upon the American public.

It is essential to acquire that stretch of the Sierras, perhaps even to the point of making this trade if it can be saved in no other way, though it does seem strange that we, the owners of both areas under consideration, cannot keep both in the park if we choose. If we must make the trade in order to save the Sierras, so be it; but once that trade has been made, it will have established a precedent.

The national park system has become a giant. Perhaps we are still playing the game of giant killing rather than giant harnessing; and this precedent, once established, will constitute quite the most potent factor working toward that end.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Evarts.

"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"



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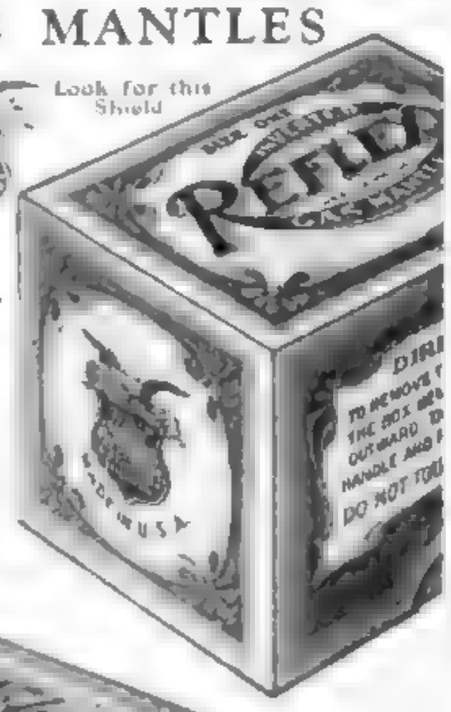


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Inverted or upright, is the best gas mantle money can buy 25c each

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# SENSE AND NONSENSE

### Abandoned Hulks

*PITY them not, the broken clipper ships,*
*Lost barks and brigs in river marsh sunk low;*
*They have touched stars with silvery finger tips,*
*Beauty was theirs that we may never know.*
*They have danced tiptoe on singing sunny seas,*
*Drunk the warm dark beneath the Southern Cross,*
*Known the gay color of lonely, tropic lees,*
*The fair day's gain, the black night's bitter loss.*

*They have had youth and grace and loud acclaim:*
*Men have bared heads and stood on many piers*
*Cheering them in—tall ships that captured fame—*
*As they romped home with canvas in high tiers.*
*Theirs was rare grandeur—aye! Now let them rot,*
*Proud still, as always; pray pity them not.*
*—Gordon Seagrove.*

### Buying at the Source

A DESERVING old couple who had worked long and hard at the grocery business and had finally rounded up a million dollars were blowing themselves to a fine new house. The interior decorator on the job suggested some good colonial furniture, and added that he could supply it.

"No," said Mrs. Grocer, "we are going abroad and expect to visit Cologne, and we will buy it over there."

### Ballade of Disillusion

*(A Double Refrain)*

*"THIS world is but a fleeting show."*
*(That line has a familiar ring.)*
*You struggle all your life, and, lo,*
*It doesn't get you anything.*
*You think you're happy as a king,*
*When Fate just biffs you, and you pause.*
*In solemn chant the mourners sing,*
*"There isn't any Santa Claus."*

*You're strong for where the bright lights glow,*
*You say that youth must have its fling.*
*I've tried it too. Believe me, bo,*
*It doesn't get you anything.*
*The bees that gather honey, sting.*
*The brightest jewels have their flaws.*
*Each gift of Fortune has a string,*
*There isn't any Santa Claus.*

*As Horace mentioned years ago,*
*The years slip by on fleeting wing;*
*You play around a while and blow,*
*It doesn't get you anything.*
*With trembling hands to life you cling.*
*You strive for riches, fame, applause.*
*The bells of hell go ting-a-ling,*
*There isn't any Santa Claus.*

*Envoy*

*Prince, there's no use in worrying,*
*It doesn't get you anything.*
*You cannot beat the game, because*
*There isn't any Santa Claus.*
*Newman Levy.*

### His Conscience

A CHICAGO business man who had made a success of life in point of happiness as well as dollars, visited after a good many years his boyhood home in the South. Almost the first person he met there was Uncle Dan'l, an old darky who had been his friend and mentor in youthful days. After shaking hands the old darky, gazing earnestly into the other's face, said, "Youse suttingly looks fine, Mista' Jim."

"Why shouldn't I? When a man eats three good meals a day and sleeps seven solid hours, he ought to look well."

"Yaas, I suppose that's so," agreed Uncle Dan'l—"that is, pervided he has an easy conscience."

"I guess I have that. But what's your definition of an easy conscience?"

"An easy conscience," said Uncle Dan'l, "is what a man talks about when he's feelin' pretty well satisfied with hisself."

### The Typist's Test

*Try This on Your Stenographer*

*MANY stenographers I've had,*
*Blond and brunet and Titian;*
*And every one but one was bad*
*In point of erudition.*
*I did not ask that they should spell*
*Such words as Æstivation*
*Or Syzygy—but just do well*
*In this examination:*

It's a broad-gauge mind that knows its limit;
There's a weird thought, seize it for just a minute.
They're never fools who know their folly—
Pierce your foe's weak side, and you're made, by golly!

*Corroborate, I must confess,*
*I often put two b's in*
*At Separate I often guess;*
*Has Tilivate two t's in?*
*I cannot spell Tranquillity,*
*And Disappoint's vexation;*
*But I have some ability*
*In my examination.*

*Miss Remington, however, failed;*
*Miss Underwood was awful,*
*Miss Hammond, when I read it, quailed*
*As if I'd said a jawful.*
*The way those simple words were spelled*
*Drove me to desperation;*
*This was the typing I beheld*
*In their examination:*

Its a broad guage mind that knows it's limit.
Theirs a wierd thought, sieze it for just a minute.
There never fools who know they're folly
Peirce you're foe's weak side, and your made, by golly!

*One peach, I found, on searching long;*
*As wise, she seemed, as Solon;*
*She never used a hyphen wrong,*
*Apostrophe or colon.*
*I married her! And so I rail*
*Again in lamentation;*
*Girl after girl still comes, to fail*
*In her examination.*

It's a broad-gauge mind that knows its limit;
There's a weird thought, seize it for just a minute.
They're never fools who know their folly—
Typists with brains don't type long, by golly!
*—Gelett Burgess.*

### The Sewing Woman in the House

GOOD morning, Miss Chester. Walk right in. I'm just getting ready for you. Yes, it does look like a mountain of work, doesn't it? But I know you're a fast worker.

Now this pile on the bed we'll see about first—and those on the tables and chairs can come later. Where can you sit? Oh, well, I'll put these things off this chair onto the floor. There. Put your workbox on the windowsill—it won't fall off if you watch it.

Now these are my last summer's clothes, you see, but they need only a touch of alteration here and there to make them right up-to-date.

Here's this blue organdie—shall I try it on?

My heavens, how short it is! Did I really wear it like that last year? I ought to have been put in the lockup!

Well, you can let down the hem. What! There isn't any hem! It's faced? How careless to make a dress that way! Then you'll have to put on a bias fold. No, you can't match it; it's imported stuff. How about fringe? No, of course that wouldn't do. A lace flounce? Oh, I know they're not wearing them—you needn't tell me what the fashions are!

Well, let it down from the top—put in a wide belt —— Oh, hush! I didn't mean that, I know they're not wearing belts. Do let me think a minute! Why don't you suggest something? What are you here for if you've no ideas to offer?

You think it can't be remodeled? Why, how absurd! Of course it can! It must be, it's a most expensive material and beautiful trimming. Here, let me finish trying it on.

Why, I can't get it together! Now, I haven't gained as much as all that! I've been so careful of my calories, and I've been trying Coué methods to keep slim. Mornings I say twenty times, Every day in every way I'm growing thinner and thinner; and I have the cutest bead bracelet thing to tick it off with. And I look at myself—if I seem to be gaining, you know—and I just touch the flesh and say *Ça passe, Ça passe*, and I'm sure it has passed. Why, I don't believe I've put on weight—but I can't get this gown together at all! Well, it must be I'm wearing a different corset. Anyway you can set in a gore or something, can't you?

What of? Well, we'll have to try to match the stuff. I simply refuse to discard a handsome frock like that. The trimming is exquisite.

What's that? You might use the trimming? Well—the trimming is the making of a costume, isn't it? And this is wonderful handwork; you mean, get some other material for the dress and use this trimming? Yes, I think that would be nice; get, say, blue georgette or Canton crêpe.

Oh, and have a lot of pleating—yes, that would be lovely! All the gowns are covered with pleatings now. Yes, I'd like that.

You think it ought to be of a handsome material? Yes, so do I. I always say it's poor economy to get cheap stuffs. How much? My, it takes a lot for that fine pleating, doesn't it? Well, get it, I want this dress to be pretty. And the trimming is handsome. What! You can't use that trimming with pleating? It doesn't harmonize? No, I can see it wouldn't; you needn't tell me! And you think it ought to have some real lace on it? Real lace. Well, just a touch at the throat and sleeves —— Oh, a bertha?

Yes, yes, I know they're the latest. Would you say Carrickmacross? What? *Venise.* Yes, I see that would suit the model—I suppose it will take some time to make it. Oh, yes, I know you are a fast worker, but there's a lot to do on a gown like that. You'd have to get the pleating done outside? Yes, I know; oh, I understand all that. Well, go ahead, I am determined to have that blue organdie made over, and I think your plan, as you've outlined it, is about right. You can use the old facing, can't you, if you get the same shade of blue in the new goods? I believe in making over things; I think you save a lot that way. *—Carolyn Wells.*

### Autosuggestion

*WHEN I loved cool Clarissa*
*A lovesick lad was I;*
*I moped and wept and understept;*
*I only sought to die.*
*But then I met Melissa—*
*A more intensive petter;*
*And day by day in every way*
*I am getting better and better.*
*—Baron Ireland.*

# PACKARD

Public appreciation of the Single-Six has resulted in the largest Packard output in twenty-three years of fine-car manufacture.

Since the first of November, 1922, the great Packard works have produced an average of more than 2000 Single-Sixes per month.

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And every Single-Six produced has been shipped from the factory, with the exception of cars which have been temporarily delayed by lack of freight facilities.

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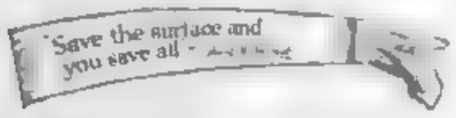


Murphy Varnish Company

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*The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate*


# THUS GERMANY WEPT

(Continued from Page 4)

her policeman. Immediately she returns, saying: "But it is true. Zat one wis ze tray, for example. He himself has not eaten one of zose sandwiches in a week. Zey are all hungry." She is weeping.

There at once begins the interminable controversy. Are they suffering?

Madame's sympathies are unhappily interrupted. She will have to pay a quarter of a million marks to insure her trunk. The importance of doing so is strongly urged by the officials owing to the epidemic of thievery in Germany. She understands this. The poor people! They are so wretched! They cannot help it. But it will cost her three million marks to send the trunk. *Mon Dieu!* It is terrible! She cannot help thinking of marks as money. For a long time she sits perfectly still, with a far-away, spiritual expression, doing mental arithmetic. Four big apple-headed Germans in goose-breasted military dress, wearing swords, examine the passports and then go below to help themselves to food. They can be seen pouring their own coffee. There has been a revolution in Germany. Presently six customs officials stop debating violently who forgot the forms, and each *Auslander's* declaration of the amount of money he brings into the country is taken in an irregular manner. Then the *Auslanders* have the freedom of the cabin. Where the four apple-headed Germans sat, now the Russian agent who speaks a New York dialect, the Oriental pearl merchant, the Leipsic cigarette merchant and the man from Sioux Falls returning to the land of his ancestry begin to throw dice for ten-thousand-mark notes and to ask for cognac in their beer. They are from a dry land, out of a dry ship, and money is worthless for any purpose but to be spent. The official Germans range themselves about the wall and stolidly regard the scene, drinking politely when asked. All save madame's one tall, sorrowful policeman are apparently well nourished.

The company naturally divides. Those of free dispositions gravitate to one side, becoming magnified and grotesque in an element of blue smoke. It is stifling, but if a door is opened twenty voices protest. Madame's friends offer her food. She cannot imagine it. But look—if a dollar is forty thousand marks and a German mark is one and two-thirds of an Austrian krone, what will twenty dollars be worth in Vienna, she asks. Then the professor of Semitic languages, who resembles Trotzky and has not hitherto uttered one word through the whole voyage, leans forward with an angelic smile.

"It vill smash," he says affectionately. "When, I don't know. But sometime it vill smash. I say it is so."

### *The Speculative Mania*

With that he begins to talk. The sense of what he says is pessimistic. His manner is removed and serene. He has been in America to give some lectures, and now is returning to his German university chair. Everything will be worse than when he went away, and it had been bad enough then; worse than you could imagine. One has meant perhaps to write a metaphysical work at the latter end; but, alas, the pension of ten thousand marks a year which was to have made that delightful futility possible now is worth nothing! It will buy one dinner; a very modest dinner. So instead one finds oneself speculating in dollars. One has to speculate. To save one's money is to lose it. Each day it is worth less. To invest it in bonds at interest is to lose it again, for the interest payable in these declining paper marks becomes utterly worthless, and the principal also. Thus, one who had invested a great fortune in German government bonds during the war—say, one hundred thousand marks, then the equivalent of twenty-five thousand dollars—would now be bankrupt, because those one hundred thousand paper marks at the moment are worth only two and a half dollars. Not to lose one's money, therefore, one has had either to spend it or put it to speculation. Thrift had become folly. Fancy that—its effect upon a nation! People had become all gamblers perforce—gambling in dollars and commodities to save themselves from ruin. He himself, a professor, knowing nothing about such matters, had gone to a banker, saying, "I have a little money coming to me. How shall I invest it?" The banker had said, "Don't invest it. Speculate with it. That is all I can tell you." Imagine a banker saying this to a professor! Even the children had got the gambling spirit. A professor whom he knew had been shocked out of his mind one morning when his six-year-old accosted him thus: "What's the dollar this morning?"

He stops, smiling still.

"And when the smash comes, what then?"

"Zen it vill be worse. For a time it vill be worse," he says. "Zen people will be ruined in anozer way."

"Yet no one runs from this disaster. Emigration is nil. How do you account for that?"

"Zere is no place to go," says the professor, sighing for the first time. "Sometimes zey cannot go. Zey have not ze dollars. Sometimes again zey cannot zink of it. Zey are here. Zey have zeir work to do. Anyhow, zey will do. People vill always do. I myself—I have an offer in America for dollars. Zis I consider wiz my wife. Perhaps. I don't know. I zink I shall stay here."

### *The Table Butter Mystery*

People will always do. He says it several times, wistfully, not smiling any more, and it is no longer his voice; it is the voice of an old, old world, where everything has already happened many times. People have always survived—Germans like any other people; Germans especially, against heavy chances. There is among them a deep-rooted sense of existence notwithstanding, of continuous living, of having lived before. The past is durable, the present is fleeting, the future is forever. It is in their songs and festivals and trees, and by glimpses in their painted landscapes. And it was well to have met this professor of Semitic languages. Afterward one remembers him and holds fast to a certain fact—namely, that sixty millions of Germans are indestructible. They shall be lived with.

As the tender comes alongside the customs pier a painful impression is confirmed. Something has befallen German efficiency. Perhaps there was never any such thing. It may have been only a capacity for painstaking accuracy plus rhythm in masses. One is aware of confusion, indecision, too many hands to do the thing, several minds equally obstinate as to how the passengers shall be brought off. The luggage, to be examined here, becomes desperately tangled. Porters run about in a futile manner, and madame is lost again. Once, twice, a third time she is reported by one to the others, each time, however, positively declining to be assisted. She is almost the last to appear in the free waiting room, and she is radiant, with something to tell.

"But he was so sweet!" she exclaims.

"Who?"

"My *portier*," she says. "He was blind, my dear; quite blind. And he kept saying, 'Don't worry, madame. Don't worry.' But my trunk—where was my trunk? 'I will get it, madame. Don't worry,' he said. After a long time he came back and asked me—me"—inimitable personation—"'Where is ze trunk, madame?' So I went and found it myself. Just at ze end he came back once more. Again, 'Where is ze trunk, madame?' 'Zere,' I said, pointing at it. '*Ja wohl*,' he said—more inimitable personation. 'I have arranged it. Everyzing I have arranged.' He was so sweet."

"How much did madame give him then—the blind porter?"

She smiles embarrassedly and will not tell.

A drunken porter on a German customs pier is not typical. He may not be even symptomatic. He is only to be mentioned in passing. Before the war he could not have happened.

It is an hour's ride by train to Bremen. Then a rush on the hotel. Room without bath, seventy-five thousand marks. One gropes about mentally for some standard of value. Dollars, yes. At forty thousand marks to the dollar the room costs one dollar and eighty-five cents. But one has already tipped the porter five hundred marks, for which he was more than grateful, and that on the same basis is a cent and a quarter. There is something wrong. One must have a native standard. One thinks of butter. If butter is five thousand marks a pound, then seventy-five thousand marks for the room is fifteen pounds of butter, and one's tip to the porter was a little more than an ounce of the same fat. There is still not enough, but it is tangible. At breakfast the next morning one asks for butter. *Nein*; there is no butter. Why not? Is butter *verboten! Nein;* it is not *verboten*. Only there isn't any, thank you.

Here is the beginning of one's experience with a series of baffling contradictions. At the best hotels, where there is plenty of meat served in enormous portions, and plenty of everything else except cream, one cannot be served with butter. Then one goes to a second-class popular restaurant and there is plenty of butter; sometimes more than one wants. Or one's servant at the hotel will bring in a pound of butter from the market and one can keep it on the window sill. Again, one has a distinguished German in to dinner. One overhears nothing said to the waiter. There is no office to him that one sees. Yet the little milk pitcher, for the first time, comes filled with good rich cream.

Why is this? It is never clear why. Some say it is propaganda, to impress the *Auslander* with a sense of Germany's poverty. *Auslanders* mostly get their impressions from first-class hotels. Certainly there is no economic reason why one should not be served with butter at a price, seeing that it is for sale everywhere in the shops and public markets; yet the Associated Hotel Proprietors, for German reasons, have said no. And they have said also that eggs shall not be served for breakfast. They are served at any other time. They are to be had at lunch or at dinner. They are always with the hors d'œuvre, spiced or with mayonnaise dressing. For breakfast—*nein!* The *Auslander* who calls for eggs at eleven o'clock creates a problem. Is it his first breakfast, his second or his lunch? If it is his first breakfast he cannot have eggs. If it is his second breakfast or his lunch he may have as many as he likes. And mark you, one reason why butter, cream and eggs are extra dear in German cities is that the German farmer, better off than perhaps ever before in his life, is eating more of his own produce—the choice and fat of it. He can afford to eat it.

### *Saving Money by Burning It*

From Bremen to Berlin is five hours by train. The fare is ten thousand marks. With the exchange forty thousand marks to the dollar that is twenty-five cents. Can this be right? One puts it in butter again. Then the fare is two pounds of butter. Now you have it! Fifteen pounds of butter for a night's lodging, two for a five-hour railroad journey, and one ounce to the porter. These are wild, improbable relations. But all money values in Germany are delirious. And the value of one thing against another is grotesque, because all things perforce must be priced in money, and for political and physical and psychic reasons readjustments cannot be made simultaneously in all things alike. For example, the merchant may raise his prices every hour; the hotel proprietor may raise his once a day; the trades-unions cannot very well raise the price of labor oftener than once a week; the railroad cannot change its fares oftener than once a month; the porter must take what he can get; and the landlord cannot raise rents at all save by permission of the government.

We thought we had experienced in the United States an orgy of profiteering, speculation, gambling; that we had seen thrift disastrously exploited, when as a result of wartime inflation the buying power of the dollar was halved and prices doubled. Multiply this thousands of times for Germany. Here they have seen prices rise three—five—ten thousandfold, until arithmetic has become a national madness. They have seen it become cheaper to light cigarettes with one-mark notes than to buy matches—literally. They have seen the purchasing power of the mark sink to one-ten-thousandth part of what it was before the war. They have seen a great corporation which had borrowed from German investors on its bonds thirty-two million gold marks worth eight million dollars, pay off those same bonds with thirty-two million paper marks worth only fifteen thousand dollars. They have seen the farmer pay off

(Continued on Page 48)

# DODGE BROTHERS
## BUSINESS COUPE

Simply to read through a condensed statement of the car's chief attributes, is to understand its unprecedented popularity—

A chassis recognized for its power and economy the world over—all Dodge Brothers Motor Cars are mounted on the same chassis.

An all-steel body which has established a new principle in closed car design.

A finish of black enamel, baked on the surface of the steel at intense heat—now for the first time made possible in a coupe by Dodge Brothers all-steel construction.

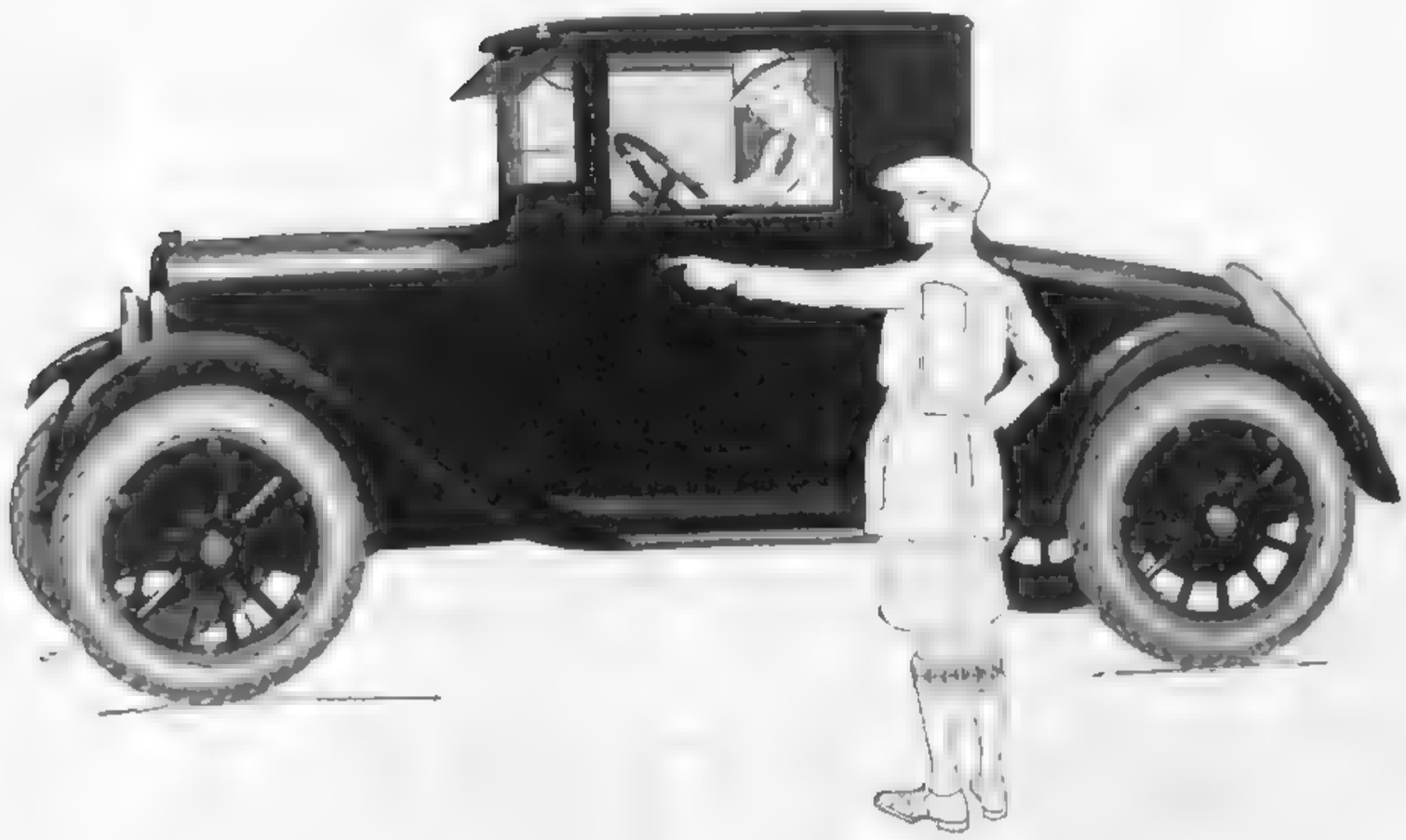
A deep, comfortable, 46-inch seat, sensibly upholstered in genuine Spanish blue leather.

A rumble-proof top; and rear quarters modishly designed in fabric to absorb vibration.

Every essential convenience of closed car equipment, including Yale door locks, window levers, sun visor, heater, cord tires, ample door pockets, a spacious rear deck luggage compartment, 28-inch doors.

And then the price—

*$980 f. o. b. Detroit*



# Old Hampshire Bond

## Cheap paper for *his customers?*

***Byron E. Veatch, Chicago business man, says, "NO—its use is unprofitable."***

Read what he has to say:

Gentlemen:

When I send a man out to sell, he is my representative, my mouthpiece; consequently I expect him to be correct in speech, manner, and dress. He must look and act the part.

When I send out a letter, it also becomes my representative, and by the same token I insist that it shall likewise show distinction.

Men have been known to invest a million dollars in a plant, to spend a quarter of a million in advertising its product, and then, when the buying inquiries came, to make reply on cheap Jim Crow paper. I consider such a course both illogical and unprofitable.

When my customer or my friend visits me, he is worthy of the best seat at my table and the best cigar in the box; so, also, he is entitled to the best stationery when I address him by correspondence.

Consistent with the above creed, I use Old Hampshire Bond.

Furthermore, I like that crisp, crinkly feel of Old Hampshire; it sort o' reminds one of the magic touch of banknotes or bonds. It possesses that intangible something which represents VALUE.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) Byron E. Veatch
5119 Dorchester Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Old Hampshire Bond is the choice of business men who want stationery that is in keeping with the high standards they set for themselves in business as well as in social life.

*A generous sample of Old Hampshire Bond will be sent you if you will be good enough to write us on your business letterhead.*

Old Hampshire Bond

***Hampshire Paper Company***
***South Hadley Falls, Mass.***

***Also Makers of Old Hampshire Stationery for Social Correspondence***


*(Continued from Page 46)*

his mortgage with two pounds of butter. They have seen a professor come into possession of an endowment for which he had worked and saved all his life - fifty thousand marks—and spend the whole of it for a pair of shoes, a necktie and two loaves of bread.

Their great virtue was thrift. They have seen thrift become a disaster and a folly. Everyone who could do so put something by in the form of a savings account or a small investment in bonds and annuities. All that had been saved in that way is lost. They saved in gold marks, worth about four to the dollar, and it is paid back to them in paper marks worth in December ten thousand to the dollar, in January twenty thousand, in February forty thousand, and so on.

For a long time a German cannot believe this. It is contrary to Nature and science. There is no formula for its happening. Or believing by his senses that it has happened, he believes with his mind that it must unhappen. But it gets worse and worse. His children, who more easily imagine unnatural things, urge him to act. At last he is panic-stricken. He must act. How? Before it is too late, while yet the mark will buy something, he must get possession of his money and spend it. He draws his money out of bank or sells his bonds.

Never in his life before had he thought of spending so much money all at one time. He cannot do it. He waits. Then he sees that by waiting he has lost still more. What he might have bought yesterday is already beyond his reach. It has doubled in price again. So in the end he spends it wildly.

The most absurd ideas possess one in these circumstances. There is the instance of the professor of mathematics, who, having got possession of his money in order to spend it, couldn't think of anything to spend it for. All his life he had longed to ride, but had thought himself unable to afford a horse. Now, with the whole of his withered estate in his hand, to be exchanged for something desirable, he still could not possess a horse, because a horse that was worth only a few thousand marks before now costs millions. But with that ream of paper marks in his hand, decreasing in value by the minute, he could still buy a saddle, and a saddle he bought. It is all he has to show for his fortune and for the longing to ride.

Now, given a people in whom the habit of thrift has been as an instinct, what would you think? Will it change their natures to bewitch their money? Or will the bedevilment of their money, so that it spoils by keeping, cause them merely to transfer the habit of thrift from money to things? As one knows human kind, the answer is obvious.

When their confidence in money is destroyed they will hoard things instead—things such as apparel, imperishable foodstuffs, bolts of cloth, leather goods, useful materials, hardware, anything.

### *Hoarding Denied*

As in the United States there was once an unaccountable scarcity of sugar in contradiction of all statistics, merely because every housewife in the land had put a few pounds aside on the pantry shelf, so in Germany, with everyone on the same impulse to exchange a demented paper currency for goods, an enormous quantity of surplus things must have vanished into cupboards, closets and cellars. That is to say, the force of German thrift must have turned the people to primitive hoarding.

This, to begin with, is a deduction. One mentions it first to a banker, thinking his mind will follow a deductive process of reasoning. He is deeply pained. It cannot be. The impulse—yes. People would have done it if they had been able to do it. Yet who could have been hoarding in Germany? The rich? You do not mean the rich, of course. They could not have saved themselves by filling their closets and cupboards. The thought is absurd.

"The rich would not have hoarded things in their closets," one interrupts him to say. "But hoarding is a principle. The poor man who hoards three pairs of shoes and the rich man who converts his spoiling money into buildings are perhaps doing the same thing."

He shakes his head. All that new building one sees in Germany was positively necessary. Besides, people had to be kept employed. No; not the rich. They have not been hoarding. Moreover, there are no rich in Germany. Who then? The middle class—the people living on incomes? One cannot mean to say they have been hoarding. It is notorious, on the contrary, that all this class has been wiped out entirely. There is only labor left. Does one mean the working people? Well, look! In nine months the statistical minimum budget for a family of four has increased twenty-four times, whereas in the same time wages have increased only ten times. People are suffering for want of food. They are touching the very limits of misery. Yet one suspects them of hoarding wealth! He is scandalized.

One protests the statistics. One reminds him that if the case were in fact as it statistically appears people would be falling in the streets from exhaustion. Nevertheless, he insists, it is true. People very soon will be falling in the streets. The only illusion is that this is not so.

At this point one is obliged to call his attention to the fact that he himself has under construction a new private bank building. The sound of the work has been interrupting the conversation. Surely a new private-bank building cannot be treated as a postwar necessity. Is his own new building not a form of hoarding?

### *Hardships Exaggerated*

He denies this indignantly. He explains at length. The end of the explanation is that he is building because it is now very cheap to build. At that point one gives it up.

One mentions the deduction once more to a member of the Reichstag, a socialist who is also a well-known economist. He is more hurt than the banker. One is pardoned because one has not been in Germany long enough to realize to what extremities people are reduced. They conceal it as much as possible from motives of pride. Fancy! The salary of the Chancellor, counted in American value, would be about twenty-five dollars a year. Yet one suspects the people are hoarding. With what would they buy things to hoard, *mein Gott?* Perhaps the Chancellor is hoarding old shoes. As he goes on talking he happens to mention that the workmen who are redecorating and extending his house in the suburbs—some work he, like many others, is having done in order to keep labor employed—wish to be paid, not in money but in things, such as tables, chairs, household utensils. He does not see that he has supplied unwitting evidence in support of one's deduction.

Then he takes one out to dinner. It is a very good dinner, heavy with meat, and the wine is excellent. He talks of ominous portents. He can't imagine what will happen. The people will rise in the streets one day again and Germany will be swept away in Bolshevism. And he cannot blame them. After dinner he says suddenly, "Now rub your dry American stomach and come with me." He takes one to his wine cellar and two bottles of choice 1914 vintage are selected with extreme care. One notices a great pile of potatoes on the floor, and other provisions in quantity. And when one is ready to go he will walk with one to the station. It is no trouble at all. He would have anyway to go out with the dogs. He whistles. Three large police dogs appear. One is at that moment aware of the great number of such dogs to be seen everywhere as pets. They are conspicuous in the streets. People who are hungry cannot afford to keep dogs. The Russians, wailing not, have eaten theirs.

As that sound first heard in the North Sea swells within Germany to a dirge from which there is never a moment's escape, as one does not see the evidence of suffering, but instead much eating and drinking in all places, and as one continues to be entertained by Germans who dine well and talk incessantly of Germany's poverty, one becomes not skeptical but very curious.

All Germans say alike. They say one must not take this fine place or that one as typical. Fine places live only by the patronage of foreigners and profiteers. In that case one is amazed at the number of German profiteers. They say one must not be misled, either, by the cabaret places. They are for foreigners too. Yet one sees there the young German bloods fox-trotting and drinking champagne. They say again one may see for oneself that people can no longer afford to ride on the street cars. It costs two hundred marks. As this is said a crowded street car passes. They say one may see by looking around that people cannot afford shoes. If one looks in the shop windows one wonders how they can buy shoes. Perhaps they cannot. But if one looks at the feet one sees an average of footgear in Berlin or any German city, uglier to be sure, but quite as sound as the average in New York City.

One begs the German to descend with one to that level where the suffering is—to a typical place. Very well, he will show one sights. One goes with him to a fourth-class restaurant, where a dinner costs only five or six thousand marks—thick soup, beer, a large platter of meat and potatoes, coffee, bread and compote—excellent food, all for about fifteen cents. The restaurant is spacious, brilliantly lighted, finished in oak. What one's German host begs one to make note of is not the food, not the fact that a fourth-class German eating place may be superior in its decorations and furnishings to many first-class places in New York or London, but to the spectacle of a noble Junker, with his monocle still, and a rude taxicab driver dining at the same table. To this has Germany come! And he cannot imagine why one is unmoved. The Junker is suffering. There is no doubt of that. But the suffering is not in his stomach.

"Naturally," says one's host, "you would not see the worst of it here. In the north and west of Berlin, where the working people live, there you will see it. There are in Berlin thirty thousand babies wrapped up in paper."

Shocking! One is really ashamed. Yet on second thought, if Berlin cannot take care of its babies why does it house and feed three hundred thousand Russians? They neither weave nor spin, but live by shaving exchange and by entertaining one another with singing and dancing in their own cabaret places, all actually nevertheless partaking of the substance of Germany and producing nothing of vital importance. Why is that? The German does not know. The government perhaps cannot help it. Yet everyone else knows why the Russians and thousands of other foreigners are in Germany. They are there because for several years Germany has been the cheapest country in the world to live in.

### *Running Down the Baby Yarn*

Well, but now one is in the right direction. Thirty thousand babies wrapped up in paper. If that is true why discuss anything in terms of economics? One at last will see the worst—the very worst. It is arranged. One is turned over to Frau Doctor of the Red Cross, and a day's survey of suffering begins. On setting out Frau Doctor carefully explains that one must not expect to see poverty as poverty is in other cities like London or New York. Here it is different. People suffer differently. They hide it. In the middle-class homes, for example, one would see nothing—nothing whatever. But it would be there nevertheless. However, this is not to be a survey of middle-class homes. First are the babies of the very poor in public keeping: that is, in free day nurseries where the mothers leave them while they go out to work.

Immediately the vision one has had of babies wrapped up in old newspapers is dissolved. What that meant was that in many cases, private and public, there now is in use a paper substitute for cloth in the one most changeable item of a baby's attire. By no means in all cases, even in the public nurseries, in one of which mothers are required to provide six cloth changes each day.

The only complaint on the part of the nurses is that six is an inadequate number. In all cases the babies are well clothed and lie under blankets in cotton envelopes. Some of them are fat. One is noticeable for rotundity.

"Ach," says Frau Doctor, "*aber* it is not good fat."

That is interesting. Though one's economics may have been hopelessly wrecked, there is still the tactile sense. One pinches the baby. The baby does not mind and the fat is proved. It is of first-rate quality. And if only you had thought of it you might have deduced that a nation whose hope of revenge is bound up with a total of nearly seven hundred thousand surplus births a year—which in a few years will cause two Germans to be where one Frenchman exists—this nation would by all means take good care of its babies. A paper substitute for cloth in the one respect

*(Continued on Page 50)*

**Champion**
**Double-Ribbed Core**
**for your protection**

# A Worthy New Economy Found by Champion

Champion scientists have made another discovery of utmost importance to car owners.

They know now that it is an actual economy to renew *all* spark plugs at least once a year, or at the end of every 10,000 miles.

They know that this practice gives an engine greater efficiency—in liveliness, in smoothness, in power, in all performance. They know that it results in definite savings of gas and oil.

These things they have proved beyond any question. Not only by extended laboratory observation, but also by the records of cars driven thousands of miles, in the average way, over average streets and roads.

All this is based on the fact that spark plugs are a *vital unit* in the ignition system; and that any loss in their efficiency means a corresponding loss in motor efficiency.

If you know how your engine operates you will appreciate this. The more complete the combustion in the cylinders of your engine, the better the performance.

With old spark plugs the gas does not burn with sufficient rapidity. More residue is left. This means loss of power. It wastes gas.

Serious troubles occur which require costly repairs.

All this is avoided if new Champions are installed—a complete set.

The engine will operate better. Power is increased. Starting and pick-up are improved. The cost of the plugs is saved in oil and gas.

You will know new Champions by the Double-Ribbed core.

No spark plug but the new Champion has such a core. It has already been proved by a year's use, in 30,000,000 Champion plugs.

This new Champion is itself an economy, in the greater efficiency it puts into an engine. On top of that, is the added economy which Champion scientists have discovered.

When you renew your spark plugs, renew them *all*. That, it is plain now, is the only way to *keep* your engine at its best. And renew with Champions—the one plug that has this wonderful, almost indestructible core.

**Champion Spark Plug Company**
Toledo, Ohio

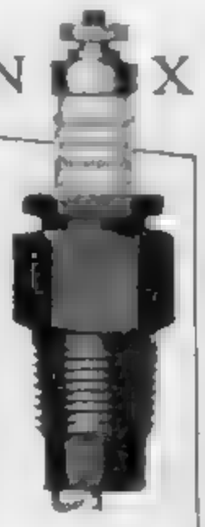
Champion Spark Plug Co., of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

*You will know the new Champions by the Double-Ribbed core. Buy them by the set. From any dealer anywhere. A type and size for engines of every make and model*

# CHAMPION

*Dependable for Every Engine*

CHAMPION X



*For ten years Champion X has been standard spark plug equipment on Ford cars. It is accepted by Ford users and Ford dealers the world over as the best spark plug for Ford cars and trucks and Fordson tractors. For sale everywhere.*

HATCHWAY

The Garment That Took Button-Mending Out of Underwear

Until this garment was perfected, men in a hurry were forever confronted with lost underwear buttons—and women were enslaved by the needle, doing unnecessary mending for their men and boy folks. But the

HATCHWAY *NO-BUTTON* UNION SUIT

has done away with all button bother forever. It has saved endless time in dressing and undressing for thousands of men. Best of all, it is perfectly cut to fit perfectly.

See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we will be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state size, and enclose remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models

Men's Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.50, $2, $3, $5. (The $5 garment is all silk.)

Boys' Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.25.

Men's Knitted Suits, $1.50, $2, $3, $3.50.

Boys' Knitted Suits, $1, $1.25.

DEALERS

Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway No Button Union Suits, or ask to have our representative call. In certain localities exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany, New York

*Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada.*


# HATCHWAY

(Continued from Page 48

noted is possibly a little uncomfortable. It is not in the least injurious.

Next the hut colonies. Frau Doctor says one will see nothing more distressing in the world. She means in Germany. The hut colonies arose in this way: Before and during the war certain vacant-ground areas in Berlin were allotted to group gardening. On each tiny plot the gardener set him up a little hut for his tools and seed and the storage of his produce. For a while it was *verboten* to live in these huts. That would be unseemly. Then it was permitted during the war to live in them in warm weather. Now, owing to the house shortage in Berlin, people who must and can are permitted to live in them continuously. Bear in mind all the time that the house shortage in Berlin is owing largely to the fact that Berlin keeps three hundred thousand Russians and great numbers of other foreigners; also, to the fact that these foreigners live in Berlin because good living there is very cheap.

There are instances of English workers coming to Germany to live on their unemployment doles.

But the huts—they are toy dwellings made habitable by the ingenious hands of the tenants, who are generally artisans, therefore able to convert a match-board tool box into a weather-tight refuge for wives and babies. Some have raised brick walls outside; in many instances flourishing ornamentation has been achieved on a diminutive scale, such as niches in the front wall, lined with bits of colored tile, to hold tiny busts, or little fluted columns at the portal, hardly head-high.

Inside, these huts are papered or lined with burlap stuff. The kitchen stove is of brick, with a flat sheet-iron top and a tile flue leading out. The rooms are just big enough to turn around in—two or three usually. The furniture is such as is handed down in German families, solid and old. Seldom are the beds without sheets and pillow cases. Feather ticks are abundant.

Tight and close as the living is, the interiors are odorless and clean in a scrupulous way. There is no squalor. Most of these people could afford apartments. They have their places on the housing list and are waiting for better habitations to become available. In one hut are four children alone. Both parents are out at work. This place is untidy and very bare, yet under the sewing machine in one corner are two pairs of good stout shoes—evidence of hoarding even here.

Going from hut to hut, Frau Doctor asks in each one the same questions. How much did the head of the family earn last month? How much does it cost them for food? She proves it each time. The thing is impossible. They cannot live. They do not live. They are economically nonexistent; dead and gone long ago. Yet here they are. They are alive and well. The children are warmly clad and soundly shod. No American above forty who was one of a large family in the West but will remember having worn shoes much raggeder than these one sees on the German children's feet.

### Old People on Fixed Incomes

What is the answer? First, what the head of the family earned last month has nothing to do with it. Wages are subject to weekly or monthly revision upward, and the adjustments are in many cases retroactive. Rent is nominal, almost free. Milk for children below a certain age is furnished free by the city, and so on. This hut living is hard, of course. There is not a great deal of it—a few hundred cases. It is temporary. If comparisons are necessary there are permanent living conditions as bad or worse on the Hackensack Meadows of New Jersey.

Germans know what hard living is. They do not know what free, unmitigated, unnoticed poverty is like. It is *verboten* among them. One would be glad never to see anything worse in London or New York than Frau Doctor is able to exhibit in Berlin, until she brings one to an old people's home.

Here is tragedy. It is not the tragedy of poverty. It is not physical suffering. It is horrible fear in the twilight of life. And this is the final word on the crime of inflation.

These old people were not beggars. They had each an income of a few hundred gold marks a year, and they came to this place with their own bits of furniture, their comfortables, keepsakes, carpet rugs, pictures and canaries, arranged their rooms as they liked and turned their faces to the sunset. They had nothing more to worry about. Then suddenly, by some evil magic they cannot in the least understand, their gold marks have become paper marks, so nearly worthless that whereas before they were self-sustaining and independent, now all their little incomes together will not buy a daily loaf of bread. They are not hungry. Their food is sent in by the city. But they are objects of charity. Their independence and security have been swept away. They do not know what will happen, and each day they come awake with this terror at their hearts. Feebly, in trembling, they ask each other, the visitors, the matron a thousand times, if the home is going to sink. If it does then what?

It is heartbreaking. Frau Doctor, now for the first moment sublime, is weeping and giving her purse away; and one has to keep saying to oneself, "This they have done to themselves. They have done it to their own."

### Confiscation by Inflation

What in fact has happened to the property of these old people? How has it vanished? To take the simplest illustration, suppose one to have had her all in a farm mortgage of twenty thousand marks at 5 per cent. The income was a thousand marks a year, or about five dollars a week when the mark was on a gold basis. That was enough to keep her very nicely in this home. Now inflation begins. The government prints money in prodigious quantities, with no relation to gold, with no relation to anything whatever on earth, until the whole country is flooded with it and prices for that reason rise ten thousandfold. Profiteers, speculators, merchants who can raise their prices every day, labor that can get its wages raised to two thousand marks an hour—all these do very well. The widow whose wealth is in a farm mortgage cannot raise the rate of interest. Her income is still one thousand marks a year, and that is now one loaf of bread. Worse still, when butter is worth five thousand marks a pound the farmer sells four pounds and pays off his mortgage. The widow receives back her principal—her fortune of twenty thousand marks on which she might have lived her life out, and it is worth four pounds of butter. If she had had her money in German government bonds, or in the bonds of some corporations, it would have been quite the same thing.

Who gets her property—the wealth that has gone from her? In the case supposed the farmer got it. In other cases the profiteer, the speculator, the merchants, the industrialists—they all get it. The mechanism of how saved wealth is confiscated by inflation and converted into other forms belongs to an economic study. Suffice it to say that by the process of inflation the property of these old people has been converted into new factories, ships, bank buildings, foreign bank balances standing to the credit of the great German industrialists, into public improvements, into canals, into the means of luxurious living for the new rich, into the wine the young traders drink nightly in the cabaret places, into phonographs and novelties in the houses of the wage earners and into surplus things of every kind in closets, cupboards and cellars throughout Germany.

Of this hoarding as a universal phenomenon there is presently no doubt whatever. The evidence is overwhelming. Take it freely. Within sight of those hut colonies one explores with Frau Doctor of the Red Cross new houses are building in the best German manner. Frau Doctor's attention is thereto directed.

"Yes," she says, "the big corporations are building a great many model houses for the workers—to escape taxes," she adds.

But this is hoarding in the largest sense, with the extra advantage of beating the taxes. Twice it has happened that a sudden fall in the mark failed to stimulate exports as it theoretically should by giving the exporter instantly a wider margin between the foreign currency in which he sells and the wretched mark with which he buys German labor, and also, of course, an extra incentive to exchange goods out of Germany for sound foreign money. And both times the failure of exports to be stimulated has been explained by economists in this way: The sudden fall of the mark caused a buying panic among the German people, who swept the markets bare, leaving nothing for export. They overran the shops, seeking things for which to exchange their marks, until the shopkeepers, who also prefer goods to German money and would rather have stock on their shelves than marks in their tills, were obliged in their own defense to limit the hours of sale and restrict the amount of goods that one person at one time might buy. Afterwards the newspapers print pages of small advertisements offering things in exchange for things in private barter, both new and secondhand.

Largely, in fact, the failure of German exports ever to reach more than a third of their prewar volume has been owing to an enormous internal demand for goods, and the policy of the organized producers has been to supply this domestic demand in preference to the foreign demand. Formerly it was the policy of the Ruhr industrialists to develop primarily foreign trade. Since the war their practice has been exactly the converse of that. They have agreed that the domestic demand shall be satisfied first, and the domestic demand has been so great that in the last two years only about one-half the product of the Ruhr steel plants has been available for export. And this internal demand, mark you, has represented the universal anxiety to exchange depreciating marks for things—otherwise the hoarding mania.

"Overbuying" is a constant term in the German economic equation. It means buying what you do not immediately need, either because it is very cheap or because you think it will become much dearer. Every commercial attaché in Germany has been discussing it in his reports. The people know what it means. They do not say "overbuying." They talk of the flight from the mark. It has become a national joke. The fable of the woman who went forth with a bale of marks and brought home five baby carriages has gone all around the vaudeville stage. The Germans call one's attention to the great number of antique shops, which invariably display two signs buying and selling.

"There," say the Germans, "you see what is happening. We are selling our old silver, pictures, rugs, bronzes, porcelains and furniture to foreigners."

It is true that foreigners have bought a great many bargains of that character; but the new-rich Germans, the speculators and profiteers, also have been buying; and in cities like Hanover, off the track of foreign visitors, Germans are the principal buyers. You do see what is happening. One middle class has been wiped out and another is rising in place of it, and in these antique shops the exchange of chattels between them is taking place. This is illustrative. Inflation has destroyed nothing in Germany. It has changed the forms and titles of wealth. The wealth is still there, old and new.

And there is hoarding on the farms. An implement dealer accidentally discovers that many estates in East Prussia are stocked for three years ahead with fertilizer. And yet the soil is said to be greatly in need of fertilizers.

### National Advantages of Inflation

There is finally much hoarding of foreign currencies, especially dollars. It is forbidden for merchants to transact business in dollars. All the same, if one offers to pay in dollars they are pleased, and will change one any amount—not out of their tills but surreptitiously out of their pockets. There is not a taxicab driver who has not American dollars or English pounds hoarded on his person.

It would be so. The taxicab driver secreting dollars in his clothes and the great exporting industrialist leaving his profits in English, American, Dutch, Scandinavian and South American banks are doing the same thing for the same reasons.

One is easily misled to suppose that the consequences of inflation are altogether bad. It is not so; not in this case. In the singular situation of Germany, so far at least, the large consequences have been greatly to her advantage. It is very strange. Seeing it, the finest economists of Europe are amazed; they are obliged to revise their theories in the light of experience. They will recommend inflation to any country that means to defraud her creditors and upbuild her wealth at their expense. The evils in Germany's case have been financial and social, not irreparable, not without

(Continued on Page 52)

Published every other week
Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered gladly by John Lincoln, Editor 6 W. 48th St., New York City.

# News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

WHAT WOULD you like to see screened? Personally I hope for the day when Charles Chaplin does "Don Quixote"; but that's a long shot—too long, perhaps. However, most people have some favorite story, one they've read and re-read through the years, always wondering why it never was filmed. Well, what's the story? Send me the title and publisher's name, if possible, addressed to 6 West 48th Street, New York City. First National's editorial staff will secure and read the book and if acceptable, you'll hear from them in the pleasantest way.

And now pick your own star. Do you know a player, not at present a star, who would be a headliner if [illegible] ment and opportunity? Just send me his or her name, and I promise that First National scouts will take up the trail.

### Founders of First National

"FIRST NATIONAL—a co-operative organization of theatre-owners to develop talent and elevate the standards of the screen," a correspondent quotes from my page. "Who are they? Why don't you name them?" Certainly: one each issue and alphabetically, starting with Messrs. Balaban and Katz, who have made their big theatres institutions of entertainment in Chicago. First National pictures have to measure up to the standards of the Chicago Tivoli, Riviera and Central Park Theatres—and thus bring Chicago's best to the little house in your home town.

Men will talk and women must weep; for Slander's mark was ever yet the fair.

"SLANDER THE WOMAN"

Babbling tongues provide the theme of Allen Holubar's new drama starring Dorothy Phillips.

### Concerning "Trilby's" Trilbies

SO THIS is Trilby! straight from Par'—a dazzling blonde; spun-gold hair; serene blue eyes; the grace of Venus. Even Hollywood bows down and worships Andree Lafayette, chosen from the entire Continent for Richard Walton Tully's spectacular production of "Trilby." And as for Trilby's feet—hear Mdlle. Lafayette when enquiring eyes glance downward. "So many people believe Trilby had very small, very beautiful feet. Really they were beautiful but not small. They were of medium size, but had kept their perfect, natural shape because she ran shoeless about the studios." Engravings made when du Maurier's novel was first published not only prove Mdlle. Lafayette right, but that her feet conform in shape and size with the artist's Trilby's trilbies.

Face to feet—Andree Lafayette, Continental "Trilby."

• • •

"BLACK OX EN." Gertrude Atherton's new novel, will be filmed by First National. Read it while you wait.

John M. Stahl whose picture, "The Dangerous Age," has been endorsed by the California Federation of Women's Clubs.

SLANDER THE WOMAN! A splendid [illegible] trial where the wife who shot her husband pleads unwritten law. She sits and sobs. Sob with her. It's the fashion. But look! There's our game—the girl in the witness box. A society girl. That's what makes it good. She used to be so exclusive; now she's just "the other woman." She doesn't cry; she knows we'd only laugh. Watch her, twisting, turning like a lure with a hound at its heels. But she can't get away, the box is a cage. There's a hush.

And you were in her husband's arms at the moment the shot was fired?" the lawyer [illegible]

She's silent. The judge bends forward. "Answer that question."

She answers, "Yes." But . . . She's fainted!

So it goes, this business of blackening the innocent to whitewash the guilty. Screened by Allen Holubar in "Slander the Woman," with Dorothy Phillips as star, the theme starts a striking drama on its way.

Yvonne Desmarest is typical of many. Ostracism, following injustice, drove her into sanctuary in the Canadian snow-country where a strange trapper guarded her. Two other men came: one just a bully saved from a blizzard; the other, Judge Du Croacher, who had slammed her at the trial. In the end he, [illegible] of love, asked her to return [illegible] fession had cleared Yvonne [illegible]. What he forgot was that a woman's reputation is easy to destroy and, once destroyed, never can be reclaimed.

Unusual in drama and dramatic surprise, based on Jeffrey Dell's novel, "The White Frontier," produced with an appreciation of thrill, of scenic beauty and of [illegible] craft, "Slander the Woman" combines all elements of entertainment. Dorothy Phillips has surrounded herself with such players as George Siegmann, Rosemary Theby, Robert Anderson, Ynez Seabury and Lewis Dayton, a prominent English actor brought from London to be Miss Phillips' leading man. They form a team worthy of the picture—and the picture's worthy of a visit.

### What'll He Call It?

WANTED—a new name for "Terwilliger," Frank Borzage's first production for First National. Borzage's thanks and a 10-lb. box of California fruit to the fan suggesting an acceptable title. Send suggestions to me at 6 West 48th Street, New York City.



Gripped in the Sargasso Sea—galleons, clippers, liners, derelicts of centuries wedged by weed into a floating island and pictured by Maurice Tourneur in "The Isle of Lost Ships."

### Chaplin in "The Pilgrim"

TWO HUNDRED and fifty copies of Charles Chaplin's new comedy, "The Pilgrim," are showing simultaneously in U. S. A.—more "Pilgrims" than arrived on the *Mayflower*. And certainly those who did, never learned the story of David and Goliath the way Chaplin reveals it. Without word or subtitle, relying purely on pantomime, without another actor, he "slaughters" Goliath in a way even the Philistines would have enjoyed. Critics call that the month's finest performance. Right, sez I.

### Coogan Turns To Drama

CHAPLIN'S WORK in "The Pilgrim" reminds me of Jackie Coogan's in "Daddy." Jackie takes to drama, however. It looks as though the director let him go the limit, never pulling him up for a cute close up, and—well, if only some of our tragedy kings had a flash of that kid's genius! In "Daddy" he works for the grown-ups as much as for the youngsters—a street musician trying to make Dick Whittington come true. A good story, yet mighty easy to forget while you watch the boy. He doesn't need a story, anyhow!

### "Girl of the Golden West"

THE GOLDFIELDS of Sonora live again; boom days are back. Old '49'ers pan along the streams; nuggets gleam in gravel beds; the diggings ring to the joy of a lucky strike. Camp fires flicker by night. The color, the grip, the thrill of the roaring days are there. The world turns back at the movies' will—and a smile from "The Girl of the Golden West."

Sonora County, California, was the actual locale of the David Belasco success. There Director Edwin Carewe has gone, recreating old glories while the camera grinds. Quaint veterans augment his company, and from their memories Carewe has drawn material incidents; color from their camp fire disputes over deeds that once were boasts, but are long forgotten now. All this, reflected in the picture, should help to make "The Girl of the Golden West" as big on the screen as it was on the stage—*bigger, big.*

"Wandering Daughters" found Margorie de la Motte and Marjorie Daw in James Young's "Wandering Daughters."

• • •

WE'RE PROMISED further "Adventures of Penrod," based on Booth Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam," with D. W. Griffith's kid protege, Benny Alexander, playing Penrod. William Beaudine will direct.

—*John Lincoln.*

J. Warren Kerrigan, who plays Ramirez in "The Girl of the Golden West," screen version of Belasco success. With him are Sylvia Breamer, "The Girl," and Russell Simpson, Sheriff.

# Men Who Weigh the Costs
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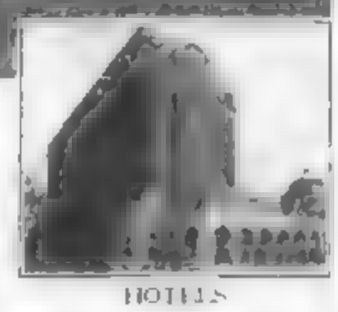

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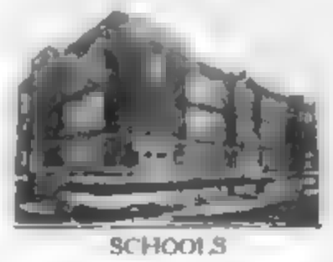

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# TRUSCON AND NATIONAL STEEL JOISTS


(Continued from Page 50)

mitigations. The advantages have been political and physical, thus:

Firstly, by printing money instead of taxing the people, whom it feared to tax, the German Government confiscated all the old and idle wealth of Germany represented by fixed incomes and divided it between the industrialists on one hand and labor on the other. It reimbursed the industrialists for their losses in Lorraine and other ceded territory, with the proviso that they should reproduce their plants in Germany, which they did. It subsidized shipbuilding by large grants of public credit, requiring only that the ships should be built in German yards. In that way work was provided for great masses of labor; besides which, labor was directly subsidized. For a time the government used its credit to cheapen food. That was a temporary subsidy. But it slaughtered the landlord on the altar of public policy and fed him to labor raw. This was accomplished by rent control laws that made it impossible for the landlord to raise rents at all in keeping with the rise in prices. Thus the income value of rented houses has been destroyed and the worker is living almost rent free. In Berlin, in February, with the wage twelve hundred marks an hour—subject to retroactive revision upward—a skilled metal worker would have had to work four hours for a pound of butter, because the farmer makes butter and is uncontrollable; fifteen hours for a pair of shoes, because shoes are an industrial product and industry is sacred; but only one hour for a month's rent, because between the ruthless industrialist on one side and the socialist worker on the other, the landlord is helpless and can be exploited to any extent.

Secondly, by printing paper money for export—the only form of export not taxable for reparations—and by selling billions of this worthless paper money all over the world, the German Government was able to pay on account of reparations enough to hold the French off. And the cash derived from the sale of this worthless money is all the cash Germany ever did pay on reparations.

Thirdly, by these means Germany kept her own resources at home and devoted them to the upbuilding of industry.

### *Holding Out for Better Terms*

It could not go on this way forever. Germany very well knew that. When all the old and idle wealth of Germany had been confiscated, and when the world would buy no more worthless marks, then it would have to stop, for then the cruel advantages of inflation would cease. This she knew. But when that time came she meant to be strong again; she would have enormously increased her dynamic forms of wealth; she would have trimmed herself for economic warfare; she would have become audacious enough to risk saying to France, "We cannot pay. What will you do about it?"

That time did come, and she was strong and newly upbuilt, and she did say to France: "We cannot pay. The sum is preposterous. The whole world agrees with us that no nation can pay one hundred and thirty-two billion gold marks. The public opinion of the world says the treaty must be revised. What will you do about it?"

She expected then to get a new deal. There was a figure in her mind. She expected the sum of reparations to be fixed at not more than forty billion gold marks. That she would have paid. She would have paid it so suddenly that the world would have been amazed.

Now to test this conclusion one says to a moderate socialist, a member of the Reichstag: "See here! Your industrialists have exploited Germany in a very ruthless manner. They have converted cheap German labor into enormous foreign bank credits. This can be justified only provided they have had a patriotic program; only provided they have been saying among themselves, 'It is cruel and very hard, but when the time comes and reparations are fixed at a reasonable sum, then we shall bring our fortunes back, finance the settlement and make Germany free.' Have they said this? Would they be willing to bring back to Germany and pledge for reparations all the wealth they have accumulated in foreign banks?"

He answers, "We have their solemn promise."

"Then what sum in settlement of reparations would they be willing to support?"

"Forty billion gold marks," he says.

"Fifty maybe?"

"Fifty at the very most," he admits reluctantly.

"And if the sum were fixed at fifty billion, how long would it take your industrialists to finance it?"

Leaning forward, he extends his hand and slowly turns it palm upward, lifting. Then he answers, "They would do it in one hour."

That is exactly what the French thought. They thought it was too easy, therefore too little.

Five minutes later that same German is eloquent on the subject of Germany's suffering, her poverty, her want, her utter prostration. There is the German mind again.

The spectacle of Germans in the very act of dining well, on food that is still the fattest in the world, moving themselves to anguish over the sufferings of the German people, would become intolerable if the misery were as represented. Only it is not.

Take them by classes. First one counts off the agricultural class, more than half the population, which is better off than perhaps ever before, mortgage free and living well. The government cannot touch it. If the government tries to control prices the farmer will not bring his produce to market; he waits for the city people to come to him and trafficks in food illegally. Seeing this, the government removes the restrictions. Then the farmer, bringing his produce in, sends a man ahead to learn the state of the dollar, and the food is priced accordingly.

### *The Forbidden Word*

Next is the working class. It is not prosperous. For that matter, it never was. The industrialist has played a hard game with it, getting always his own profit first and adjusting wages afterward. That is to say, the industrialist is always a little ahead of the mark's decline, labor always a little behind. Thus labor has been exploited; it has been held down to a vital minimum of sustenance. Yet the industrialist has not dared go too far with his game; and one may be sure that labor has not actually suffered want, for two reasons: First, a universal minimum wage is now a political principle in Germany, and as prices rise wages are adjusted by a scientific statistical scale to meet the cost of living; and second, the industrialist has had to strike hands with labor in order to work out his own program. The industrialist has exercised the power of construction; labor has always, since the revolution, possessed the power of destruction. There must be peace between them. Unorganized labor is much worse off. There is relatively little of that.

As to all that class of people who lived on fixed incomes, including house landlords in the cities, pensioners and annuitants, their part has been exceedingly hard. Their way of living has been deranged. Those who once had servants now rent rooms to foreigners and serve them in a menial way. All of that. Yet one remembers again what the professor of Semitic languages said. People will always do. Almost invariably in the concrete case compensations appear. The university professor is ruined. His income, formerly enough to support a large family, will no longer buy his tobacco. But two of his daughters have gone to work, which is no longer a social disgrace for anyone; one of his sons has borrowed money to engage in trade, which is a sure road to fortune.

Downright want is very rare. No one is unfed. That almost cannot be in Germany. Look at them—not in the hotels and better streets, but as they run in every direction. They are as well dressed, as well shod, apparently as well fed in German cities as in cities anywhere else, and eat and drink much more than other people in public restaurants, with music. The movie shows are crowded.

Why then this German dirge, permeating all the cracks, filling all one's ears, harrowing one's dreams? One wonders. There are many subtle explanations, as that it comes from something they remember that is no longer so, unconscious propaganda, or that it is an extravagant opportune indulgence of the German passion for self-pity. Simply, perhaps, it is a kind of self-hallucination, induced by the unceasing official formula: "We cannot pay! Germany cannot, cannot pay!"

"Can" is a word *verboten*. For saying "can" the finest intellect they had was murdered.

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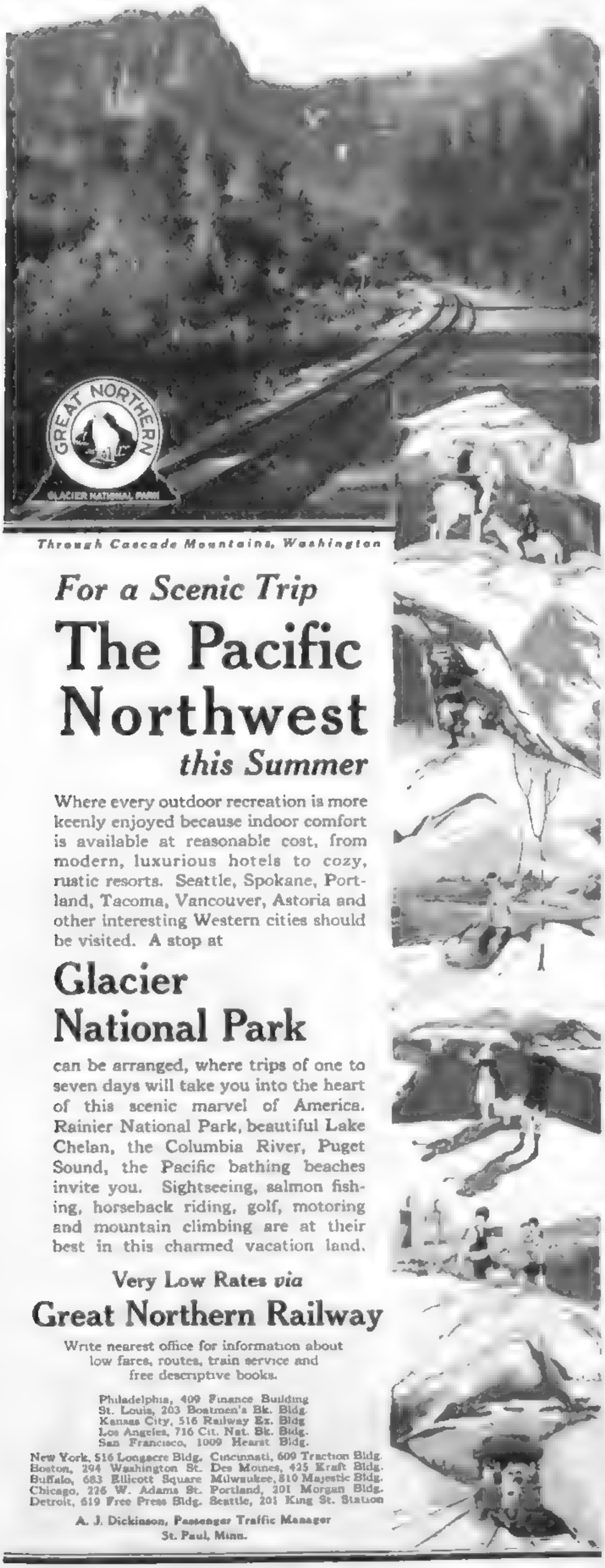


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# JACQUELINE

Continued from Page 25

and perhaps find a bone beside one on the cushions. Stockings, powder or a torn ribbon would lie for days on the dining table, while a cloth was thrown over the other end and the girls lunched at it without seeing them. If a dress wore out it was thrown away; and as this might conceivably happen in the library as easily as in the boudoir, the result was sometimes surprising, as the owner might not happen to remove it. The girls went about in clothes that would have disgraced a ragman's wife. That they appeared beautiful and interesting despite this was always an anomaly to me. It came, I suppose, from the fact that they really were talented and clever.

All but Jacqueline. Poor little Jacie, she was the thorn in the flesh of the family, and they simply would not permit her to turn into a mere housewife. They always used that word "mere."

She wasn't artistic. She'd discovered that tragedy when she was eleven. At five, during one of my periodic visits, she had crept into my room and begged the fun of tidying up. She'd reveled in fixing the room over, setting ornaments square to the world, smoothing out pillows to a perfect flatness on the untidy bed. She was an entrancing baby as she trotted about with an air of great importance, surveying her handiwork with satisfaction. That her talents ran in that home-making direction was not a tragedy then as it was later when she was eleven. She told me about it then, her big eyes fixed solemnly on my face.

"It's pretty awful, Uncle Lute, for me, you know. Can't compete with the other girls, and mamma won't let me be different. The art mistress at school told me I might just as well give up trying. She hasn't much patience with a stupid Stanton. You see, all the others have been so wonderful."

"You started with a handicap, Jacie. Buck up, though. Victoria'll be tickled to death to have one girl who just wants to keep house. Honey, you're not stupid."

She wriggled, eying me fixedly.

"No; mamma'll be hurt. She thinks no Stanton can be born without artistic ability. Maybe she's right; I don't know. I suppose——"

She broke off with a sigh, a piteous sound from her, with her little-child face. Even then she was levelheaded, and knew, I suppose, what she was up against. Because they never let her alone when they found out. Jacie's taste was educated in all sorts of ways. More money was spent on her artistic education than had been spent on all the others put together. Victoria's theory was that Jacie would find herself as she grew older. Jacie, with a sort of despairing doggedness, went on trying to make good on this idea. But in her heart she knew it was hopeless. Sometimes she'd talk to me. But she was loyal. She never said anything about the way the household was run. I'd never have known she noticed but for my visits, and Victoria's hints.

"But I should think you'd be charmed, Victoria, to have one girl who wants just to keep house. Think of the comfort she can bring to you all, managing Holmedene! Any number of servants don't make up for a guiding hand."

Victoria had burst into tears, declaring that I was twitting her for her inability to keep her maids.

"Just because my heart is set on higher things, Luke ——"

I wanted to shake her. I should have felt there was some hope for Victoria if she could ever have finished a sentence. She didn't seem able to do that, trusting everyone to follow her into mental vastnesses of artistic yearning.

"Poor little Jacie!" I said to myself as Holmedene came in sight.

Then I stared in surprise. This really didn't look like the same place. The veranda had been painted a deep vermilion, and tubs of orange trees were placed symmetrically along the edge, giving a spruce and altogether different air. There were big roomy chairs of wicker painted scarlet, tables of the same hue, and awnings of Italian sailcloth—that deep orange that seems to fit in so marvelously with the blue of skies in Venice and the vivid colors of the southern waters—hung low over the roomy spaces. Nothing like this had ever before been seen at Holmedene, and I had a pleasant sense of surprise as I walked nearer, thinking that at last one of the girls had exerted her artistic sense on the home.

It was tremendously daring, and yet it suited the old house as anything simpler would not have done. It was like a printed-silk dress on a handsome woman; you knew it could be changed at will. The old house seemed to smile at the onlooker as if it said, "Yes, this is just a mood; but attractive, don't you agree?"

Indeed, I did; I loved it. As I stood still to take in the whole aspect better, I heard the sound of hammering coming faintly from the distance, and then an exclamation in a feminine voice.

"Damn! Benson, you hit my thumb!"

"I'm sorry, miss, but you will hold it right in the way of me 'ammer!"

I stole round the corner of the house. An old man was hammering at the supports for flower baskets at the veranda edge, and Jacie, very businesslike in khaki overalls, held a basket overhead. Trailing sprays of yellow and red nasturtiums wreathed round her shining head. Her hair was bobbed, and that gave her, somehow, the expression she had at five, solemnly trotting about my bedroom, tidying up.

"There's a gentleman, miss," said Benson, dropping his hammer with a sigh of relief and mopping his forehead. Jacie turned her head.

"Uncle Lute"—this had always been her own especial name for me; remnant of the days when Luke was hard to say "how jolly! I expected you in the car. Didn't mother meet you?"

"She had a committee," I explained, "and I walked up. Jacie, you rascal, you're growing into a beauty! Why wasn't I informed about this?"

She shook her head, and the straight bobbed locks of golden chestnut emphasized the delicate oval of her face. She had blue eyes and that rose-tinted skin that sometimes goes with such hair. But it wasn't only the changed hair. An indefinable new something in her expression gave beauty to her face. I wondered for an instant if she had found herself in the way Victoria had always hoped.

"You're getting artistic, Jacie. Break it to me gently."

"Don't be ridiculous, Lutie dear." She turned round, her eyes sparkling. "I ask you, do I carry any of the earmarks? If you find one I'll submit to being shot at sunrise."

She giggled, and I giggled back. Jacie can make me feel nineteen. The question was absurd, for she was a dainty fairy of a girl even in her overalls. We laughed together delightedly over nothing, and suddenly Jacie tucked her arm in mine.

"Come into the house and we'll have some tea. Benson, do you think you can possibly put up the other three baskets by yourself?"

"Sure I can, miss." The old man mounted the ladder again and began to hammer lustily. Jacie laughed.

"Oh, Lutie dear, it is nice to see you again! You'll stick up for me, won't you?"

Who wouldn't have? I thought as I looked down at her. She had grown into a beauty, and in her overalls the slim grace of her round slenderness was bewitching. I'd never known that she was even pretty before. What had happened to make her so different?

"You know I will," I said out loud, "to the death!"

She threw open the door into the big hall and I gave a gasp of pleasure. Holmedene had always been beautiful, but it had been cluttered with too many things. Someone had cleared it out, now, and left a rug or two, a piece of shining mahogany and the walls of dark wood, to spell the magic of its simplicity. The light from a western window filtered in golden shafts through the strange witchery of the place. Jacie, watching my face, clutched my hand delightedly.

"You like it, Lute?"

I nodded.

"We have a full attic, I can tell you."

She laughed, leading the way to the living room and smiling up at me. It was beautiful, and she knew it; and for a minute we stood together on the threshold, looking at the golden walls, the deep blue of the Chinese rugs, the dimly mirrored satin gloss of the Chippendale pieces against the walls. There were masses of marigolds in blue bowls on the mantel, and the fireplace had been filled in with shimmering

(Continued on Page 56

# The greatest fire-fighter of them all

WHERE high powered engines have failed—where water-towers, chemicals, dynamite, all have failed—big conflagrations have often burned themselves out against the fire-safe roofs and walls of surrounding buildings. That's the story the fire records tell. Fire-fighting men, too, will tell you that their greatest ally is not so much a device to put fires out, but rather a material that prevents fire. Such is the Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingle.

### *Two Kinds*

There are two kinds of asbestos shingles made by Johns-Manville. One is slate surfaced and flexible, the other a rigid slab of asbestos and Portland cement.

The former, the Johns-Manville Flexstone Shingle, pictured above, looks just like the ordinary composition shingle, but differs in one vital respect. Instead of an inflammable rag-felt base, every Flexstone Shingle is built upon a backbone of imperishable asbestos rock fibre. It only costs a fraction of a cent more per shingle to obtain this invaluable protection for your home. And is it not worth that little bit more to you to secure genuine fire-safety?

### *Rigid Asbestos Shingles*

The Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingle is the ultimate in permanent home roofing. Each shingle is a durable slab of asbestos and Portland cement and is practically indestructible.

These shingles are famous among architects for their soft rich beauty. They offer a wide range of selection to the home owner; in shape, either hexagonal or American method (oblong)—in finish, either rough or smooth edged—in color, grays, reds or browns.

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See your roofing man or builder at once and ask him about prices, weights, samples, etc.

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# The Table's All Set in *The Charmed Land*

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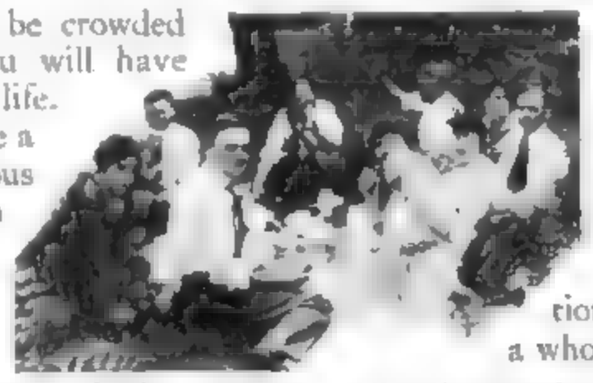
EVERYTHING is ready for your vacation. The trout are rising to a fly. The golf is the best ever and it lasts 365 days in a year. There's a fine sailing breeze and the bathing is good. It's a little early for salmon, but they'll be great sport a bit later as will marsh and upland birds. The mountains are calling; the motoring will be a revelation in the joys of the open road; the scenery is a fascinating combination of the beauties of Switzerland brought down to the Mediterranean; wonderful hikes and camping trips await your coming; the air is that life-giving blend found nowhere else on the continent—the tang of the sea, the tonic of the mountains and the balsam of great fir forests.



Your days will be crowded with pleasure—you will have the time of your life. The weather will be a succession of glorious summer days with never a trace of excessive heat and the nights—Oh, how you will sleep.

You will rest your tired nerves, build up your body and secure spiritual inspiration from the environment that will help you over many of the petty worries of life; an environment made up of dazzling snow-clad mountains, stretches of blue sea, shimmering mountain lakes, sparkling streams, tumbling waterfalls and evergreen forests. Naturally, according to the latest official government figures, Seattle is the healthiest large city in America.

Good accommodations everywhere and a wholehearted welcome.

The latchstring's out—come direct to the Chamber's tourist information bureau—702 Third Avenue.

Low summer rail rates and a trip through wonderland en route to the motorist. You will be surprised at the comparative inexpensiveness of the whole thing.

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SEATTLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE—910 Arctic Building, Seattle, Washington

## SEATTLE—*Center of America's Summer Playground*

Section of Seattle's Wonderful Harbor and the Pacific Fleet


(Continued from Page 54)

green leaves and branches of firs that waved in the breeze from the open windows.

"This is the place to talk," said Jacie, and she settled herself in one of the beautiful chairs, her little feet crossed, her bobbed head against the dark wood, and gestured towards the bell. Jacie certainly was growing up.

I rang it as she wished, although I had no belief that it would bring any reply. I'd rung bells too often in Holmedene to have any belief in their potency. But almost as if the summons had been expected, the door opened quietly and a trim and well-trained parlor maid appeared, her eyes on Jacie's face.

"You rang, Miss Jacqueline?"

"Yes; tea, please, Katy."

One did not need to hide things from Jacie. In fact, it would have been difficult; her great eyes saw too much. She glanced over at me demurely, then at the sight of my amazement she laughed right out.

"Oh, Lutie, if you could see how funny you look! I know it's queer to see a maid look as she should look, in Holmedene. I have to pinch myself to know it's real, and I want to vanish—before it ends."

"Ends?"

"Your voice sounds disappointed; but, Lutie, you aren't so credulous as that, are you? I mean, you don't think this state of affairs could last, here?" She waved her hand vaguely about at the dimly lovely room, the air of calm and repose; and I knew that I was supposed to remember, too, the veranda and the hall, the utter change that had been made in the whole aspect of the old place.

"Why not?"

She got up and came over to me, sitting on the arm of my chair. I wanted to put my arm about her to steady her, as I had so often done in the past; but I couldn't, somehow, for Jacie wasn't just a little girl any more. She looked down at me seriously.

"Well, the girls; you know, they won't let it! Oh" she made a gesture of utter loyalty, her little face alight with affection—"it isn't that they don't like it. Fanella and Frances are crazy about it. Even Chloe says that the house isn't the same; and Vic—Vicky's splendid. She admits that I have talent for doing this sort of thing. But to keep the thing going here—well, it simply takes all one's time; and much as I love my home, Uncle Lute, I want to be able to—to express myself in some way that is less—strenuous."

She grinned her little-boy grin that was so expressive, and I patted her hand awkwardly.

"What do you mean, Jacie?"

Her eyes were far away, seeing things—I did not quite know what. She turned to me quietly, another Jacie in an instant.

"That was what I wanted to talk to you about, Lute. Mother and the girls will let me do what you say—I had to get you on my side. You know what they have always said—about my finding myself?"

"Yes; and the joke we made of it, you and I."

"H'm, so we did," she laughed out. "But the queer thing is, that I think I have. I want to go away, Uncle Lute, and open up a little shop for myself—interior decorating, you know. Don't you think that is artistic enough, even for a—a Stanton?"

"I should say so," I said heartily.

It really seemed to me a bully idea. Jacie would be on her feet at last. If she could do a thing like this, make over Holmedene, why shouldn't she make a success of other persons' houses? I grew quite enthusiastic, thinking it over.

The maid came in with the tea. It was all done beautifully; and Jacie, sitting there in her overalls, utterly oblivious of her appearance, served me with an excellent appreciation of what it all meant. We had an awfully decent time, discussing her plans.

"You see, I have a little money," said Jacie quietly. "Only five hundred dollars, but it ought to start me. The thing is, I can't get the others to see it; and they feel—of course they are too nice to say so, Uncle Lute, but I know they think it—that this money was given to me by them and I ought not to spend it on something they do not approve."

I felt a bit hot.

"Jacie, you know—I have so much—you can have what money you want."

The color flooded her face.

"Oh, no! You're a darling, but I—I couldn't do that, Uncle Lute." She wriggled. "But this five hundred—I saved it. Your birthday presents, and mother's, and then the girls have been awfully generous to me, and I thought I might need it some day. But when I speak of using it they all have something to say." She began to laugh. "Yet if I had spent it all as it came, ten and twenty and fifty dollars at a time, no one would have said a thing."

Well, that was right, I reflected. Families were queer; you couldn't tell how they'd act collectively. Jacie was the dull little sister, to them, and they wanted to protect her. "Better keep your money in the bank, Jacie darling; if you want a little to spend ——" They were generous, all the girls; that was a fact. The love that ran like a thread through the Stanton family was a beautiful thing. You couldn't say anything to them, when they meant to be so kind. Jacie found it stifling, I knew.

"Uncle Lute," she exclaimed with energy, "even if I fail, I feel as if I must get out on my own."

"I don't see why they should object, my dear."

"They don't really see why themselves; they just do," said Jacie mournfully, and then she uncurled herself swiftly from her position at the tea table and came to her feet in one movement.

"Here's Fanny," she said breathlessly. "She'll be so annoyed if she knows I've been sitting here like this!" And for the first time she seemed to be aware of her overalls. "Not a word about all this, though!" she called to me over her shoulder; and minus one little shoe, she sped from the room and up the stairs. I could hear her in the room above, hurrying about like a frisky rabbit.

Fanella walked across the lawn, came into the living room from the veranda, said hello to me with evident pleasure, and, kicking her sister's slipper to one side, sat down on the davenport.

She was so handsome that she almost took my breath away. It was nearly a year since I had seen any of the girls, and I hadn't been prepared for their increasing beauty. I'd told Jacie that she had grown pretty, but she did not begin to compare with Fanella; and presently, when Jacie slipped into the room in her old demure fashion, I should almost have thought that the alive, vital girl I had seen earlier was a figment of my imagination, if it had not been for the impertinent little wink she tipped over to me with the aid of eyebrows, eyes and one deep-dented dimple.

"It's awfully decent of you to come, Uncle Luke," Fanella was saying; "and mamma told me—It was too bad of her to ask you to walk up. I came by trolley to the crossroads, and I'm nearly dead. Kitten" she turned to Jacie—"can't we have some more tea? I'm dying for a cup."

"Has Jacie told you what she is doing?" she asked me.

An agonized expression of caution flitted across Jacie's face; she shook her head at me behind her sister's back.

"What is it?" I said, with the interest Fanella expected. "Discovered some unexpected talent? Looks like it, with the—the scheme of decorating."

Fanella smiled tolerantly; uncles had to have their little jokes.

"Oh, as to that," she said, "we do think Jacie has done well by the old place; but, of course, she's been trained ——"

Reassured by my private signal, Jacie had departed to the kitchen. Fanella, however, lowered her voice so that the whisper of disapproval should not reach her little sister's ears. Whatever one might feel about the girls, they were loyalty itself.

"No-o," said Fanella, "not a talent exactly; but mamma felt—we all did—that there was one thing open to Jacie that she really might do, because it can be learned, you see; it doesn't depend on a definite artistic sense."

I gaped at her, wondering if I heard aright. But, yes, Fanny was expressing herself clearly. She simply had no idea that decorating—as Jacie had planned and put it through at Holmedene, for example—was an art. I have noticed that sometimes about artistic workers; they are very obtuse about the creations of others. Though it seemed unbelievable, in a way, Fanny's competent, kindly voice said crisply:

"Jacie has been with a firm of interior decorators in New York for the past six months, learning the work; and now they've offered her a good position, permanently. Of course, we are all delighted."

I groaned inwardly. That was why they had been opposing her wish to work for

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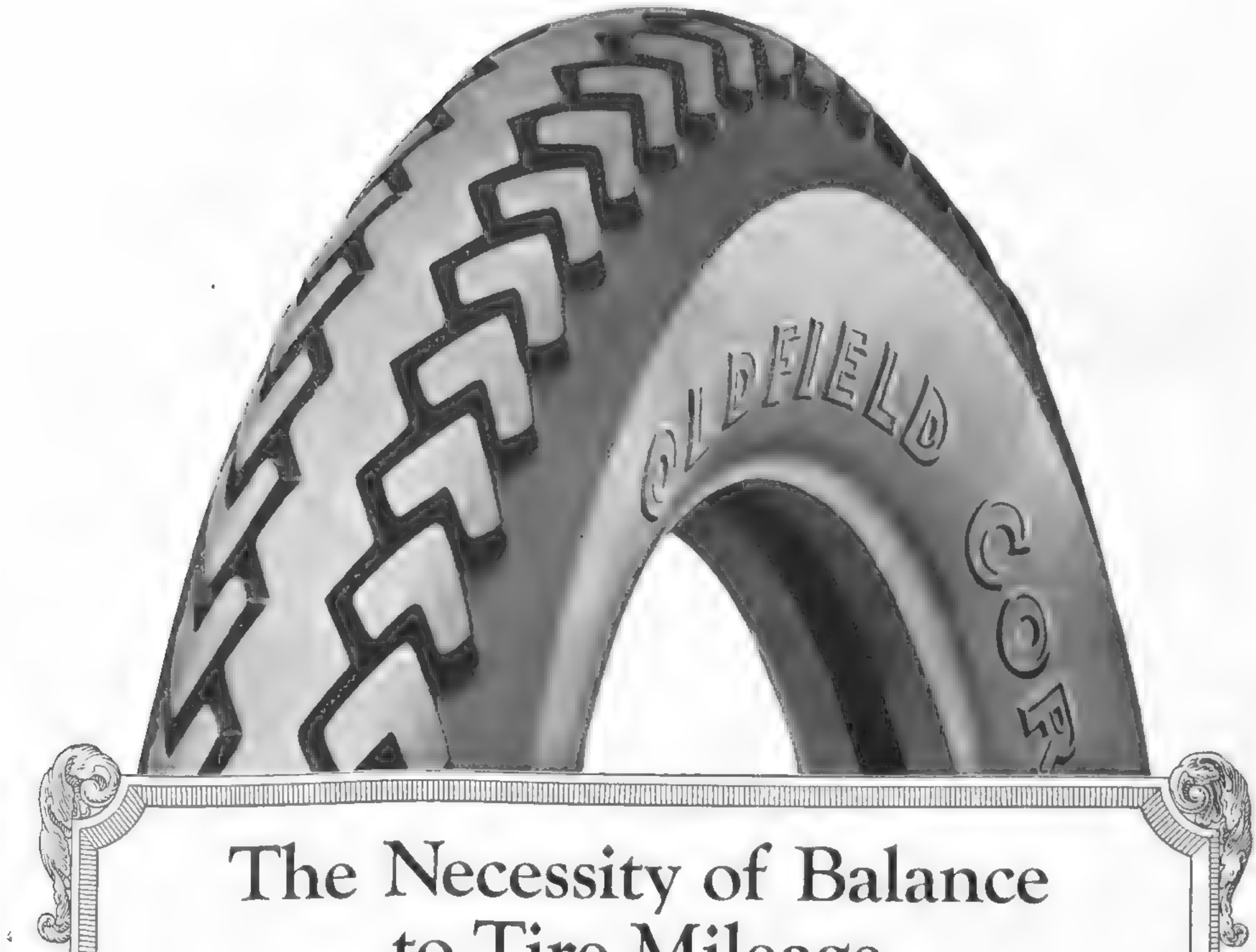


# The Necessity of Balance to Tire Mileage

The consistency of Oldfield Cord performance gives rise to the question as to how their high uniform mileage is secured.

The principle of exact balance is largely responsible. Years of practical experiment under the hardest tests of driving are back of the present construction employed in Oldfield Cords.

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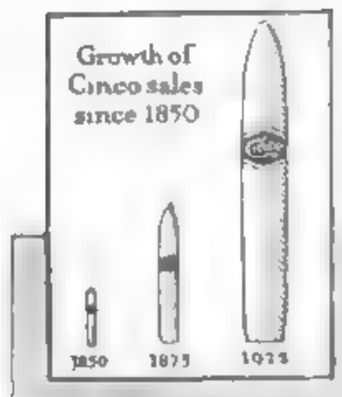


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(Continued from Page 56)

herself, of course. Poor little Jacie, why couldn't they let her try her wings? They might not carry her, of course—wings were unsatisfactory sometimes in a world designed for feet—but at least she'd make her own mistakes; the ineffable privilege.

The fresh tea coming at that instant, I had no need to say this. Jacie spoke of herself after a time, asking me if I knew the firm of Hoeffer & Runciman.

"They get a frightful price for their work," she added. "I don't see how they have the nerve to ask it."

"Listen to the child!" said Fanella languidly. "They are artists, love; and, of course, people have to pay for their knowledge."

"Artists!" said Jacqueline. "Pooh! Mr. Hoeffer was a paper hanger only ten years ago; he told me so himself! He did some work for daddy."

Fanella, with a pained expression, changed the subject. Jacie had always possessed a vein of frankness that was painful to her immediate family.

Presently the other girls came home, crowding about me. I basked in their affection. Jacie was lost amongst them, yet her little shining head was effective amongst all their beauty, and I found myself listening for her voice.

Victoria commandeered me after breakfast the next morning and asked me really anxiously what I thought about Jacie and the firm of Hoeffer & Runciman.

"That's what I wanted your advice about, Luke. I wish you'd drop in and have a look at the child at work. Mr Hoeffer knew dear Archie, and took Jacie on that account; and the darling child ought to be able to do well, don't you think? But, of course, I want her to be happy ——" Even though she broke off without finishing her sentence, I found myself admiring Victoria. She was so much more the mother and less the artistic *poseuse* than I had ever known her. "You see," she went on, "Jacie isn't—isn't ——"

"She is different from the rest, Victoria; but she has her head screwed on right, I am sure."

"Oh, yes, Luke, she has, indeed! She's like her father; you yourself must see that. I have always believed that Jacie would find herself."

I was able to speak with conviction, remembering the expression on her small face when she pledged me to secrecy about her ambitions.

"I am sure she will, Victoria; sooner than we think, perhaps."

I was curious about Jacie's work myself, and that afternoon when my car arrived, I ran into New York for the purpose of bringing her back from Hoeffer & Runciman's. It was an imposing place, done in grays and blues; nothing very original about it, but everything in excellent taste.

Jacie was in the office at the back of the showroom, talking to Mr. Hoeffer. She introduced us. Mr. Hoeffer looked at me with interest.

"I knew your brother, sir," he said; "and I feel as if I knew you too." He turned to Jacie. "Miss Jacqueline is very determined," he said. "When she studies something she studies hard. We'd like to keep her here; she has talent."

"It's so silly," Jacie said, "making over houses for people who don't want homes. Why, Mr. Hoeffer, if I had a house of my own, do you think I'd let you come in and make over all my darling rooms into something strange I hadn't thought about, I hadn't made? People who go away and give you carte blanche to make their houses over ——" She swept them out of her thoughts by a gesture. "I want to decorate with people who have homes—not for them."

She sounded very much in earnest. Mr. Hoeffer laughed an indulgent, elderly laugh.

"If you're going on that errand, Miss Jacqueline, perhaps Mr. Stanton will talk to me until you get back."

She caught up her hat and I called to her to take the car. As she left the store Benjamin Hoeffer's eyes became keen. He scrutinized me in silence for a minute.

"Look here, Mr. Stanton!" he said suddenly, and his voice took on a note of decisive authority. "I know your little niece's family, and I know what she is up against at home. Lord, what a place!" He said this to himself rather than to me, his eyes introspective. "She will never make an ordinary decorator; she can't bluff enough. She has insight, imagination; she's interested in painting pictures with fabrics and tints and rugs and furniture, which isn't what decorating, in a business way, means. I'm a business man. Lots of money in it if you handle the thing right; I know all about that too." He smiled, and I remembered what Jacie had said about him. "Jacqueline would waste money for us, but I wasn't thinking of that so much—I knew I could do better for her than someone who hadn't known Archie.

"I tell you, Mr. Luke, a whiter man than Archibald Stanton never lived. From the first minute I saw Jacie—now she's grown up—I knew she was her dad over again. Never had much use for the madam, if the truth is told; yet she's done wonders for the other girls. But Jacie, now, she's different. What she wanted when she came to me was moral support in trying to live her own life. I thought I'd help. I looked for a nice likely young fellow I guessed would fall for her right away. I couldn't see her in any other way than in her own home.

"Then I got to thinking—that would never fix it. That family of hers, darn 'em—not that I've anything against the girls; lovely girls, and clever, too; I'm not denying that—but they'd never leave her alone if she just married. They'd always be in her home, one or another of 'em, leaving things about, trying to make her over to their untidy pattern. You ever thought," he said, "how all the stories have it about the artistic one in a commonplace family? I tell you it's a durned sight worse to be the methodical one when all the rest despise even the word; and there's no fine art without method—that's right, ain't it?" He dropped, unconsciously in his earnestness, into a former method of speech.

I nodded; I couldn't speak or I should have laughed at the uncanny way he had it all figured out.

"So I came to the conclusion that just getting her a fine young fellow to fall in love with wasn't going to be enough. If Jacie was to be happy—she'd have to do somepin' to show 'em, show her family she's got brains or somepin'. She'd have to—to—what is it her ma is always saying?"

"Find herself," I suggested.

"Sure, that's it! Well, for the sake of argyment, we'll use it; Jacie'd have to find herself. Gosh-darn, I'd no idea how to make that happen! Then one day a customer came in who wanted something different from the usual run, and I sent Jacie out to the house with her. The idea was to look things over and report. Well, sir, she didn't come back, and that evening the customer called up, and gosh-darn if she hadn't tears in her voice! Jacqueline, according to her, was a genius. Nothing else would do. She'd made the house over already into what the woman wanted. It wasn't any job, Jacie told me when she came back the next day, and took me to see the place. Lovely—she'd put charm into it. That's awful difficult to do, speaking in general. But, of course, you'll see the point—it only took one day—we couldn't charge much.

"All the same," he went on after a minute, "she's worth her weight in gold, because she—well, genius is just as good a word as any, I guess, and I can keep an eye on the bills myself. But—Jacie doesn't want to come to us, tie herself down. She wants to work independently."

My thoughts switched to Greg.

"How about the young man?" I said, tingling.

Mr. Hoeffer laughed.

"Well, I made a mistake there," he admitted. "He got married last week. Thought Jacie an awfully nice girl, he told me, but said she'd got too much pep. Maybe he'll change his tune in a year or two, he picked up one of the languid kind."

He grinned over it introspectively. I recovered from the sick sensation that had attacked me. Little Jacie married to a young vandal like that! Greg, now—Greg would be different. I had a picture of the two of them together. A fine pair—wasn't that the phrase?

Inspiration came to me suddenly. I told Mr. Hoeffer I had remembered an errand. I'd go back to Holmedene by train, if he'd be good enough to ask Jacie to ride home in the car. Then I hurried over to the Ritz and telephoned Isabel.

The perfect satisfactoriness of a charming woman! Isabel was delighted; she promised me a letter of invitation for Jacqueline. Already, so her bubbling voice informed me over the wire, she had schemes for making my dream for Jacie and Greg come true. I was not to worry, just leave it all to her. She had the most absolutely

(Continued on Page 60)

# *The importance of* ONE SHORT WORD!

IN every home, there is a daily need for certain household products. Upon the purity and reliability of such products may depend the health of your family. Unless these are of the correct standards of purity they may be more harmful than beneficial.

Your protection lies in remembering *one word* whenever you buy articles for your medicine cabinet. *That one word is* "SQUIBB."

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In most drug stores you will find Squibb Sections, similar to the one illustrated on this page. These sections are devoted to Squibb Products, every one of which is made to conform to the highest professional standard.

You will prefer to make your purchases from the Squibb Section when once you have compared Squibb Products with ordinary products. For instance, Squibb's Epsom Salt is more agreeable to take, due to its freedom from impurities.

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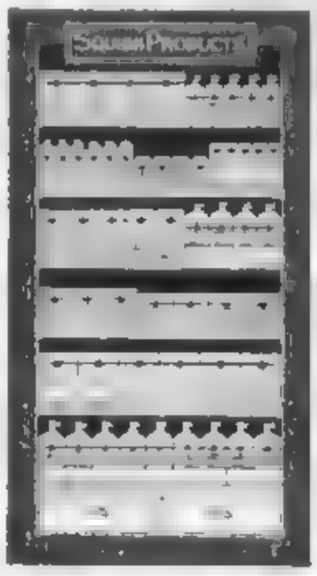

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# Don't 'Kid' Yourself About Static!

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Work at full efficiency day after day with only occasional recharging;

Permit quick and easy adjustment to any desired voltage;

Make the inside of every cell visible at all times, glass tubes being used instead of rubber jars,

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# Willard Storage Batteries for Radio


(Continued from Page 58)

capable way of taking the place of fate. I was utterly relieved.

A quiet talk with Victoria that evening made the way smoother than ever. She knew Isabel by reputation, as the rest of the world did. And no mother, I suppose, could fail to be pleased at the idea of a young man like Greg—handsome and cultured and a gentleman, with several millions in his own right—falling in love with her daughter. She alarmed me, however, by a tentative question.

"Luke, of course, I want the best for all my girls. I love each one with the same devotion. But perhaps, if it comes to attracting a young man, isn't Chloe ——"

"No," I told her brutally; "Jacie is the one for Greg. Jacie"—even as I said it I felt disloyal at the admittance—"Jacie may not be so beautiful, but the gods endowed her with charm."

Victoria sighed elaborately. She had some worldly wisdom.

"I know, Luke; but Greg is a young man, you tell me; the young look for beauty first. Now, a man of your own age ——"

Her mild eyes gazed at me reflectively. I have to admit I was rude. I snapped at her.

"We are talking of Gregory," I said; "I shall never marry."

Victoria sighed as she left me. I puzzled over that. Still, we understood each other. When Isabel's letter reached me the next day I read it, laughing. It said:

*My dear Luke:* I remember that you have a niece named Jacqueline. I have been wondering if she won't take pity on a bored old woman and come and spend a few weeks with me here, sans ceremony. I can offer her a private swimming pool and a cool breeze. If these are not inducements in hot weather, I can think of no others. Pray use your influence. Youth is the only panacea for age; if one can't get it for oneself, then one tries to anchor it vicariously.

Gratefully your friend,
ISABEL DE HAUTE DICKINSON.

From the living room below came the sound of ardent discussion. I could hear Victorine's voice:

"But listen, baby darling; you simply can't go away like that!"

"And leave us all!" put in Frances in an injured voice.

"Now, too, just when you have a chance really to do something—something fit for a Stanton," said Chloe's soft drawl. "Hoeffer & Runciman is a firm with a reputation —— "

"Oh!" I heard Jacie's voice rise. "You don't know how I feel about it, or you wouldn't ——"

She threw open the door, came rushing up the stairs. I heard Fanella whistle as the door banged shut, but it was easy to step casually from my room to intercept the flying figure of the youngest of the family.

"Look here, Jacie," I said casually, pretending not to notice that she was disturbed, "what would you say to going down to stay with Madame Isabel until the first storm's blown over here? If you are not at home I think I can manage them, and you'll be enjoying yourself."

I took out Isabel's letter and handed it to her. Jacie recovered from her excitement and laughed with me at the letter.

"She's a real character, isn't she?" she said.

Her color rose and she lifted eyes of shadowed violet to me there by the window, so that somehow I caught my breath. The child was beautiful; but beyond that there was something so appealing, so incomparably different.

I realized suddenly that I was doing something I disliked in staying on at Holmedene without Jacie.

I saw her off the next day with a pain in my heart. I really wasn't playing fair with her, for she had no idea that I had sent her to Boston to fall in love with Greg. I scowled to myself as I strode back through the crowd to get to my motor. If he wasn't good to her I'd break every bone in his body! I caught myself frowning into the mirror that had reflected Jacie's charming face less than an hour ago.

I put in five more days at Holmedene. Then I quit cold. I didn't know just what it was, whether it was the bone I found on the window seat when I was smoking after luncheon, or the fact that the competent parlor maid had given notice, that got on my nerves; but somehow I could not stand another minute of it. I resorted to a low expedient.

"Victoria," I said, crumpling the envelope of an old telegram in my hand, "I am recalled to Boston ——"

Victoria was very helpful and kind. She thanked me with tears in her eyes for my especial interest in Jacie.

"And you'll let me know, Luke, how successful our little scheme seems to be. I suppose you'll see Jacie tonight, and possibly Greg?"

"Yes," I said shortly. I hated the insinuation in her prolonged sentence.

Just as I was stepping into the car a boy came up the drive with a telegram. No fake about it this time; it was for me. Isabel had sent one of her laconic messages:

Everything goes splendidly. Your Jacie is a witch. ISABEL DE H. D.

"Not bad news, I hope, Luke?" said Victoria's voice at my elbow.

"Yes," I said, thrusting the telegram into my pocket, and then at her look of concern modified my answer slowly. "But I think I hope I can avert disaster."

Disaster! How I laughed to myself at the word! What queer quirk of thought had made me answer so strangely?

I didn't wait to go to my own home, but drove to Isabel's. The place was dark. The bell reverberated to my ring with a furious and noisy clangor.

"Madame Isabel at home?"

"Why, no, sir. She went to New York two days ago."

In a rage I tore back to the roadway and tramped along to my own home. The cheerful shining of the windows told me that someone was at home. I hurried up to the front door, knocked impatiently.

My butler's tone mollified me a little. It was plain the man was glad to see me. I smiled frostily.

"I'd like some dinner, Bains, if Mrs. Bains has such a thing."

"Mr. Trelawney is dining now, sir."

Greg! I felt delighted, strode into the dining room with a flourish.

"Greg, my dear boy —— "

"Why, hello there, Uncle Luke?"

He didn't seem to be any different. I eyed him narrowly. Did falling in love change a man? He hadn't changed at all that I could see. An ineffable sense of relief passed over me. I decided to proceed with caution. But Greg seemed not to know the word.

"Say," he said, turning sideways in his chair and lighting a cigarette as he watched me eat, "that's a sensible little girl, that niece of yours, Uncle Luke."

I looked over at him; the adjective did not seem adequate.

"Yes," he went on meditatively, puffing rings of smoke at the ceiling, "I'd have liked to see more of her. She's a real headpiece; not a bit like most of the girls nowadays. About the Leyton case, now, she gave me an idea."

"Did she, indeed?" I said, but he did not notice the sarcastic intonation.

"Yes; Madame Isabel asked me over to dine, you see, the evening she arrived. I felt a good bit bored; but I had to go, of course, because Madame Isabel's been awfully decent to me always. The girl—what is it they call her? Some outlandish name." He stopped and looked at me inquiringly.

"Miss Stanton?" I suggested, helping myself to iced pudding, which Bains was holding at a difficult angle.

Greg was not to be admonished. He laughed easily.

"Aw, come off your high horse, Luke, old thing: that sort of idea is worn out. I know her name is Jacqueline, of course; but they call her something"—he smote his forehead—"I know, Jacie. Well, Jacie was in the drawing-room, wearing a white dress with a blue sash. Pretty little bit of a thing, I thought; and we chatted. Not much to say to a young girl like that, you know. But just when the atmosphere was getting thin, Jacie said something about the Leyton case. 'I hear,' she said, 'that they've retained you to defend the poor woman in the Leyton murder trial. Madame Isabel was telling me; I was reading about it on the train yesterday.'

"Naturally, I told her a bit about it. One thing led to another—she's really most intelligent. I got to talking about the thing the district attorney's basing the prosecution on."

"Yes?" I said impatiently.

"Well, this woman Leyton, you know, is accused of having said to her mother-in-law about the cousin who was murdered: 'He makes me sick; I could kill him with an ax.'"

(Continued on Page 62)

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*Continued from Page 60)*

"Yes, yes?" I knew all about it. I wanted him to get on to Jacie.

Greg stared at me; I am not usually impatient.

"Well, the man was killed with an ax, as it happens," he said slowly; "and, of course, this Leyton woman was accused because of that sentence. I was telling Jacie about it.

"She looked thoughtful for a minute. Then she asked me something: 'Do you mean to say that they base the prosecution on a thing like that?' she said.

"'Well, when it comes to that, why shouldn't they?' I asked.

"'But of course they shouldn't!' she said indignantly; 'and if you are anything of a lawyer you'll know why if you think a minute. What sort of people are these Leytons, anyhow? Poor? Ignorant? Not careful in their choice of words?'

"'Why, no,' I said. Didn't guess what she was driving at, you see.

"She smiled at me pityingly. 'They speak pretty roughly most of the time, don't they?'

"'Of course; they are that sort.'

"'Well'—she smiled—'I was just thinking about when we were kids. We lived one summer at the seashore, and there were some children—their father was a fisherman—rough, nice-hearted people, but with the queerest choice of words. We played with them all day long on the shore. A favorite phrase of theirs was that same one they have tacked onto the Leyton woman. Even the baby used to say "I'll kill you with an ax!"'

"'You mean ——' I said.

"She nodded. 'Yes. Why don't you make inquiry, find out how often her neighbors heard the Leyton woman use that phrase—to her husband, to her babies, maybe? And she'd die to protect either of them, poor thing, if what the newspapers say is right. Now, if you can find authenticated witnesses who can testify to having heard her use that phrase frequently, don't you think it would prejudice the case for her instead of against her?'

"Well, I stared. Simple, wasn't it? But I'd never thought of it, never worked from that angle at all. I am basing the defense on that premise, really; it's going to be a cinch with the evidence I've got. I wanted to talk to Jacie about it some more."

"Well, haven't you?" I said

"Haven't I? I like that!" His tone was injured. "Madame Isabel came in at that minute, and we didn't say any more. After dinner she took us off to a show in town—not that I wanted to go, I give you my word—and we didn't get back until midnight. I made up my mind to drop over the next evening and talk some more; but Madame Isabel had taken Jacie to a dance, and the next day they went to New York. The case comes to trial on Thursday, and no one knows if she will be back."

I was puzzled, because Isabel's telegram now seemed so strange. I got a sudden idea, clapped Greg on the back.

"Well, my boy, if you want to talk it over with Jacie, suppose you go up to town with me tonight. I know where Isabel stays. We can phone and have breakfast with them in the morning."

Greg stared at me rather curiously, but he puffed a long cloud of smoke and sent it languidly towards the ceiling. I was not deceived, however; I knew when he was pleased. It gave me a real sense of triumph to be able to help the budding love affair out in this way. It really needed two, an older man and woman, to manage this thing—see that nothing went wrong with the incipient love affair, of course. Not that you'd have known how Greg felt; these young fellows of today are so very strange in matters of sentiment.

We took the Flyer, got off in New York at seven o'clock in the morning. Greg had entertained me while we were dressing with stories of Madame Isabel's exploits when she was young. He was convinced that she was sixty at least. I did not care, but it seems ungracious to question too closely the years that have passed over a charming woman's head. I told him crossly that I thought it was poor taste. He shut up instantly, but with a dark look at me. In silence we took a taxi to Isabel's hotel.

Then we had a shock. She had checked out with the young lady late last night. Greg sat down on one of the big leather lounges in the lobby and laughed until the tears came. I told him coldly that I saw nothing to laugh at, and he explained, wiping the moisture from his eyes.

"It's just the idea of our passing in the dark," he said. "They'll be home for breakfast, and we're here."

"Well," I said stiffly, "there's nothing to do but to go back, is there?"

And after breakfast we did. I don't know how Greg felt—he was busy most of the time, working up his notes on the Leyton case—but I was tired of travel when the train stopped. We drove home almost in silence, and then Greg, with a gesture of gallantry, saluted the telephone in the hall:

"Hail to you, lady! My venerable uncle will use you in a moment. Shall I get the number, Uncle Luke?"

I stalked on to the library, marched through there and out to Bains' pantry, where there is an extension phone. It had occurred to me that Isabel might invite us to dinner if she knew we were at home. I called up hurriedly.

But Isabel, it appeared, was very much occupied. She replied to me airily, put me off until tomorrow.

"Come over for luncheon, friend."

"But Greg's trial is tomorrow—the Leyton case, you know—and he wanted to consult with Jacie ——"

I felt Isabel grow dignified, standing right there at the phone. It may sound incredible, but I did. She replied loftily, as if I were a child, or talking in my dotage:

"Greg has done all the consulting with Jacie he is going to do for a bit, Luke. I—I've changed my plans for her. Come over tomorrow and hear all about it."

She rang off. I stood staring at the phone and sputtering to myself. She'd changed her plans for Jacie, indeed! She had plans—for my niece! I don't know how long I stood there staring at the instrument. I did not move until I heard Greg laughing in the distance. It seemed as if he might be laughing at me, somehow. I sneaked upstairs the back way. Bains saw me, with horror, as he came down. However, I made no explanation. I can certainly use the back stairs in my own house if I wish.

I tried to think of all the other young men in the neighborhood Isabel might suddenly have preferred to Greg. But there wasn't another to compare with him—even she must admit that. I thought, with a melancholy for which I could not account, of his personable attractiveness. I'd always been so proud of him. No girl could see him, surely, and not fall in love.

And then—with tenderness—came up that picture of my little niece as Greg had described her the other night. In white, with a blue sash—innocuous for any other girl but for Jacie, with her deep and lovely eyes, her shell-pink cheeks and her slender roundness. Sir Joshua would have craved to paint her.

It was hardly noon when I arrived at Isabel's. Greg was, of course, in court, so I was alone. Isabel never lunched until one, but that did not matter. I rang the bell importantly.

It was a warm day and the door was open. I heard the sound of many soft voices, and laughter. It sounded like a girls' school. Just as I had made up my mind to steal away until the luncheon hour, Chloe passed through the hall and saw me.

"Chloe!" I think my voice was as surprised as I felt.

"Oh, Uncle Luke!" She rushed at me with pretty demonstrativeness. She was the same breath-taking vision I always found her, and in addition her eyes were brilliant with excitement. "Isn't it marvelous about Jacie?" she said, hurrying me through the hall to the Arbor Room and calling out to the others, "Girls, here's Uncle Luke!"

I don't know why, but that "uncle" annoyed me. After all, Chloe wasn't such a child. She seemed—almost contemporary.

"Are the others here?" I said in surprise.

"Yes; Madame Isabel came to fetch us last night. She wanted us all to see what Jacie could do with the Arbor Room. We are so proud and so happy ——" She broke off to emit an ecstatic "There!" as she opened the door.

Now, no one who knows anything of Madame Isabel needs to have the Arbor Room described. It had been the inspiration of her third husband, a fussy and important old gentleman who owned, if my memory serves me rightly, a sort of chain of banks. He was enormously wealthy and considered himself a patron of the arts. Perhaps that was why he had married Isabel. The thought amused me for an instant.

He had managed to get Gollam, the mural artist, to paint heads of leering satyrs

*(Continued on Page 65)*

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# Columbia
## *New Process* RECORDS

(Continued from Page 62)

as a frieze all round the upper part of the walls. The things were frightful, but so valuable as a contribution to art that not even Isabel had the courage to obliterate them; and I think there had been something in old Dickinson's will about leaving them as they were too. Isabel, like many successful artists, had quite an idea of the value of money. Then Gollam had offered to buy back the heads, have them removed with the wall entire, since he had become so much the rage, which had encouraged Isabel in her decision to keep them, naturally. But she had confided to me that she could not use the Arbor Room, for those leering faces followed her wherever she went; and so, as her intimate friends knew very well, with all the publicity given to the place, she never used it.

Now, however, I stood on the threshold, looking in. Isabel, in a very becoming morning coat, sat on a big old sofa with her back to me. The wide French windows were open, and the view of the gardens, which had given the room its name, was mirrored softly as a background for the little group of girls. Victorine and Frances stood together, and Fanella nodded back at me as Chloe went to stand beside her, nearer Jacie, who was draping a fluttering end of silk. They were all so intent upon her work that they did not seem to think of anything else. Yet what she was doing was not unusual; she had looped silken draperies scores of times at Holmedene.

But back of all this something else came to my consciousness. This was the Arbor Room; but where were the horrid leering satyrs? I glanced up at the walls, saw them but dimly.

"Isabel!" I exclaimed in alarm.

After all, she had to live. It would be a pity to let a whim do her out of even a part of old Dickinson's money. Had she attempted anything so crazy as wiping the satyrs off the walls?

"Why, Luke!"

She held out her hand, her eyes shining. I have always admired Isabel, but I never before saw her look so beautiful.

"Look," she said with a wave of her hand, "at what your fairy of a niece has accomplished—obliterated my satyrs!"

"But how?" I gasped feebly.

She laughed and called to Jacie, and as the child floated towards me a deeper rose came to her cheeks at the exclamations of her sisters. Whole-heartedly they were admiring Jacie—not as the little sister but as the artist! I hadn't ears to listen, for Jacie was lovely, where Isabel had been merely beautiful; lovely with youth and sweetness and the ardent forces of her nature. I felt a choking sensation in my throat. But I smiled as I took Jacie's hands and turned to the other girls.

"I do wish you'd stop exclaiming and tell me what this is all about!"

"Don't you know?" said Chloe.

"It's Jacie's extraordinary development!" Vicky cried. "Mamma always said she would find herself!"

The twins opened their eyes at me widely.

"Jacie's a genius!" they said together with emphasis.

"Oh, sillies!" said Jacie happily. "It's just this rug, Lute. I had the idea of blotting out the mural decorations by putting a more brilliant rug in the same colors, you see—orange and burnt umber and scarlet and blue, all of them just a bit brighter than the paintings—on the floor. Madame Isabel said I might try, and we went to New York to buy one. It took us two days to get the exact thing—I don't know all about Oriental rugs; I am going to know some day—but we found it at last."

I looked in amazement, down, and then up. It was right, it faded out those awful heads.

"Very simple, you see," said Isabel, "as all the ideas of true genius are. In ten years from now—well, we shall all be very proud that we know Jacqueline Stanton, shan't we, my dears?"

The girls all chorused their agreement. There wasn't a bit of jealousy amongst them, and, of course, they all had their own different work; but somehow Isabel had made it apparent that what Jacie knew was more than anything one or all of them had accomplished. She was the instinctive genius; she had been searching all these years for her medium. Decorating—as Isabel spoke of it—was a thing to be done on the grand scale. She would back Jacqueline; already she had given over to her the gloomy house in the East Fifties in New York that she so seldom used, and Jacie was to have it as her headquarters. A marvelous setting, really.

"Ah," said Madame Isabel sagely, nodding her beautiful head, "you will see how very wise I am. We shall make the money on a large scale, Jacie and I; she will do the work and I shall send out the bills. You will see!"

She laughed, but she was not joking; I could see that was the program. I was so depressed that I could have gone home without a word—but for Jacie. The only ray of light was the subjugation of the other girls. Still, when they reveled in it, what was that? Somehow they'd all persuaded themselves that Jacqueline had always shown this promise. I could see a good deal of Victoria in them all.

"And your mother?" said I casually to Victorine.

She laughed.

"Dear old mums, she's wild with happiness! She stayed home to have the place set in order for Jacie. We—we have all rather kicked over the traces since you left. Mamma knew Jacie wanted Holmedene orderly, so she's directing operations."

So that was that!

Isabel drew me aside.

"Marriage," said she—"it was that you spoke of, was it not? But the little Jacie had no gifts then of which I knew; marriage was all that she had. Now that I know her to be a girl with brains, with vision, with genius ——"

She would have gone on for a long time. I nailed her down with a question.

"Do you mean that you no longer approve of Greg falling in love with Jacqueline?"

She laughed tantalizingly.

"But certainly, if that is all; for the handsome Greg to fall in love is good, good. It will teach him humility. But for Jacie—that is another thing. She has charm, and her brain it shall make her very rich. She needs the independence much, much more than the husband. Is it not so, *mon ami?* And Greg is, after all, merely a very young man."

I did not care for the emphasis she put upon "man," somehow. She seemed to consider us out of the running entirely.

I think Isabel felt the atmosphere about me, for she sighed as we went in to luncheon: "You do not care for my ideas, I fear, my kind Uncle Luke?"

"No," I told her crossly; "and I am tired of being uncled by all the girls in the world."

She raised her eyebrows.

"There is one who does not do it!" she told me. But before I had time to think that out, she looked from the window and cried "Why, here is Greg!"

All the girls turned eagerly. I couldn't believe that court could be out so soon. If a pang went through me at the sight of his handsome face and upstanding figure, I hope I was enough of a sportsman to hide it. But somehow the sun went behind the clouds for me just then as I watched Greg go over to Jacie before he greeted Isabel, and although I made myself smile, I grew cold. It wasn't like the boy to be so unmannerly. He must be very attracted by her, at least.

"I won the case," he said to her triumphantly; "due to you, of course."

Well, any girl must have liked that. She watched him with eyes that sparkled as he went round the table and begged Madame Isabel's pardon, was introduced to the other girls.

"I was all excited," he explained; "my first real case, you know, and everything; and it was a—a riot, in a way. They took pictures of the Leyton family and everything. Dramatic! Uncle Luke, the judge congratulated me!"

It was his big moment, and I should have given it to him. I hope I did, but I felt utterly weary.

"Suppose," I said in a low tone to Isabel, "that you and I go into the garden and let them talk a bit. Young things, you know, and all that."

I think the sternness of my gaze made her feel she might as well give in gracefully. She adjured Jacie gayly to show Greg the Arbor Room.

Isabel and I found a seat in the garden, a beautiful place at any other time. She sat and listened placidly to my ravings, for I admit to having been really angry, and I told Isabel what I thought.

"Jacie," I explained to her, "is just as clever and lovely as you say; but she can't be utterly independent like that; she's too little and sweet."

Isabel eyed me curiously as I talked on. She didn't agree, but she did not say I was wrong. Finally she gave a sigh, looked at me pathetically.

"Perhaps you are right, Luke; at least you have given Greg his chance now. And—that doesn't seem to make you happy, my friend."

She put one of her exquisite hands on the sleeve of my coat, looking into my face. At that instant I saw Greg and Chloe appear in the windows of the Arbor Room. Greg had called to Jacie, perhaps, for she looked out behind them. I don't know why that should have given me a chill, but something in the three young faces touched me to a dull misery. I got up, looking down at Isabel. But I couldn't say anything. What was there to say? Isabel smiled at me sadly.

"Luke," she said in a tired, suddenly old voice, "you are only thirty-nine yourself, my dear."

"Thirty-nine!" I repeated after her stupidly, staring as she went into the house.

Greg walked home with me. The girls all except Jacie—were going home that evening, and I had said good-by to them quietly. I did not notice that Greg had withdrawn into himself. Once or twice I caught him staring at me darkly, but I did not know why. In the night, tossing on my pillow, I thought that perhaps Jacie had been unkind to him. Poor boy—poor Greg!

Nothing happened for two days. Then late in the afternoon my telephone rang; Isabel was at the other end. She told me hurriedly, in a low voice, as if fearful of being overheard, that Jacie was going home. She had insisted that she must see her mother; she had been crying. Perhaps I could do something——

Jacie was alone at the station when I reached there. Her face was pale, but she smiled at me in a wan sort of way as I went up to her. I held her hand firmly in mine, looking into her eyes.

"Little Jacie," I said gently, "I want to ask you a question."

Her lips parted, the breath came hurriedly through.

"Yes, Lutie." Her tone wasn't eager, yet I felt a palpitant eagerness all round us.

"Did Greg—has Greg hurt you?"

"Greg?" She seemed surprised at the name, as if he could have no power to touch her. "Greg?" she repeated after me again, and her face paled slightly. "Do you mean what he said about—about you and Madame Isabel?"

A glimmer of light—but, no, Isabel was old enough to be my mother. Still, a long train of hints and sentences came back to me. Had that been what he'd feared—why he'd glared at me?

"What did he say?" I asked.

She shook her head, looking down at the bag she held. I saw that she would not speak; I don't think she could, for her lips were trembling.

"Jacie," I said huskily, "did you think I—wanted to marry Madame Isabel?"

She nodded, glancing sideways at me, a fragment of a look.

"Yesterday—when we were in the garden?" I said, remembering that kind touch on my arm they undoubtedly had seen.

"Yes."

"And he didn't—you don't—I mean Greg and you ——"

How hard it was to put the thing into words, the thing I had planned should happen for years and years!

"Greg?" said Jacie in surprise. "Why, Lute, he's only a boy!"

My answer may have been irrelevant, though Jacie did not seem to find it so.

"I'm not really your uncle," I said.

"No, of course not. I never," Jacie assured me urgently, "think of you like that."

"Then how do you think—of me?"

The sun had begun to shine gloriously. I had the temerity to touch her hand. She looked down, then up. The New York train came in, a man droned something about all aboard; but still we sat together on that bench. Her eyes shone—the divine look all women have in that hour when the world pauses. I caught it, trembling.

"Oh, darling," I said beneath my breath, "but I am thirty-nine! You ought to be having your—your lovely time with someone younger."

She smiled, a wise smile, strange, from curving lips and wistful violet eyes. Softly, she slipped her hand into mine.

So, simply, there wasn't any need of words; we'd begun our lovely time together.


# Watch This Column

## "Bavu"—Ever-last-ingly EXCITING!

If you enjoy mystery-plays, replete with weird happenings which fascinate and thrill you, then let me recommend "Bavu." Universal's Jewel production from the great stage play by Earl Carroll, which is not only full of mystery but likewise full of romance and the exciting incidents in Russia following the dethronement of the Czar.

FORREST STANLEY and ESTELLE TAYLOR in "BAVU."

"Bavu" has been brilliantly cast, with such excellent artists as Wallace Beery, Forrest Stanley, Estelle Taylor, Sylvia Breamer and Josef Swickard, under the direction of Stuart Paton. And the picture play has been clothed in such beauty of scene and costume that there is something worth looking at in every inch of the film.

* * *

Grace Kingsley, of the Los Angeles Times, in a pre-view at our Universal City, described "Bavu" as "a picture that is bound to create a sensation, for it keeps you glued to your seat and your eyes glued to the screen every second." As this well-known writer is not given to flights of fancy, you may take her description as utterly sincere.

* * *

"Bavu" will be playing soon at the better theatres. Please make it a point to see it, then write to me *personally* and tell me whether my recommendation is exaggerated. Tell me in detail, if you have time, what you think of the action, and the work of the principals. I'd rather have your opinion than indulge in flights of advertising rhetoric.

* * *

Incidentally, write me a letter and tell me how you liked PRISCILLA DEAN in "The Flame of Life;" what you thought about "Driven" and how Jack London's "Abysmal Brute," starring Reginald Denny, impressed you. I want to please and make you happy with our pictures, so I'll be more than happy to have your opinion.

*Carl Laemmle*

*President*

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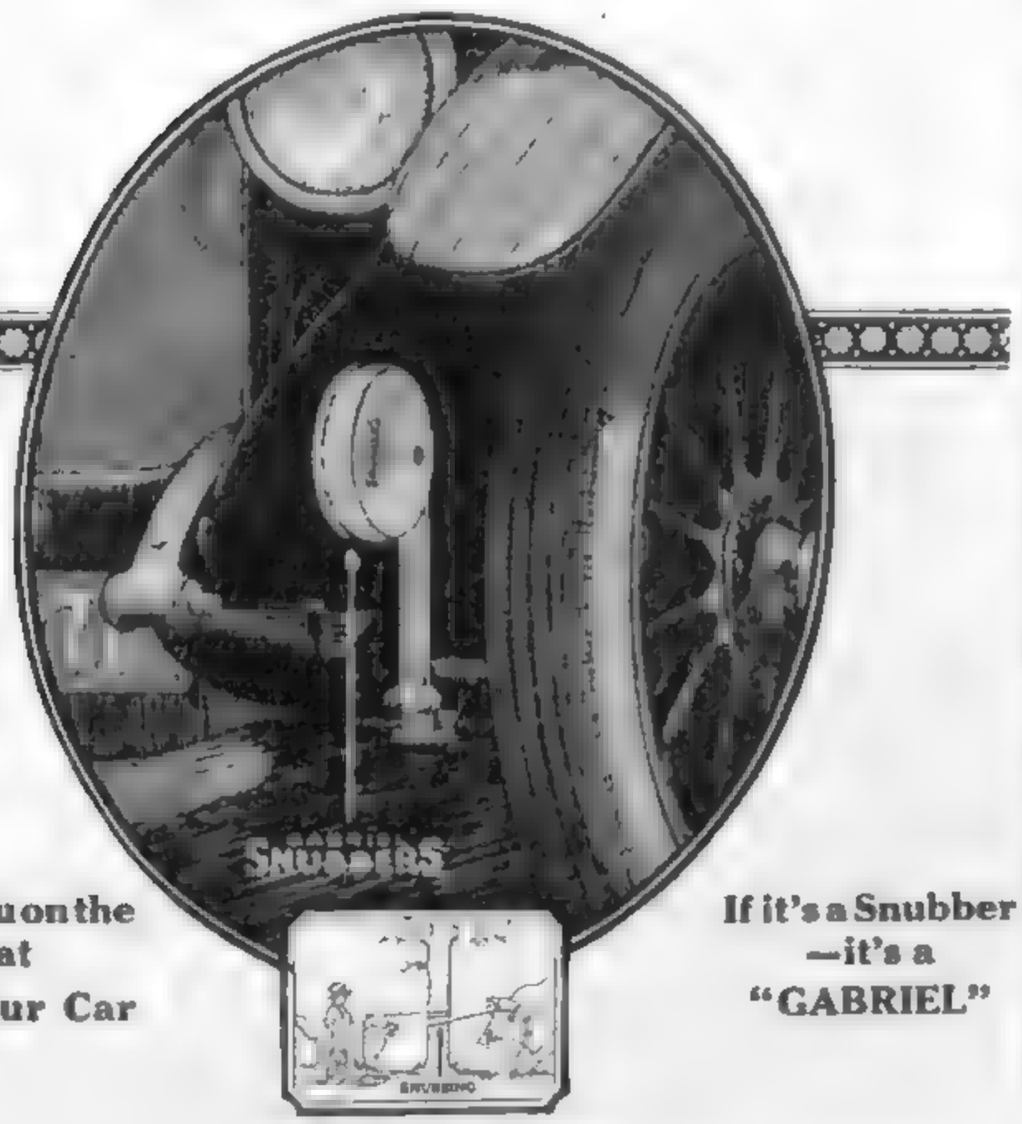

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## WHITE HEAT

(Continued from Page 7)

"Forester," Bill Gier announced, driving characteristically straight to his point, "I don't like you for a damn. I wouldn't pretend to like you if A. P. W. R. was twenty times your brother and you really were the stool pigeon that the whole gang thinks you are. But stooly or not, you're no white man. I'd like to bet you something, Forester. I'd like to bet you that the lady at the switchboard knows the difference between surplus steam blowing off a boiler and filth cooking over out of a smeary pot like the one on top of your neck."

Forester took a quick forward step that carried him from his chair to Bill's. But Bill neither moved the hands that were jammed down in his pockets nor the feet resting impudently on the mill-delay report. Only his chin tilted up a bit to meet the eyes of the man who stood over him.

"Anything you start, you know," Bill advised, "you'll have to finish."

Forester's big frame shook with rage and indecision.

"I'd be a job of work," Bill assured him.

But Forester quickly got himself in hand. He sneered down at the relaxed figure.

"If you stay like that, of course," he said.

He examined the nails of one hand meticulously. Then casually closed the fingers and turned the knuckles under his eye. With a sigh and a significant look at Gier, he put his weapons away, tucking them both down into the pockets of his coat. He spread his feet wide and rocked on his heels insolently a time or two.

"Wouldst not joust, eh?" he sneered. "Perhaps that's wise. And while you sit there sighing over your lady's voice, I'll go lay siege to her as anybody but a fathead would. Tell you about it tomorrow, Sir Percival."

But before the night was an hour older, Sir William was in the saddle.

Sir William, nursing a grouch the size of a bale of cotton, went downstairs at the end of his mill rounds that night after lunch in order to vent some of his rancor on the cupola dump—and got there just in time to see a thing as close to tragedy as events may come and yet have death avoided.

Sheer ugliness, depressing and desolate, does not always brood unquestioned ruler in that foul-vapored little Hinnom under the tapping floor. Beauty and death, side by side, as they go so often in steel, with red pennons whipping, terrible as an army with banners, make a swift quest now and then through the cupola dump.

Clang!

Word has gone down from the boss melter that he's going to drop a bottom. Number Three's hearth is burned down. Number Three's lining is thin to the danger point. Number Three's boiler-plate shell has a red spot on it as big as your head where the heat within has come through the fire-eaten masonry.

Clang!

Good thing you've scattered, you hunkies! Good thing you've set your outposts, Bukoski, to keep clear of life the space just in front of the open side of the cupola dump!

In the fire-cupped hearth of Number Three Cupola rests a half ton, more or less, of molten pig, too low in the deep-burned ganister to be drawn off at the tap hole. Above the worn hearth of Number Three there lie half-melted pigs and fire-gnawed rail ends and coke by the truckload, dulled to red incandescence by lack of air; and mixed with these is a sort of devil's marmalade of half-liquid limestone, lumpy and ropy, a fiery slime fit to fill up the long spoon with which the Old Harry is fed; all this the residue that remains when the last heat is tapped and the blast shut off and big Lloyd Evan, first melter, sends word down below that the bottom is going to be dropped.

And now the ominous clash of steel on steel tells that the heavy prop which holds up the huge-hinged semicircular drop doors is being knocked out from under the bottom of Number Three. Back of a thick brick wall Lloyd Evan and two or three other huskies have hold of a long steel bar and they are shooting it through a small hole in the protecting masonry and hammering it like a battering ram against the strong prop.

Clang! The third blow has landed. Heads up in the hole!

A little dinkey, importance sketched in every hobbyhorse lurch and spoken in every clank of its rackety rods, comes bustling pompously out of the dusk of the yard and steams down the track that runs close along the open side of the cupola dump.

"Chuvice! Hey, Pete! Vatch! Checki! Stop li'l' bit! Noomer T'ree gon drop!"

Chuvice my eye, Sandor old outpost! Chuvice yourself li'l' bit or you'll get run down. Don't you know that the pourers are yelling for molds? Pete yanks her wide open and dashes past, unceremoniously shoving his single file of absurdly dignified molds ahead of him into the mill and banging them to place at the foot of the pouring platform.

Chuvice my eye is right! A man's got to take a chance, with the whole world bawling for steel and the old mill record due for a bump this month.

Maybe so. But there's surely no reason why any young gentleman showing a lady the terrific beauty of the mills at night should take such risks. Dinkey engines may burst through the cordon where Alexandor Kovarbatizski stands guard. Dinkey engines are aboon the might of Sandor

(Continued on Page 69)

*In the Valley of the Kings, Egypt—Three Colossal Ram-Headed Sphinxes Along the Mile of Paved Way From Karnak to Luxor. Built About 1800 B. C.*

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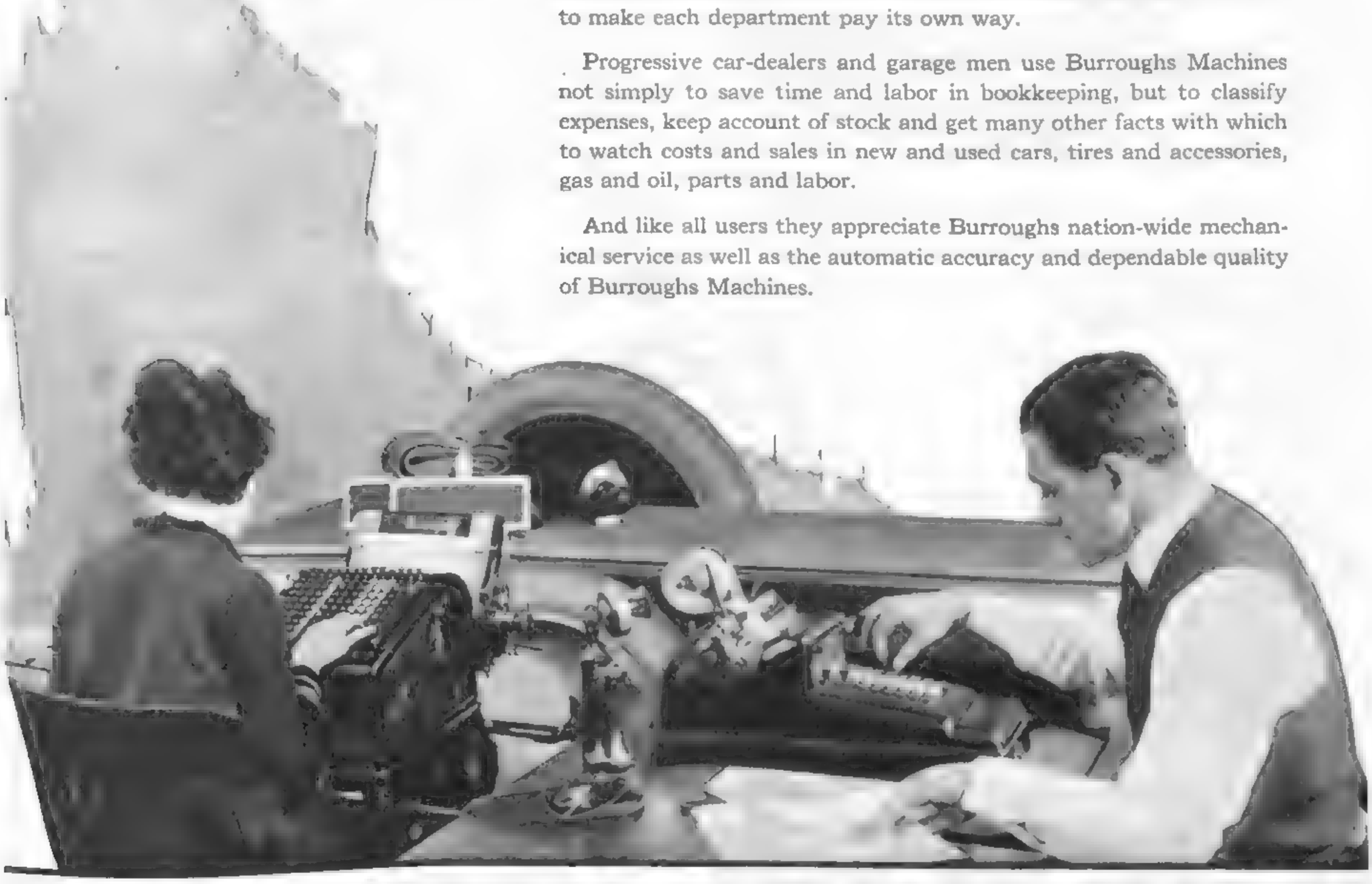

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FITS YOUR TRAVELING CASE

THERE has been a steadily increasing demand for this smaller tube of Mennen Shaving Cream.

Of course the economy of our giant size, 50 cent tube, has been appreciated for home use, but it *is* a bit bulky for a traveling case. So we are now putting up Mennen's in two sizes, the larger retailing for 50 cents for home use and the traveling size for 35 cents.

These are the reasons why over two million men use Mennen's every morning.

Your beard is softened so thoroughly that it comes off gently, quickly and smoothly.

Skin conditioned with Mennen's enjoys radiant health. It never smarts, itches or becomes sensitive. The lather is firm, creamy and never dries on the face. It doesn't have to be rubbed in with fingers.

The lather is always the same whether you use hot or cold water—soft or hard.

The Cream contains Boro-glycerine, a soothing, healing emollient which softens and relaxes skin tissues and provides a mildly antiseptic protection.

Jim Henry makes you a fair proposition in his column. Why not take him up?

## Jim Henry's Column

### Try Mennen's for a week

Ten years of amateur ad writing has taught me that there is only one sure way to sell Mennen Shaving Cream.

That way is to get a man to try it. I have known men who preferred some other soap to Mennen's but invariably the fact developed that they had never actually shaved with Mennen's.

Just like me. I rather pride myself on liking tennis better than golf—but I haven't taken up golf as yet.

Of course I shall appreciate highly the favor you will be doing me by trying Mennen's, but after all, will the benefit be wholly one-sided if you discover that Mennen's softens your beard more thoroughly than it ever was before and that your skin is more healthy and comfortable?

Here is my offer.

Buy a tube at any drug store. Shave with Mennen's for a week. If your verdict is that Mennen's is the finest shaving cream you ever used—keep the tube. If contrary minded, send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

*Jim Henry*
*(Mennen Salesman)*

THE MENNEN COMPANY
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MENNEN

(Continued from Page 66)

'Batizski. But fool young swains are not. Fool young swains that come striding out of the half gloom of the yard toward the flare of the Bessemer mill, oblivious of danger, oblivious of all matters save the ladies on their arms, are going to be stopped. Mr. Kovarbatizski interposed a hundred and ninety-odd pounds of solid Slav meat between a young swain, his lady and danger.

"Vatch!" Mr. Kovarbatizski admonished. "Chuvice! Noomer T'ree com'n down dis time!"

But the fact that Number Three was about to come down made no never minds in the life of Mr. Armand Forester. Among numerous other vital things that Armand had missed seeing in his casual peregrinations about Susquehanna Steel was a cupola drop. With an imperial gesture such as the young captain of industry uses to impress the gentler sex, Armand swept Mr. 'Batizski aside. But Mr. 'Batizski, it seemed, had something of urgency to impart. He hastily clumped around in front of the advancing pair and again made protest.

"Chuvice!" advised Mr. 'Batiz'. "Vatch! Noomer T'ree com'n down dis time!"

Not much variety of expression; not much elucidation of dangers impending, to be sure; but at that Mr. 'Batizski's vocabulary had gone its limit. And again, more roughly this time, he was flung out of the way.

Sandor looked after the couple motionlessly for a moment, not knowing just what to do next. He had his own personal reasons for not wishing to approach the cupola dump any closer just at the present. Already the third ring of the ram against the prop under Number Three had reverberated on his apprehensive ears.

Clang!

The fourth blow fell, and simultaneously our old friend Sandor went into chivalrous action. He took a swift step toward the pair strolling into peril just ahead of him, and circling one thick arm about a waist more slender and supple than any it had ever infolded before, he swung the lady off her feet, tucked her under his biceps and beat it. Ten paces off a rough hand caught him by the shoulder and whirled him about, and the slim waist was snatched out of an appreciative embrace.

"You dirty guinea!" said a harsh voice. "Laying your hands on a lady! I'll teach you!"

Fate, it appeared, was to lend a heroic glamour to Mr. Forester's swaining. Kovarbatizski reeled suddenly backward, his mouth squirting blood. His heels hit a cross tie and down he went.

Clang!

There came a shriek of dry hinges, a mighty crack as unsupported masonry let go. Kovarbatizski threw back his hands, but he hit earth hard. His head thumped sickeningly on a rail, and just as the lights went out in his world Number Three's bottom came down with a half-ton terrible splash!

A bright flower, with petals and stamens of molten slag and iron, bloomed hugely a moment on the floor of the dump. The girl shrank back in terror. Fresh air swept into the shower of glowing coke and a wicked burst of flame suddenly filled the black cellar toward which the lady and her swain had been walking. A wave of heat smote her as long red tongues thrust out beneath the ceiling of the dump and licked up twenty feet along the corrugated-iron sides of the building above. The lady cowered and put up both hands to shield her face.

So it happened that Bill Gier did not see her features. Nor was he sure that he recognized the voice that rose in a little scream as he took her escort by the arm and jerked him so fiercely about that he stumbled and sprawled ignominiously on the greasy ties that spanned from rail to rail where the Lithuanian had just gone down. Sir William, gentle reader, rideth amain.

"Forester," quoth Sir Bill, "if any laborers are to be knocked kicking around this mill, I'm the boy to knock 'em. You were headed for a short cut through that cellar; and your life and the girl's, ten-to-one shot, were saved by that hunky lying there. Are you ready to take it, you yellow-backed strength parader?"

Forester was not lacking in animal courage. Eyes phosphorescent in the darkness that fell when the light of the drop flames went dim, he sprang to his feet with a cat's stealthy grace. He was ready to take it. A sudden lithe leap said so. But he leaped headlong. Shamed to agony by the turn of affairs, hate governed him as he leaped. He had flung aside feline caution. And so he took it.

With an instantaneous use of that directness of action, that split-second leaping to the work at hand without any finesse whatsoever that had given him his gridiron nickname, War-Horse Bill Gier harshly wiped out that panther attack fair in mid-air. No Cape buffalo ever more quickly abolished the spring of a tiger. Gier's method was awkward, uncouth. He put his two fists together, thumb to thumb, and straightened out both arms at once. Two or three feet off the ground, Forester's leap came to an end. He hung by his chin for a second on the end of that double ram. So had come to an end one day the career of a long-cleated hurdler in maroon, who, leaping feet first over the seal-brown line a play or two before, had torn bare the cheek bone and broken flat the nose of one of Bill's brothers on the second line of defense. One of Forester's fists, seeking the head tucked down between Gier's arms, glanced wickedly off the back of a concrete-hard skull. Then Gier lowered his arms and dropped to a knee and gathered up the limp bulk of the Slav. As though someone had cut a supporting rope, the body of Forester dropped, hit earth feet first and crumpled up like a damp dish towel between the tracks.

"Me, I kill dot fellow!" were the first words of Kovarbatizski when he opened his eyes.

But there was no one near him waiting destruction. Only his boss, who stood and grinned at him and clapped him on the shoulder; and his mates of the dump, who stamped about, their usual calm dissolved in wild hand wavings and ominous jabberings whose import would have caused Bill Gier to forget his animosity toward Forester had Bill understood more than a scant dozen Lithuanian words.

On the neatly swept steel plates that made a roof for the squalid cellar below—on the cupola-tapping floor at Susky Steel—Mr. Lloyd Evan, bearded and huge, plied his trade. Looking at the mere printed word, you might think that Mr. Lloyd Evan carried a mighty unsuitable name for a wire-haired cupola melter. Judging from the looks of that name, you could not be blamed for thinking the gentleman who owned it a minister of the gospel. There is something ministerial also in the sound of it—that is, on your tongue or mine. But not if you heard Lloyd Evan himself pronounce it. Mr. Evan, as you may have guessed, depending on whether or not the sturdy race of Owen Glendower holds a place in your love for fighting men, was a Cousin Jack. Not Cousin Jack in the strict Cornish sense, but in the broader application of those in this country who cannot readily distinguish between clans with so many traits in common as the men from Land's End and from Wales. And if you've ever heard Cousin Jack take that initial double L of his between his tongue and the roof of his mouth and explode it, you'd never class Lloyd as the name for a minister's son. It is said that the only way an outlander can pronounce the Cymric Ll is to take a bowlful of hot stirabout and try to down it all at a gulp, and then as you strangle to death, say it. But we doubt that. You've got to take the tip of your tongue at the roots of your upper front teeth, and the sides of your tongue pressed against your cheeks, and you've got to get a hiss, and the "th" sound, and three pounds of saliva into it; meanwhile keeping the small "l" silent as in the word hootinanny—and it can't be done except by a Cambrian.

One of the old school was Lloyd. An iron man all ways. Five feet thirteen in his socks, when he wore 'em, and a hundred and ninety-nine pounds sixteen ounces, sober or drunk—and drunk every pay day, regular. He was famed far and wide for the way he could carry his load; and there was only one way in which to gauge the contents of his tank, and that was by the number of vessel men he licked. Good-natured every sober hour of his life, he was just as good-natured with scuppers awash; but when properly lubricated the urge came upon him to seek out the most likely foeman or foemen and try issues with him or them. In order to sober up satisfactorily, so as to start the new week aright, old Jack Cornlikker must needs be sweated out in terrific encounter. Down the line Lloyd Evan would go. And if the vessel men, scenting his battle breath afar, took to the crane girders, then the rail-mill

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hands must suffer. Somebody had to be licked—and it wasn't Lloyd Evan.

Bill Gier, you may be sure, burned many a stick of joss at this Cymric shrine. Out of the coal pits and iron foundries of Southern Wales had come a deity for Bill Gier's worship: a great, bearded, wine-gulping, mutton-feeding pagan god; a Vulcan; a Thor. Bill loved him.

"Lloyd," said Bill, "if you'd stop getting soused the world would lose the best free-for-all, no-holds-barred artist produced up to this time, and I'd mourn the loss more than any man. But the world would gain its best mill superintendent. Why, Lloyd, knowing what you know about steel and steel men, there's no guessing how far past super you'd go! Why don't you hop on the wagon?"

Lloyd looked at the lad before him and grinned very slyly.

"Off me, Bill, with that pure-water talk," he said. "That stuff's all right for garden hoses, but it's no good for the guts of man. You can't fight on it. I tried it once and got licked. Never no more! With old Tom Gin on my side, I've never been downed. Think I'd go back on a buddy like that?"

And so, at last, when a great light suddenly dawned on Bill one night as he stood at the cupola dump and looked at the hopeless mess piled up to the roof, it was natural that he should go at once with his scheme to Lloyd Evan.

If men could not work in that hole, why worry with men? If you drop molten slag into water it granulates; breaks up into flakes, into foam, into fairy bubbles of iridescent glass, so light that much of it will actually float. Bill had a scheme. If it wouldn't work, Lloyd Evan would know it.

But it would work! By gosh, it would work! Lloyd Evan said it would work, and what Lloyd Evan said about an iron cupola was gospel. The world, then, was licked. There was only to get this idea on paper, in lines and dimensions, in dollars and cents, to show to the boss. But before this, wouldn't it be best to go tell some telephone transmitter all about it? It would!

"Atta old kid, Bill," came a distracting commendation when Bill got through explaining it all. "Brains you gottit, Melchizedek—brains!"

"Don't josh me," said Bill. "I'm counting on a fat raise when I show old Legree what I gottit. But listen, lady! That raise, which I will get when I receive it, will be no reward at all compared to another I'm counting on."

"Which is?" asked the phone innocently.

"That you now let the Bessemer Boy Wonder meet you!"

"You're an awfully good kid, Bill," stated the little steel diaphragm, "and I like to see you get along, but not too fast in some things. It isn't good for you. And besides, Bill, I'm afraid you've got a terribly good eye, and I'm scared to death I won't be able to fill it. From a kid up, Bill, all the relations have been saying, 'She looks healthy enough; but my, ain't she thin!'"

"Listen!" demanded Bill. "I like 'em that way. Only your Aunt Emmy should have said slim, not thin. I can tell by the way you talk that you climbed trees and stoned cats and hopped wagons and bagged school and liked marbles better than jacks when you were a kid. Also you rode a diamond-frame bike and were a disgrace to your family and the neighborhood in general. And being a tomboy gives a girl a boy's build. You know—wide shoulders, high chest and a taper downward, and a concave that five meals a day, ten doughnuts and a pickle can't fill out. Also, if, like Mr. Nish, I may say so, you seldom see a knock-kneed boy. Say, when do I meet you?"

"Bill Gier! Never! Besides, with the new styles, what difference does that make? And my nose is curly, Bill, and got freckles on it."

"When they make me judge of a beauty contest," stated Bill, "faces will be rated thirty and bodies seventy. And don't go telling me that it's the soul shining through that makes true beauty. I know it. And I also know you can judge a man's soul by the shape in which he keeps his body better than you can by the shape in which he keeps his face. And I like freckles. You get 'em in swimming. And I'll take a chance on the nose. What else is the matter with you, Jenny Lind?"

"Well, I'm dark, for one thing; and Scandinavian girls are fair, and I've never seen one with freckles. So Jenny Lind won't fit, although it's very nice to be in someone's mind at the same time with her. Her heart was as beautiful as her voice. You do say very nice things for a knuckle-duster, Bill."

"Knuckle-duster!" Bill glared indignation at the transmitter.

"Don't roar in my ear like that!" the phone scolded. "You don't expect me to think of you as Winsome Willie, do you, when you knock my escort stiff as a clothes prop and then walk off with a couple hundred pounds of hunky clutched to your bosom and leave me standing alone in the middle of a steelworks at midnight with a half-dead man on my hands?"

"My gosh!" breathed Bill. "It was you, then! I never spoke to you about it because I felt sure that you wouldn't come out on the plant at midnight alone with—that is, you wouldn't—you know—so late and—uh—so dangerous and all that—and ——"

The little device against his ear sharply cut off his stammering.

"Why shouldn't I go anywhere I please with Mr. Forester, at any time?" it asked Bill.

But by this time Bill had recovered himself and recalled the code which allows no man to warn a girl that another man is a skunk.

"The fact that I dislike the man very heartily wouldn't be a good reason, would it?" asked Bill. "Yet, that's the only one I can give you."

"In other words," said the voice, "if there are better reasons I'll have to find them out for myself. Well, you play fair, if you do play rough. But the next time a man takes me over to the Bessemer plant ——"

"It'll be me!" stated Bill Gier. "I'll be wanting to show you the improvements that Waldo the Boy Metallurgist put in at the cupola dump. You see, the hot-slag streams drop into troughs of running water, and the water ——"

"Yes, yes," cut in the wire. "Your story intrigues me; just like a dress pattern would you—in the finished product, and in use. Skip the Sanskrit details. We've been over all that, and little Jenny Lind's mind is a blank there. Will it work? I'm interested in that, all right enough."

"Lloyd Evan says it'll work, and he's ——"

"Sold!" stated the phone. "It'll work if he says so. He ought to know. He's my uncle."

"He's what?" shouted Bill.

"He's the aunt's husband," stated the phone, "and the best uncle any girl ever had—except for one thing." The voice went low. "Dad and mother are gone. I live with him; or did until lately. The last time he came home—you know, Bill, what I mean; the way he gets—there was a party of young folks at the house. Nice boys; nice girls. There was a strapping lad in the party who had been getting a lot of publicity on account of his football; a big, modest kid; and Uncle Lloyd insisted on taking him out in the back alley and demonstrating to the party that he could whip him. Perfectly good-natured about it. Funny, of course, except to those who get laughed at. I told him that if he did that once more I'd leave him. He loves me, Bill. I'm his daughter since his wife and boy died of the flu. I thought I could scare him that way. And I did—for a while. Then I left his home—my home, Bill Gier."

The receiver was silent a moment. Then the voice went on: "I hunted a job in steel. I had heard so much about it. It's terrible and wonderful. But now I've got a dozen calls to plug in, Bill. Any one of them might be for the yardmaster to send a shifter after some poor fellow. The emergency hospital is right down below us. I can see them when they're lifted out, so limp and pituful, between the engine cab and the tank. Good-by, Billy. I'll meet you out back of the asylum next summer at two o'clock."

Bill's heart turned a flipflop as the receiver clicked. Bill had never suspected that the diminutive of his name could be played on a silver flute. And as Bill sat in silence, the receiver still to his ear, a great comfort flooded his soul at the thought of how he had knocked a certain gentleman cuckoo who had misjudged such a girl just because she wouldn't let steel-mill English chase her off her job.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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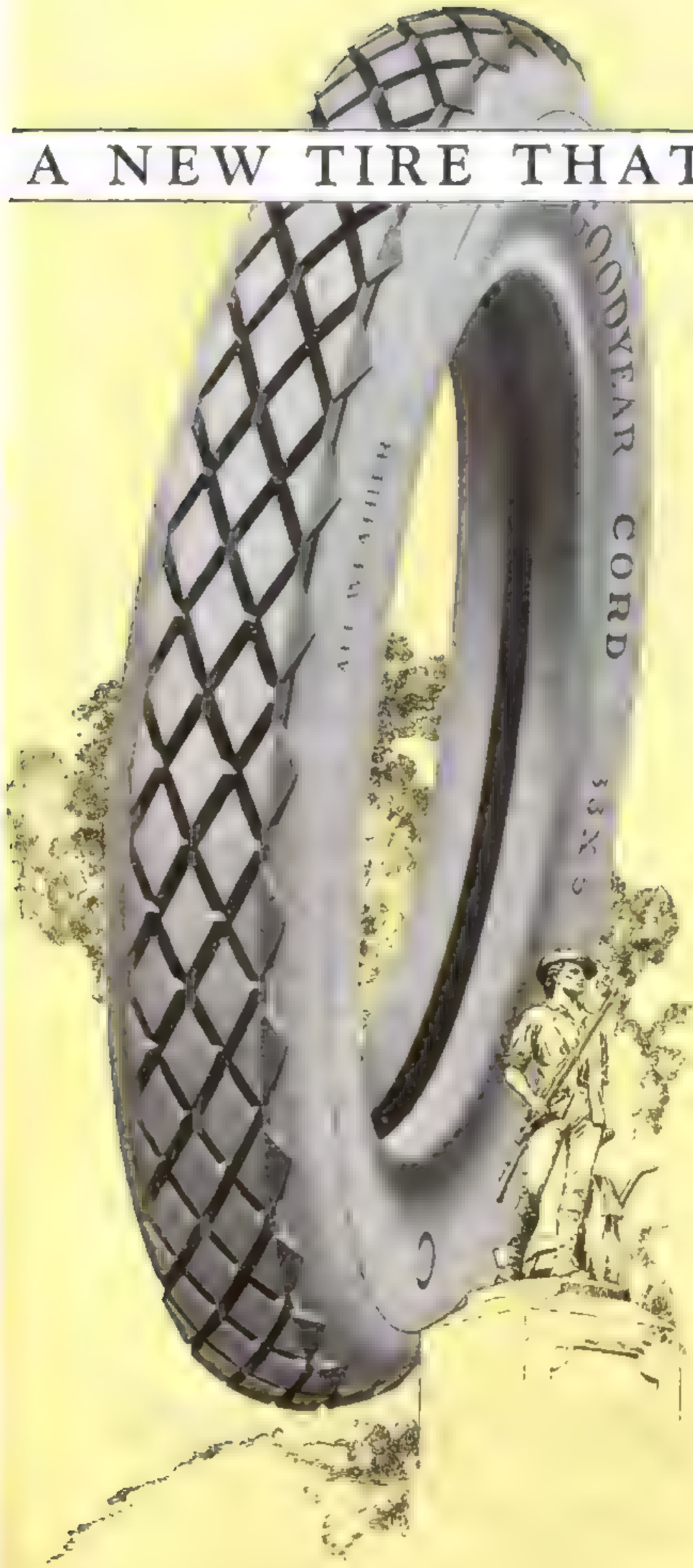


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# POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT CRIME

(Continued from Page 8)

creature is the ego, and that children, as well as grown-up people, play to a gallery of some kind. They desire to shine among their fellows. A healthy youth will satisfy his craving for self-expression in the football or the baseball field; an unhealthy youth will play to a gallery of older boys, and if these are criminals he will be the most desperate fellow of them all; or he will simply drift into petty crime because he is too weak to resist the temptation.

Now whatever the ethics of punishment may be, experience has shown that we cannot do without. Punishment in schools has been found essential to the maintenance of school discipline. It is not that it has always a beneficial effect upon the boy who is punished; it is that it acts as a deterrent to other unruly boys. Every schoolmaster, every regimental officer, will tell you that what the schoolboy or the soldier wants is to know where he is; what he hates most bitterly is to be under the orders of a capricious chief who may be indulgent at one moment and relentless at another. The chief whom he respects is the strict but just officer. The potential criminal is like the schoolboy and the soldier. He, too, will respect the law if the law is self-respecting. He will have no respect at all for the courts that mourn over his delinquencies and decide to call in the doctor. He is quite ready to have himself regarded as an interesting case. To himself he has always been the most interesting case in the world, and if he plays his cards properly he may get some personal advantage out of the business.

A popular fallacy about the alleged crime wave in the United States—and that there is a wave of crime nobody doubts—is that it is a result of the war. No doubt a large number of people who received and spent their abnormally high wages do not care to settle down to work; but the crime wave began long before the war. If it were a result of the war there ought to be a crime wave in England, which was engaged in war for nearly three years longer, yet crime in England has never reached its level of 1913. It cannot be too often pointed out that one of the main reasons for the crime wave in this country is the slowness and uncertainty of criminal justice and the numerical insufficiency of the police, particularly in states that have no state police.

If every crime was followed by punishment there would be few crimes. To argue that criminals are mentally abnormal people who cannot help committing delinquencies is to argue that the United States has a larger proportion of mentally inferior people than any other country, which we know is not the case.

### Amateur Reformers

In 1878 there was a great movement in England for ameliorating the lot of the prisoner. His diet was nearly doubled, his sentence was cut down, he was preached to continually by well-meaning ministers of religion. He responded at once, but in an unexpected way. There was a wave of serious crime. Garroting came into fashion; peaceable citizens even in the cities were seized and throttled from behind and robbed. The newspapers took the matter up; there was an explosion of popular indignation; special laws were passed authorizing the courts to award corporal punishment for garroters and the many privileges conferred on prisoners were withdrawn. The criminals immediately responded; the garroter disappeared and the volume of crime fell off.

There has always been an artless faith in the power of preaching to criminals as a means of reforming them, and at one time there seemed to be a danger that they might succumb to the awful fate pictured by Sydney Smith of being preached to death by wild curates. The modern American criminal looks after his self-protection in this respect, for we read that recently in Los Angeles, after the prisoners had rioted as a protest against being compelled to listen to an evangelist, the warden invited a vote by show of hands upon the question of admitting a band of three. The vote was unanimous against admitting them, even as a relief to the tedium of imprisonment.

When will the legislator and the prison reformer begin to reflect that they have a duty towards the community? Laws and prisons exist only as a protection for ordered society. It is interesting to note that at this moment, when a wave of murder is sweeping California, a San Francisco newspaper is running an editorial crusade against capital punishment in that state, and that it bases its argument on the fact that in one or two of the states that have abolished executions for murder the number of homicides is lower than in California. Perhaps it did not dare present to its readers the only true comparison—namely, the homicide rate in any one state for five years before the abolition of capital punishment with the rate for five years afterwards. We know that the French, who allowed capital punishment to lapse for some years, were constrained to resort to it again. There is much to be said for the abolition of capital punishment, but the moment when murders have touched their maximum and show no tendency to decline seems the wrong time to choose.

The fact is, of course, that capital punishment in California has no terrors because so few murderers are brought to justice. Let the police be strengthened to the scale considered necessary in other countries and a fair proportion of the murderers be detected, and there might be a surprising result.

If the Federal Government ever publishes annual criminal statistics by states, as is done in other civilized countries, the public conscience would be startled and the vagaries of those who tinker with the criminal law would be sternly checked.

### More Illusions Shattered

I suppose that it is natural for romance gradually to cluster about the historical crimes. The picturesque young ruffians who stopped coaches on the English highways in the eighteenth century, and who swept off their hats to fair ladies while relieving them of their rings, were generally hanged before they were twenty-four. They were mostly grooms or postboys who had learned to ride and fire a pistol. They played to a gallery of serving wenches who shed a tear when they were dragged on the hurdle to Tyburn; they were so debonair and free with their money and their kisses. But in truth they were criminal hobos who would now be sent to learn real manners at Elmira.

The smuggler was a really hard-working, fighting bootlegger who lived hard and died game; but there was nothing more romantic in his cavern than there is about the bootlegger's trade. The bootlegger himself will take on a heroic strut a century hence; perhaps our descendants may even contrive to throw a little of the superfluous glamour over the prohibition-enforcement officer, who now languishes among us unsung.

There is the same romance about the highjacker who raids the bootlegger as there is about the fish eagle that forces the gull to disgorge its own plunder. He is romantic because there is nothing pinchbeck about him. So far from strutting to the gallery, he shrinks from public notice. He is in the humorous position of pursuing the same aims as the prohibition officer, and since his victim is a lawbreaker, too, there is no public sympathy with him. It is the mystery that enshrouds the preparations of the highjacker for his piratical swoops that invests him with romance; he is so far more successful than the prohibition officer, and so far more discouraging to the bootlegger. In private life the highjacker is a ruffian, addicted to drugs, who will stick at no crime when he is in need of money.

I met an amateur hobo the other day who told me that once he was stealing a ride in a freight car with four companions. Two of them were highjackers, and they assaulted, robbed and threw out of the car their three companions for a total gain of two dollars and fifteen cents.

Many years had to pass before the pirate acquired the glamour of romance. He was the most sordid ruffian of them all, for he was dirty, squalid and drunken. Infinitely more cruel than the highwayman, in many cases he was not even redeemed by personal courage. Most of his murders were committed from fear of Execution Dock, and the stories of occasional acts of chivalry towards women on the part of a few ruffians who were vain about their personal attractions were so startling that they were quoted as if they were the ordinary attributes of the pirate.

The only female pirate who has gone down to history witnessed the hanging of her pirate husband at Kingston, Jamaica, without emotion.

"He wouldn't be where he is," she is reported to have said, "if he'd shown an ounce of courage."

There, no doubt, she spoke the truth. The pirates, like all bullies, were cowards; and if they fought with desperation it was as rats fight when they know that they are doomed to death in any case. One has only to read the references to Sir Francis Drake in Spanish contemporary literature to realize that the protagonist of Protestantism in the Spanish Main was, in the estimation of more than half the world, a pirate thinly disguised, like so many of them, by letters of marque as a privateer.

The element of romance that clings about the pirate is largely due to the popular fallacy about pirate treasure. How many futile and costly expeditions have been fitted out to dig up buried pirates' hoards; but has anyone, outside the pages of fiction, ever read of a single hoard being found? The loot of pirates was the ordinary merchandise carried by small ships in those days—cloth, silk, cheap hardware and perishable goods, together with a few personal trinkets carried by passengers, such as one may see today in the windows of any junk store in New Orleans. The intrinsic value of any such hoard, including the pieces of eight, might amount to three hundred dollars; but certainly no more. We do not know the value of the silver ore carried by the Spanish galleons of the seventeenth century; but we do know that they seldom fell into the hands of pirates, who rarely tried conclusions with large vessels. Their special prey was the small vessel that plied among the West Indian islands, and we know also that the buccaneers were often reduced to famine between their piratical exploits. That they were occasionally employed by governments at war was owing to the fact that when they were kept reasonably sober they were good sailormen with an expert knowledge of navigation on treacherous seas.

### No Honor Among Thieves

The fact is that crime has never been romantic; even the crimes whose victims are said to haunt the scene of their sudden exit from the world were messy and revolting. Nor have criminals ever been the kind of persons about whom any romantic fancy ought to dwell. But human nature will ever be the same. Mystery is the soil in which romance takes root. The stage manager drops a gauze curtain between the audience and its vision, and lowers the lights in order to obscure some of the details; history does the same. There would not be so many well-meaning prison reformers in the world if we were permitted to rub shoulders with criminals in the street cars. The prison wall is the gauze curtain through which we see our picture, and most of us finish our lives under the illusion that if the law would only show a little human kindness we should daily be uplifted by the spectacle of the reformed criminal carving out a new life to slow music.

It is to the stage, the novel and the movies that we owe the popular fallacy that there are master criminals who move in good society and plan the robbery of their entertainers' strong room. There are no such persons, because every crook knows that the proverb "Honor among thieves" is a myth. Every criminal who plans a big coup knows that in proportion to the number of persons who have to be taken into his secret the risk of discovery increases. There may be someone in the gang who will be dissatisfied with his share of the plunder; there is certain to be one who will not resist the temptation to tell the secret in strict confidence to a friend. I doubt whether there is any important fraud or robbery in which the names of all the persons concerned were not known in the underworld. In the famous forgery of the English Treasury notes during the war it was Elliot, one of the principals of the gang, through whose unguarded tongue the printer of the counterfeits was discovered. Charles Peace, who was probably the only housebreaker who was entitled to be called a master criminal, always worked alone; and it was


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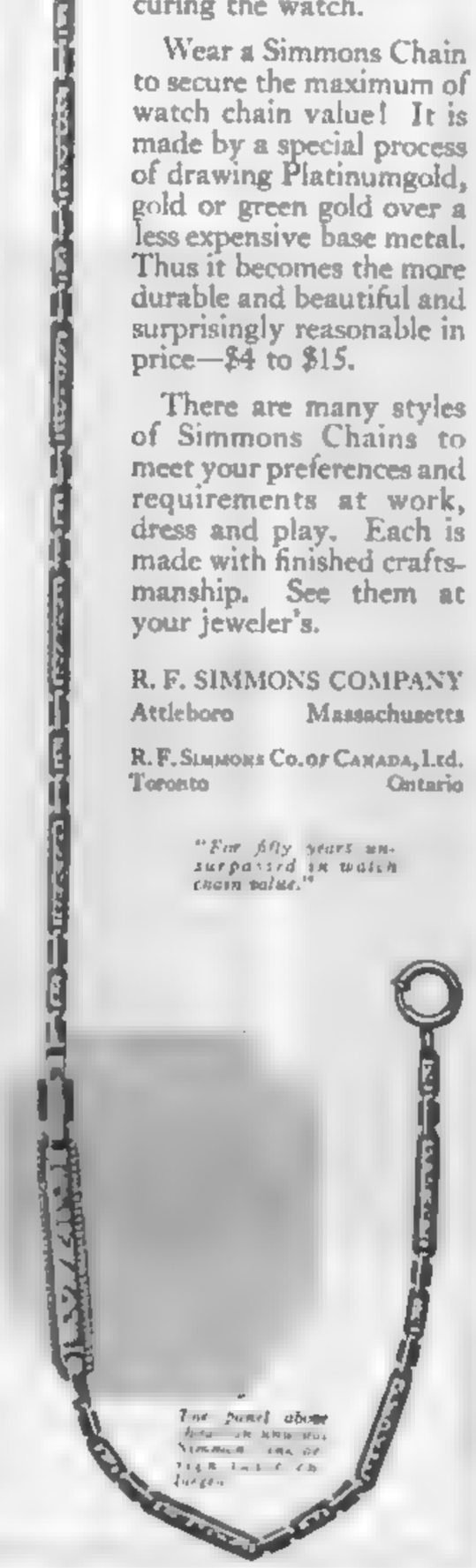

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to this that he owed his long immunity from arrest. The gangs who work from time to time come together for a particular exploit, and afterwards dissolve; and though the best educated of the gang plan the operation and take the lead, they are in no sense master criminals such as one reads of in fiction.

There is an oft-quoted French maxim that society makes its own crimes, and this has become the rallying point for those who think that the criminal is more sinned against than sinning. To a small extent that is true, for there are many law-made offenses that ought to carry no moral stigma. In every penitentiary one will find the worst kind of citizen detained for very venial offenses, and men of comparatively high moral standards serving sentences for heinous crimes. That anomaly must always exist in any system of human justice; but if we were all to be punished criminally for our faults of thought, word and deed, there would be no one left to act as jailers. All we can hope for is to work a rough-and-ready machine for discouraging the criminally minded. Two of Mr. Galsworthy's plays turn over such anomalies. With an exaggeration pardonable to a playwright, who must avoid being dull, he shows how some poor weak wretch is condemned while the bold, wealthy criminal goes free. Sensible people will agree that the bold and wealthy ought to go to jail, too, rather than that the weak criminal ought to be let out; which seems, though Mr. Galsworthy does not say so, to be the moral of the plays.

The popular illusion of the detective is the creation of the detective novelist. He is an attenuated, thin-faced person, with long, nervous fingers, who sits in a laboratory examining a human hair or sample of dust, and thinking very deeply. If you could look into the machinery revolving in his head you would see the conclusions taking shape: The murderer—it is always a murder—is a journeyman carpenter and inveterate pipe smoker, with a left incisor missing; and as a person answering this description happened to be in the house at the time of the murder, you have only to arrest him and he will confess. In the last chapter he always does so; and the master detective, with a proper show of modesty, will go over his deductions with the reader and show him how in the dust swept from the carpet in the death chamber there were some grains of sawdust, and how a pipestem dropped on the doormat was bitten only on one side.

### *Detecting Machinery of Fiction*

In real life the detective is a methodical, hard-working person, with a vast dormant reserve of experience of men. He would have ignored the sawdust, or if he felt the need of a laboratory he would have taken the dust to a microscopist of his acquaintance. He would have put the pipestem into his pocket, after recording the exact spot where he found it, and set to work to find its owner, beginning with men in the neighborhood who were smoking new pipes. But he would proceed by the process of elimination, beginning with those who might have a motive in removing the victim. There is nothing flashy about him; he is not a romantic figure; but generally he is successful; and this, without the manifest advantage of having the crime created in such a way that he can discover it with the talents that God gave him.

A growing popular fallacy is that the modern detective has taken advantage of scientific instruments such as the listening-in device and the machine for recording emotions. Whenever we read that a detective used a listening-in apparatus at any stage of his investigations we may safely dismiss his conclusions. During the war the latest forms of amplifier were put to the test in criminal matters, and found wanting. In practice it was found that when a crook is imparting secret information to a fellow conspirator he is not obliging enough to speak in an ordinary conversational tone. The two will converse in whispers or sink their voices, and the most delicate diaphragm refuses to record a single vibration.

Not long ago an inventor produced a mechanical detector of hidden metals. The exhibition of its powers was certainly remarkable. It would buzz angrily when it came to money in the pockets or rifles stored behind a cupboard door; but when it was used for discovering concealed arms in Ireland it failed miserably.

The psychological machine of which the newspapers have been full is thirty years old. Undoubtedly, under the favoring circumstances of a student submitting to having his arm incased in a water tube, it will record on the dial the additional mental effort when he turns from reading English to reading Greek; but if instead of the student you were to take a suspect and forcibly imprison his arm in the apparatus you would record emotions no doubt, but not those you were in search of. He would be speculating more upon what fresh outrage he was to be subjected to than upon the crime he was suspected of having committed.

The fact is that all the romance we weave about crime depends upon mystery. When a man cuts the throat of his wife and immediately gives himself up to the police the public takes no further interest in him or his crime; but let him abscond, leaving another man's hat beside the body, and the reporters will be yelping after the case in full cry. All the famous sleuths in the country will be interviewed; the newspapers will run trail after trail until a fresh murder mystery calls them off and the case is dropped.

### *Where Not to Look for Beauty*

From the point of view of romance, the criminal is as disappointing when you come to know him as the cabinet minister or the literary celebrity. I imagine that the contemporaries of Julius Cæsar came away disappointed after conversing with him at a feast, for even the greatest men cannot be commanding armies, writing history, making orations in the senate all the time. But as we are never likely to know what manner of man Cæsar was in his private life, outside the wicked pages of Suetonius, we put him on a pinnacle by himself.

According to the newspapers, the Germans made an extensive use of women spies during the World War; and, according to the newspapers, these women were marvels of personal beauty. I have seen most of them, and if the Germans set out to choose them for their good looks somebody blundered. None of them was beautiful, and few were even intelligent. They were the ordinary women that one meets in every country, with no family ties and nothing particular to do. Most women labor under the delusion that they would make good spies and that they would find the work exciting. It is no more exciting than the work of a newspaper man; it is less exciting, because they will never see their contributions in print.

And in actual fact, though a number of married men will disagree with me, women do not as a rule make good spies. They find the monotonous transmission of naval or military information—the only kind of intelligence that is of practical use during a war—uninteresting, and they are drawn off into the bypaths of imaginative fiction. It was one of the humors of the intelligence services during the war to feed women suspected of spying for the enemy with false but sensational information, and to watch for the reaction.

The moral of it all is that the criminal and the spy are men and women of like passions with ourselves and our neighbors, and that if we know how we would act in a crisis we should make very passable detectives.

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# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 27)

drags it out in the open with a glad shout of triumph, holds it up to the startled gaze of the country, places it on a marble slab in the Democratic morgue and allows the water to trickle over it, and then buries it and digs it up again several times in the course of a few days; and through it all he retains the affection and the esteem of the Republicans, to say nothing of the interested attention of the press gallery, which usually devotes about as much notice to senatorial demagoguery and hot air as to the economic theories of the waiters in the Senate restaurant.

One of Senator Harrison's favorite sports is perusing the public utterances of George Brinton McClellan Harvey, ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, and selecting passages therefrom on which to base divers remarks calculated to cause the Harding Administration to squirm violently. Some time ago, in an incautious moment, Mr. Harvey compared the President to the elephant, which "tests with painstaking caution every plank in crossing a bridge; but when convinced of firm footing, over he goes." Harrison at once rushed to the defense of the President. He announced loudly that he resented this characterization.

"We know," he protested, "that the elephant never has been trained to do any trick except to go around in a circle. We know that the elephant can go backward just as rapidly as he can forward; that he is the wonder and merriment of children; that no show or menagerie would be complete without him. And there is one peculiar thing, too, about an elephant: It is the only animal in the forepart of whose head you can find wood, and the only value which has ever been found about an elephant is his solid ivory." So Pat had risen "as an American, out of the realm of partisanship, to plead with Americans not to believe" what George Harvey said about the President.

One of these days an enterprising Republican senator is going to station a photographer in the gallery and take a large, clear picture of Senator Harrison in the middle of a particularly violent attack on the Administration. Then when a wave of enthusiasm is sweeping over Mississippi because of the daring and hide-piercing statements that are contained in his speech as reported in the Congressional Record, the Republicans will circulate the picture of Pat in the act of making the speech. When this is done there is a possibility that Pat might be politically ruined, for his constituents will learn from the picture that Pat frequently has his tongue in his cheek while he is talking, and sometimes doesn't mean a word that he is saying.

Occasionally a Republican senator essays to heckle Pat when he is engaged in his guerrilla warfare against the Republicans, but in such cases the Republican senator usually limps out of the Senate caressing a number of painful mental abrasions. This is due to the fact that Harrison underwent a course of training that equipped him to view any and all varieties of hecklers with complete indifference, nonchalance and insouciance, not to say sovereign contempt. Being a tall, rangy guy, he had early developed a penchant for hurling the horsehide during the long Mississippi springs. The Crystal Springs high school worked him on the mound long and frequently, following which the University of Mississippi found him useful in burning them across the pan. At the latter institution his fame as a hurler spread abroad in the land, with the result that the University of Louisiana felt the urge to obtain his services. Realizing, doubtless, the value of a varied education, Pat Harrison deserted the University of Mississippi for the University of Louisiana, where he was at once equipped with a job as a waiter in the mess hall as well as with a Louisiana baseball uniform.

Now a student waiter in a college mess hall is subjected to a large number of pertinent queries at unexpected and embarrassing moments—queries, for example, as to what is in the hash, and why the coffee is cold, and what became of the pudding that was ordered half an hour ago, and so on. Consequently Pat was trained in the art of answering disturbing questions in a prompt and dampening manner.

When he graduated from college with his fraternity pin, his pet glove with a hole in the palm, and an extra suit of clothes, he received an offer to pitch for the semiprofessional baseball team of Pickens, Mississippi—an offer that he accepted with alacrity.

Everyone, of course, has heard a great deal about Southern chivalry, courtesy, hospitality and what not, and these things doubtless exist in great quantities throughout the South, as advertised. They do not exist to any marked extent, however, for a Southern semiprofessional baseball team engaged in playing a close game away from home. The visiting umpire, in such cases, is occasionally offered a coat of tar and feathers as a delicate bit of Southern hospitality; while the visiting pitcher is sometimes the recipient of chivalrous and courteous sallies that make the witch's curse sound like a passage from the Psalms.

Consequently a remark that another United States senator might consider rather tart has about as much effect on Pat Harrison as would the warblings of a wood peewee.

He taught a country school, studied law and was admitted to the bar, was elected district attorney of his district, and was elected to the House of Representatives at the age of twenty-nine. In 1918 he ran against the supposedly invincible Senator James K. Vardaman, who was one of the coterie to whom President Wilson referred as the little group of willful men in the United States Senate; and in a campaign that scorched the leaves on the trees and caused the rivers of Mississippi to smoke and steam, Pat Harrison was handily elected to the Senate at the tender age of thirty-seven.

It was Pat Harrison who forced a 3 per cent immigration law on the Senate two years ago, when the Senate Immigration Committee wanted a 5 per cent law; and when the 3 per cent law is supplanted by a better law Pat will be foremost among those who put it across. This record alone is one that any good American should be proud to have carved on the trunk of his family tree.

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**(In Condensed Outline)**

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**RECOMMENDATIONS:** We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

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(1) The inspection of the machines in your plant.

(2) Your operating conditions.

(3) Our 57 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.

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# WINNIE AND THE WOOLLY LAMB

(Continued from Page 12)

Sir Henry had been very pleased and grateful.

"You are a good girl," he said, "just as Hallis said you were." He leaned closer. "You see, my dear, there are plenty of ladies—some in this very party—that I shouldn't call the best friends possible for an impulsive boy like Fred."

Winnie nodded. She knew the ladies he meant.

"The way I look at it is this: There's this money of his mother's—some in loose cash, some in solid property. I've come to the conclusion that I am not going to get much out of Fred until he's spent that loose money. I've got my plans for him; but they call for a good deal of hard work, and he's not the sort who can buckle down to hard work with a nice little lump of ready money like that waiting to be spent. He and his little circle of friends haven't been out of college so long that they can do without a fling, and if I talk strict business to him now he's going to be awkward. He's got a stubborn streak somewhere. Must have got it from me, that. He means to spend this money, and I want to see it gone. Yes, Miss O'Wynn, the sooner that money is spent and Fred turns to his old-fashioned father for more, the better I shall be pleased."

"Oh-h, Sir Henry!" Winnie's eyes were wide. "But, please, isn't that wasteful?"

"I know, my dear, I know. It would be a fortune to many people, and waste is folly anyway. But that boy of mine has got to learn how to handle money in bulk, and he's got to learn from me. But I can teach him nothing while he's got a heap of loose money—nothing. He won't buckle to, or if I made him his heart wouldn't be in it. He wants what he calls a fling, and I've decided that he'd better have it. And I am hoping it will be a quick one; and, between you and me, my dear, I'm praying it will be with the right—the right people. If he runs with reasonably right-minded folk while he's spending it there'll be no real harm done. But if the wrong people get hold of him it might do him more harm than I can cure when, presently, he comes to me and says he has no money left, and asks for some and I say 'Son, I've no money to give away, but I'll show you how to earn more than you can spend,' and so drop the harness on his back and the bit in his mouth. Do you see my idea? There are people in this country—or any other country—who could do him a million pounds' worth of harm showing him how to spend that loose cash just due to him; and there are some who could help him part with it in such a way that it would do him good rather than harm. Don't you agree?"

Winnie nodded yet again.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! I—I am sure that is true. And, please, I think it is a good plan; and wise too. At first it sounded so risky and extravagant; but now you have explained what—what lies behind it all, I see that it is bold and clever too."

Sir Henry nodded, pleased.

"It may seem odd that I should tell you all this, child; but Hallis and Lady Fasterton and one or two others have told me about you and of what you did to help that fine young man, Captain Fairbairn, into Parliament. You were a true friend to a very unlucky man, and if I could feel that you were willing to be even half as friendly to Fred until he has to fall back on his father and honest work, I should feel easy in my mind."

"Why, of course, Sir Henry! I will be good friends with Freddy if he will let me." A lovely misty pink tinged her cheeks for a moment as she continued: "You know, it—it isn't necessary to be in love with a man to be good friends with him. I will do my very best. And I hope very much that your son will have his fling and get rid of this money quite quickly, without coming to any harm, and soon come back to you ready to settle down with you in business and—and learn to make another fortune."

They had left it at that—the grim, iron-gray old gentleman with the original plan, and the exquisite little lady who, though possibly Sir Henry hardly guessed it, of the entire bevy of beauty at Poynings Castle was quite easily the most competent to put Freddy out of any danger from his little fortune. She sat musing for a little after she and Sir Henry parted.

"Yes, I see just how things are," she cooed to herself, her eyes absently on the tip of a slim satin shoe. "It is just as if a child had found a loaded revolver and was playing with it. The only way to make the child safe would be to coax the revolver away from it and put it in the bank—no, the cupboard, of course."

She smiled sweetly and looked round for Freddy.

He was not far off—so handy and so nippily respondent to the invitation in her eyes that quite obviously he had been waiting for his parent's departure.

For four days after that he had clung to Winnie with a persistence that but for the curious financial circumstances of the friendship would have been too tedious even for her almost illimitable patience. What increased the tedium was Mr. Furlong's extremely sluggish imagination. He could by no means seem to assimilate the idea that a man with money shortly payable to him might possibly part with it in the spirit of au revoir rather than adieu. It never occurred to him, nor could Winnie succeed in implanting it in his mind, that there was a vast amount of fun and excitement to be got out of a fifteen-thousand-pound fortune without entirely relinquishing the proprietorship of it, or even without taking one's finger off its palpitating little pulse. He did not seem to understand the idea of investment or even of speculation. His simple way with money was to spend it—shoot it over the horizon clean out of sight and forever. Nobody could ever picture Freddy Furlong taking a fifty-pound note out of its nest and saying in effect, "Fly, little bird, out into the world, and bring back a dear little mate for the old nest"; or "Buy, little note, and see to it that you buy something worth while—worth rather more than yourself." Not at all. Freddy had only one solitary tactic with money, and that was to spend it on whatsoever caught his wandering eye and momentarily held his wandering mind.

Winnie gathered that Freddy had long since anticipated the loose cash payable to him, though his father knew it not. What remained was about fifteen thousand pounds' worth of suburban residential property. Desirous of helping both father and son as she was, Blue Eyes found it very difficult. But she had given her word to do her best; and in her anxiety to achieve this happy result she even went so far as to consult her own agent, one Mr. George H. Jay, who, being a very broad-minded man o' business, was perfectly accustomed to curious and complex financial conundrums.

But the ideas of gentle Mr. Jay proved to be rather shockingly drastic. Indeed probably because he did not appear completely to appreciate the delicacy of the situation as briefly explained by Winnie, his promptly made proposals had a truly cannibalistic ring about them that seemed perfectly dreadful to the little blue-eyed lady facing him across his desk.

"Yes, I see, Miss Winnie. I get the idea perfectly. Sir Henry Furlong's idea is bold; bold, but good. They always are. He's one of the richest men in Lancashire. This legacy is going to prove a curse to the boy—yes, a curse. How often have I seen it happen in this old city, Miss Winnie—mere boys cursed with far too much loose cash. It's a curse that we want to turn into a blessing, and the only way we can turn it into a blessing to him is to take it away from him ha-ha!"

George H. Jay's eyes went a little flintier than usual. Fifteen thousand was a very handsome and noble figure to Mr. Jay's mind, and the thought of it made his brains go pit-a-pat.

"There will be a whole flock of these modern vultures hovering over the boy just as soon as he connects with the legacy, Miss Winnie; and we can't get to work too soon if we are going to save him from their clu——"

He broke off rather sharply, returning to earth with a jolt that jarred his entire psychology at sight of Winnie's shocked blue eyes.

"But, please, please, dear Mr. Jay, that sounds terrible—quite terrible! Forgive me, but it is so unlike you that—I hardly understand!" she cried. "Did you think I meant that we should take Freddy's money away from him by some trick? I am so sorry, but I—I couldn't possibly agree to that!"

Mr. Jay drooped and deflated and looked all hollow within.

"But that isn't quite what you meant, I know. It was only just the way you put it that startled me so," continued Winnie with a very convincing appearance of relief. "Only, please, it did sound rather odd. You see, I just meant that Sir Henry would be so pleased if Freddy spent his money sensibly, without doing himself harm."

Mr. Jay looked piercingly into the big blue eyes and nodded.

"Ah, yes, yes; I see now what you mean, Miss Winnie. Very foolish of me to misunderstand. H'm! I'm very pleased—flattered, in fact—that you should have thought of old George Jay in this difficulty. For it is a difficulty, and a serious one, Miss Winnie. A boy whose present mission in life is to burn fifteen thousand at high speed is in danger of getting some mighty poor value for his money in this town; mighty poor, Miss Winnie. And it would be a pleasure, a privilege to help you see that he gets good, sterling value. . . . Let me see now."

He eyed an electric-light bulb across the office with a very realistic air of intense concentration. Presently his face cleared.

"Race horses, Miss Winnie. A good horse or two is not a bad purchase. You wouldn't care to favor Mr. Furlong with the privilege of paying a fair figure for your horse Barbarian, for instance. Put it at—what—seven thousand."

"Oh, no," said Winnie gravely. "You see, I don't think Barbarian is worth so much. I only gave two thousand pounds for him—don't you remember?—at Lady Dunoon's."

Mr. Jay's face fell. It was going to be difficult if the child declined to accept a sharpish five thousand profit that way. He looked puzzled. She leaned towards him, smiling gently.

"I think it would be rather bad taste if I permitted myself to—to benefit at all out of this matter; don't you, dear Mr. Jay?"

Dear Mr. Jay's glance was boring in vain at her blue, blue eyes. But they gave him no guidance. He shook his head very firmly.

"Oh, nuh, nuh, nuh, not at all, dear Miss Winnie! I'm sorry, but I can't go all the way with you there. My feeling, my view—a plain, everyday business man's view is that if there is anything of yours that Mr. Freddy Furlong wishes to buy and you wish to sell you are fully and tastefully entitled to—er—take a fair profit on it."

They debated that for a little, and eventually Winnie conceded that her trusty agent was undoubtedly right. But when presently she left they had arrived at nothing more definite than an understanding that the gentle George H. should turn the matter over in his mind and try to think of a means by which something could be done to safeguard Freddy into a reasonable way of rendering himself financially fit for a little honest work in the cotton business.

Mr. Jay started to turn it over in his mind before Winnie was well clear of Finch Court, wherein he had his lair; but it was at least half an hour before, aided by his previous experience of little Miss O'Wynn, his wits pounced on the real reason why she would not agree to making a soft and soothing five thousand for herself out of a race-horse deal.

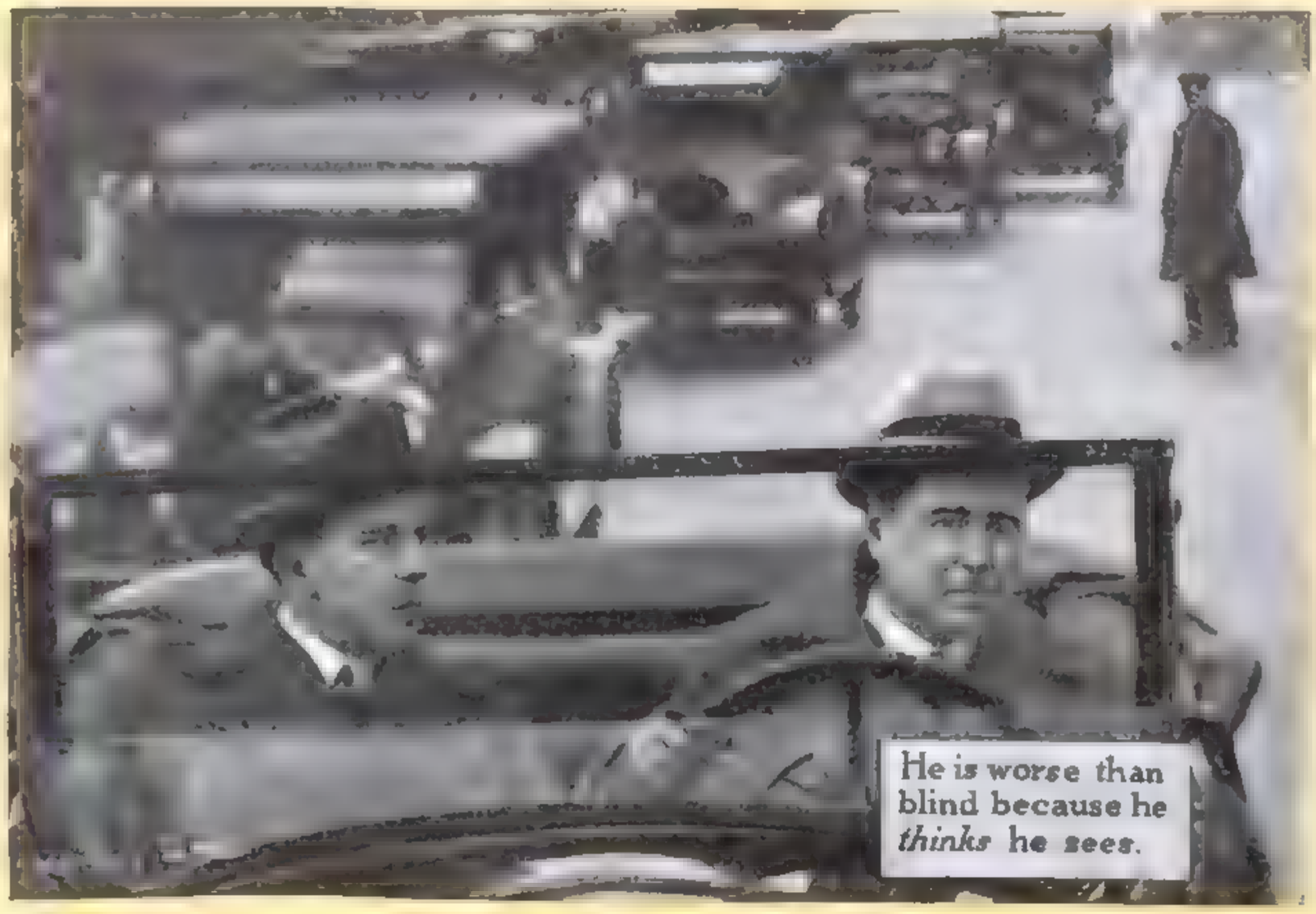
"I've never known her refuse a good profit in her life, except for a better one," he mused, and suddenly his face lit up like the sun coming over the mountains. "Except for a better one—ha-ha!" he cried. "She declined five thousand because five thousand wasn't enough! Hey? Well, whatever she may be, she is no piker; no, sir; and she hasn't got time for small stuff. She don't want five thousand of Freddy's, because she's winding herself up for a whirl at all of it That's her, bless her! Brains, nerve, innocence and beauty! You can't beat a combination like that! She'll make a man out of that boy yet! Well, well, how's she going to do it? For she will, and the Furlongs will probably thank her more heartily for taking that money than they'd ever dream of thanking me for taking my honest commission on it."

He laughed so loudly that a sparrow fell off the window sill, apparently thinking itself blown to shreds.

"And I didn't see it—me, George Jay! My eyes were so full of five thousand that I couldn't see fifteen!"

He grew very grave.

(Continued on Page 81)




*". . . honest, I never saw her till she was nearly under . . ."*

# Death at the Steering Wheel

"Good heavens, Jim, you almost got that child!"

"Well, I didn't, did I?" snarled the man at the wheel, pale and quaking. "Close thing, though, I'll say; but honest, I never saw her till she was nearly under, and if it hadn't been for this traffic jam just ahead——"

"Exactly," responded his friend in level tones. "You'd have been a murderer, no less; and all because you're too obstinate to get those wretched eyes of yours examined. You know that you can't see things down the street worth a cent!"

"That's *my* business," muttered Jim, resentfully.

"That may be true when you are not driving your car," replied his friend, "but your record of four accidents in four months makes your eyesight the affair of everybody who has to use the streets."

"All nonsense! Why, I can *read* without any trouble—and if I can *read* I can drive!"

### In the twinkling of an eye

Yet—four accidents had been marked up against him. That eternal effort to adjust shortsighted eyes to distance interfered with his ability to apply brakes and shift gears quickly. It cut down the swiftness and sureness with which his hands and feet responded to the brain message that cried "Stop!" Although he could *read*, he was incapacitated for *safe driving*.

Every second car you see is driven by a person who needs glasses; and probably every *tenth* car by one whose vision is so defective that he should never have been granted a license. Magistrate McAdoo of New York City declares that 60,000 people are injured by motor cars in that city every year. Over 1,000 a week in one city alone! "The toll of life and limb from automobile accidents in this city," he says, "is frightful."

### How to remedy a condition so deadly

Why not begin with yourself? You, unconsciously, may be a menace to public safety. You can't be sure you aren't until you have your eyes examined. Don't wait for a law compelling every driver to have his eyes examined before he is granted a driver's license. If you drive a car, you owe it to yourself, to your family, to every other driver, and to every person who drives or walks on the street, to have your eyes examined today.

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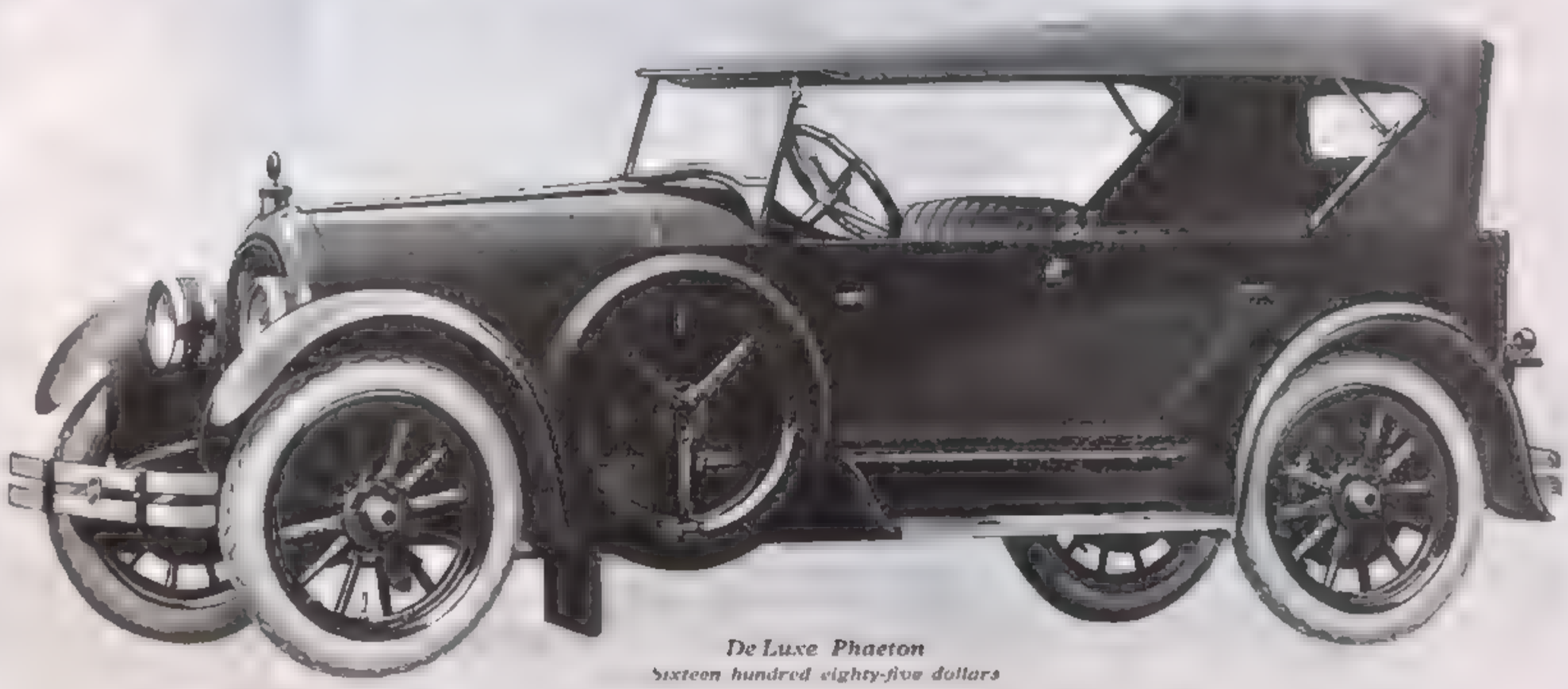
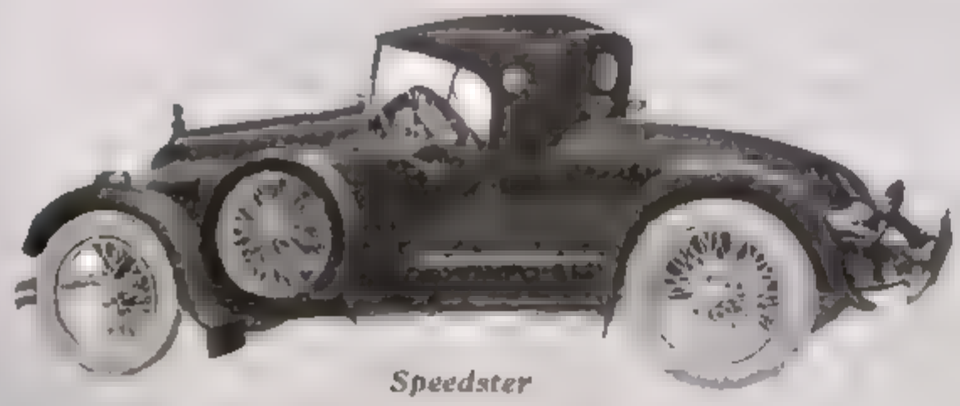
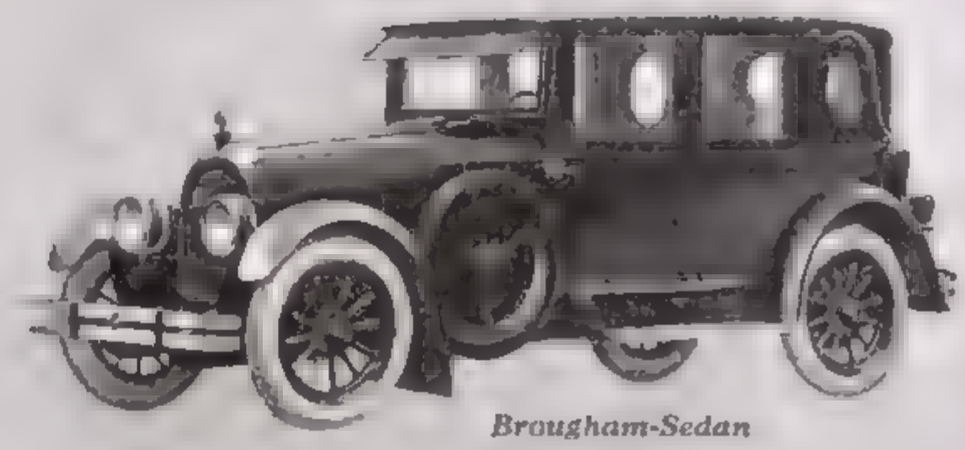


*De Luxe Phaeton*
*Sixteen hundred eighty-five dollars*



*Speedster*



*Brougham-Sedan*

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*Prices f. o. b. factory*

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Hartford, Wisconsin

*Bodies are* **KISSEL** *Built*

*The Custom Built Car*

(Continued from Page 78)

"My worst fault," he told himself. "I can't see the cash for the money! H'm! And I'm always looking for it too—ha-ha!"

He leaned back and began to think of schemes so increasingly wild that by the time he left his office for lunch he was nearer tears than mirth.

"But, anyway, Winnie's not skeining out cat's cradles like those," he consoled himself, reaching for the menu. "It's me that's the little dreamer, not Winnie—not Wide Eyes!"

II

BUT Winnie returned to Poynings Castle to find things very much otherwise than heretofore, as things so frequently are. There was instantly apparent a magic change in the methods and manner of Mr. Furlong. When she had left him he was excessively in the condition of the devout lover; he had by no means attempted to disguise his conviction that his it was to follow in her train, do her behest in pleasure or in pain.

But during her absence Frederick had clearly been through to some mysterious exchange, and had got himself switched off Winnie onto one of those ladies of the party upon whom shrewd old Sir Henry had cast the gelid and fishlike eye of cold disapproval. Winnie guessed it before she had been back five minutes, and was absolutely convinced of it before dinnertime.

Freddy's new love was a Miss Estelle Lancing, a dark and lissom lady, older than Winnie, and, in appearance, diametrically her opposite in every respect. But she was, in her darkling way, undeniably a very beautiful and boldly striking woman, as extremely brunet as Winnie was blond. Freddy had flitted from the sunshine to the shadow. He was sheepishly civil to Winnie, naturally; but briefly so, being unable, it seemed, to draw breath easily if too long away from the close proximity of Estelle.

The defection of the swift-switching Freddy left Winnie piqued rather than lonely, for Blue Eyes' proportion of admirers, compared with those of Midnight Eyes, was as three and a third—estimating the defaulter as the one-third—to one. And Freddy cut such a microscopic block of ice in the house party that practically no one noticed the change, except maybe one or two who were glad of it. But nevertheless Winnie was piqued. It was most disconcerting and she did not like the feeling very well. It did not seem to fit in with her at all nicely.

Like everything else, pique is a two-sided possession; one side being sunny, full of fruit and flowers, butterflies and humming birds; whereas the other side is dark and drearsome, a place of shadows in which flourishes only a variety of citrous fruit. Winnie was an old and accustomed habitué of the sunny side, the piquer's side; but she felt lonely and alien on the piquee's side. She said it to Best-Beloved-in-the-Mirror, whom she consulted immediately she realized that Freddy had indeed left her in the shade of the lemon grove.

"I think you must be getting old old and haggard and wrinkled and careworn, Winnie," she cantandoed softly to the charming vision that was studying her perfect face with intensely interested, incredibly blue eyes from the lucent sheet of glass wherein loyal little Best-Beloved was always to be found if one looked for her there. Then they both smiled sweetly.

"But if you are it doesn't show yet, you know; you don't look old or haggard or wrinkled—or piqued," she added as an afterthought. "But all the same, you have been dropped, dropped. It was a little unkind. Suppose I had happened to love Freddy. It would have broken my heart."

She was nearly very sorry for the poor little thing who might have loved Freddy, and if the idea had not made her laugh she might even have been quite very sorry. But her face grew a little grave when she thought of the new love.

Freddy—as might have been expected—had chosen badly. He had by no means picked a winner when he picked Miss Lancing. Winnie knew that by sheer instinct; and she knew also that every woman in the party shared the same instinct, though none of them could have said exactly why. Except, perhaps, Lady Fasterton, who entered while Winnie was considering the point, and who invariably said what was in her mind.

"May dearest," appealed the girl, "why is it that Estelle Lancing isn't more popular with the guests here?"

May stared.

"The women guests, you mean, dear. Why, that's obvious enough. How quaint that those big wide eyes shouldn't have seen! The Lancing creature isn't liked because—oh, because she plays bridge uncannily well; because she quite obviously has a barely concealed understanding with that dark, good-looking, heaven-knows-who who calls himself Captain Caterham; because nobody has the remotest idea of who she is or what Lancings she is connected with; because she is altogether too glib, dresses too bizarrely, uses queer scents, looks like the instructress of an academy of drug novices, is absolutely conscienceless about playing fair with other people's cavaliers; because, in spite of herself, she gives one the impression that she's of the half world –no, the quarter world."

"But, May darling, Lady Southdown would not invite—tolerate her here if ——"

But May only laughed.

"My child, probably that beautiful black snake has a hold on Southdown or his wife. They both have pasts, bless them, although they are so very rigid nowadays. This Lancing woman always gives me an impression of something studying a *milieu* to which it doesn't belong—like a ship's fireman poking his head up out of the interior of a liner to study the first-class passengers. She's peculiar—even her beauty. There's no glow in her skin; there's a dead-white, dead-olive touch. And her eyes are queer. Oh, handsome—yes, striking; but there's a hint of the Mongol about her—just a hint. I should never be surprised to hear that she's got just a drop of saffron blood," concluded the lightsome May, and laughed. "Speaking of Estelle Lancing," she added dryly.

Wide, misty eyes admired her.

"Oh, May, you are so wonderful! That is just exactly what I thought about her too."

May shrugged carelessly, as though it had been too easy.

"Oh, child, who cares? She's nothing—nobody. Just an adventuress on the wrong social floor for a few days. She'll take the next lift down at any time. You get them occasionally at these big crushes; only sometimes they're more amusing."

"Do you think she will take Freddy Furlong down with her?"

May lit a cigarette, curling up in a big chair.

"Oh, probably, darling. Does he matter? He seems one of those trifling creatures born to supply the social basement with its means of existence."

May had noticed Mr. Furlong's switch-over, and though she despised his taste and was well aware that it left Winnie utterly indifferent, she could not resist darting a gentle claw Fredward. She caught Winnie's serious look.

"Well, Wide Eyes, what is the matter?"

Winnie spoke softly.

"I think I mistrust Estelle Lancing very much—and Captain Caterham too. I—I had noticed some of the things you spoke of, May."

Lady May blew a careless cloud

"It would have been amazing if you had not, child. Why not put your wonderful wits to work and expose them—I'm quite sure they could be—just for amusement? And perhaps for once in a way, I—even I—can give you a hint. Oh, not about the Lancing creature, but about Captain Caterham. Tony Anstruther told me last night that he believed he had seen him before—in rather queer circumstances. He was mixed up in some Mediterranean motor-boating tragedy. But I was not particularly interested and I did not listen very carefully. You could ask Tony tonight. I'll lend him to you for half an hour or so if you like, little one."

"Dearest May, you are so unselfish," cooed Winnie. "I don't think I am very interested in either Estelle Lancing or Captain Caterham. But if they really are wolves I would not like to think of poor Freddy Furlong being in their clutches."

"Why not, child? You aren't interested in that callow Furlong youth, are you?"

"Oh, no, not—not personally, darling. But I told Sir Henry before he left that I would be friends with Freddy; that was all."

Lady May looked intently at her little friend. But Winnie had settled, in negligée, at her dressing table and was innocently occupied in admiring her golden hair.

Nevertheless, Wide Eyes contrived a very interesting little chat with Lady May's present cavalier, Tony Anstruther, that evening after dinner. That gallant lieutenant commander of one of the newer battle

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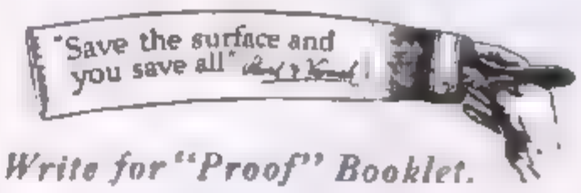


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cruisers was very ready to wax eloquent on the subject of the keen-faced Caterham. For it appeared, under the influence of Winnie's gentle questioning, that Caterham possessed a talent for all games of chance and skill so developed that it could more aptly be described as mastery. He had, for example, played havoc with several of the more dashing of the younger set in the billiard room, though certainly in the most gentlemanly way. Anstruther himself had parted with a generous third of the sum he had gathered together as ammunition for a long leave after a spell of foreign service, before he decided that any game in which Captain Caterham figured was not likely to be a profitable game for himself.

"Of course, Miss O'Wynn, it is all above-board and so on, only he's got such a confounded habit of winning; and somehow he gives me the impression that he is out to win—in a desperate sense. I mean that it has occurred to me that it is always grim earnest with him, as though he were so near being absolutely broke that he simply has to win, to get some money together. But his rank and war service are genuine enough. I know a man who served with him in France. But, all the same, nobody knows who he really is. Lady May and some others say that he and Miss Lancing are very old friends, though how they guess that I don't know; ladies' intuition, I suppose."

"But, please, have you ever met him before?" asked Winnie.

Tony, in a low and cautious voice, honestly believed he had, only his name had not been Caterham then. A year or so before the war his ship had picked up in the Mediterranean a disabled motorboat with a shaken man on board who said his name was Mannering. He had been drifting twenty-four hours. But it was not his own danger that had shaken his nerve. It was, he had explained to the captain, the fact that the companion with whom he had started on the motorboat trip, one Geoffrey Seyler, whose boat it was, had committed suicide in the night—thrown himself overboard. Seyler had ruined himself at Monte Carlo, and—too late—he, Mannering realized that suicide had been Seyler's object from the beginning of the trip.

"We put him ashore in due course," continued Tony. "Later we heard that there had been an inquiry—an inquest—and that Mannering's story had been accepted; just accepted. There were some ugly rumors that Seyler owed or had lost a good deal of money to Mannering, and that this money was only available out of the heavy sum for which Seyler had recently insured himself. It was a bit ugly. But the less one says about ugly things the better, when one has no proof, Miss O'Wynn. I suppose Mannering drew his money and disappeared. That was nearly seven years ago; and I've never given it another thought, until the other night when Caterham used an odd expression. Someone had jokingly challenged him to play a difficult winning hazard—that's to sink the red ball into a pocket, Miss Winnie; and, jokingly, too, Caterham said it was easy—'I have that ball deadlocked both ways,' he said. I had never heard that expression—'deadlocked both ways'—before except once when it was used by the man from the motorboat, Mannering. It came back to me then. That man, too, had said nervously, 'I was beginning to think I was deadlocked both ways,' meaning that he had no chance of escape, I suppose. And then, quite suddenly, I realized that it was the same man, with seven years added on. I am sure of it, though I could not prove it. Not that it matters much, does it?"

And evidently realizing that golden moments were being wasted, the gallant Tony concluded the subject of the man called Caterham, and after a quick glance round to assure himself that Lady May was not at hand, grew more tender, as these navy men will.

"What does it matter about Caterham, dear Miss O'Wynn? Let's talk about something more fascinating and delightful, something sweet and charming and exquisite. Tell me, dear Miss Winnie, something about yourself."

Winnie filed the curious tale of Caterham for future examination under the lens of her mind, and told the gay Tony as much about herself as she thought good for him, which was very little indeed. Tony was temporarily victim of May Fasterton's bow and spear; and, anyway, Winnie was not in any immediate need of a good-looking lieutenant commander. Indeed, May soon claimed him and led him away, his place next to Winnie being rather unexpectedly filled by Mr. Freddy Furlong, who, resigning the darkling Estelle to Captain Caterham, came across to his last love but one with a little more decision in his manner than usual. Winnie welcomed him, smiling.

"How nice!" she cooed. "I was beginning to think that you had quite forgotten me."

"Aw, no, Miss Winnie; not at all. Couldn't forget you. Much too jolly to forget."

"Ah, but I think you only say that because it is your nature to be gallant and adroit and very tactful," she told him.

Freddy looked a little surprised and extremely gratified. He had never heard himself referred to as gallant, adroit and tactful before.

"Aw, not at all, Miss Winnie," he demurred; then regretted it and added, "What I mean, a man has got to be adroit nowadays; and sometimes even that doesn't help him much, don't you know. There's a lot of jolly difficult problems flying about, Miss Winnie."

He stared across the room at Estelle Lancing. Winnie glanced sideways at him, deciding that it wasn't a bad face, if only it had a little common sense behind it.

"He could be quite good looking, if only he had a little trouble to fight against. That would help to give him character and personality," she thought. "Dear Sir Henry was right about him, I think. He could be worthy of the future his father's past has built up for him if only he had a little trouble to fight against. I—I wish I could help him"—she smiled bewitchingly—"to a little trouble."

She touched his arm in her adorable feather-fingered little gesture of affection.

"Please, have you a problem?" she asked softly.

"Problem? Rather! A brute of a problem. What I mean, it's going to be a bally race against time."

"A race against time! Please, I don't quite understand. Is there anything I can do to help you? We—we are good friends, you know; and I—I always think friends should help each other."

For the first time since he had joined her Freddy Furlong took his eyes off Miss Lancing. He surveyed Winnie with a new interest.

"You help me, Miss Winnie? By Jove, but that's a top-hole idea—if it can be done! My old governor, now I come to think of it, said you were a cleverer girl than you lo—er—what I mean, he said you had ideas that a lot of girls weren't capable of; and, in a way, my difficulty is one that a lady could solve perhaps quicker than the adroitest man."

"Why not tell me, Freddy?" Her voice was soothing, like the murmur of doves dreaming in the tree tops.

Mr. Furlong scowled, not at Winnie but at Captain Caterham, who appeared to be flirting somewhat pronouncedly with the by no means backward Estelle.

"All right, so I will." He turned to her, dropping his voice. "The fact is, Miss Winnie, I'm in love with Estelle Lancing, and she loves me. She is as smitten with me as I am with her. Case of lock, stock and barrel, what I mean. The trouble is that she was secretly engaged to that chap Caterham before she saw me. There are reasons—I don't know what they are yet—why they had to keep their engagement secret. Well, Estelle says she has regretted the engagement from the moment she set eyes on me, and she's fearing the time when she must tell Caterham that she's tired of him. She's afraid of him; and though I'm not afraid of him, I don't think I want to be mixed up in any row or scandal, what? My old governor don't care for Estelle. He told me so before he left. So the only way seems to be for Estelle and me to get married quietly, clear off to the Continent and spend a month or two there until things have settled; and particularly, what I mean, until the governor has got over it. Then I can bring Estelle home and sort of settle down."

Winnie nodded.

"But, please, where is the problem?" she asked, her blue eyes wide and puzzled.

"Money, don't you know," said Freddy. "Estelle hasn't a penny."

"But you are rich, aren't you, please?"

"Me? No; it's my old governor that's rich. I've only got a few thousands, and they're locked up in that bit of London suburban property I told you of. Worth perhaps fifteen thousand pounds, if one

(Continued on Page 84)

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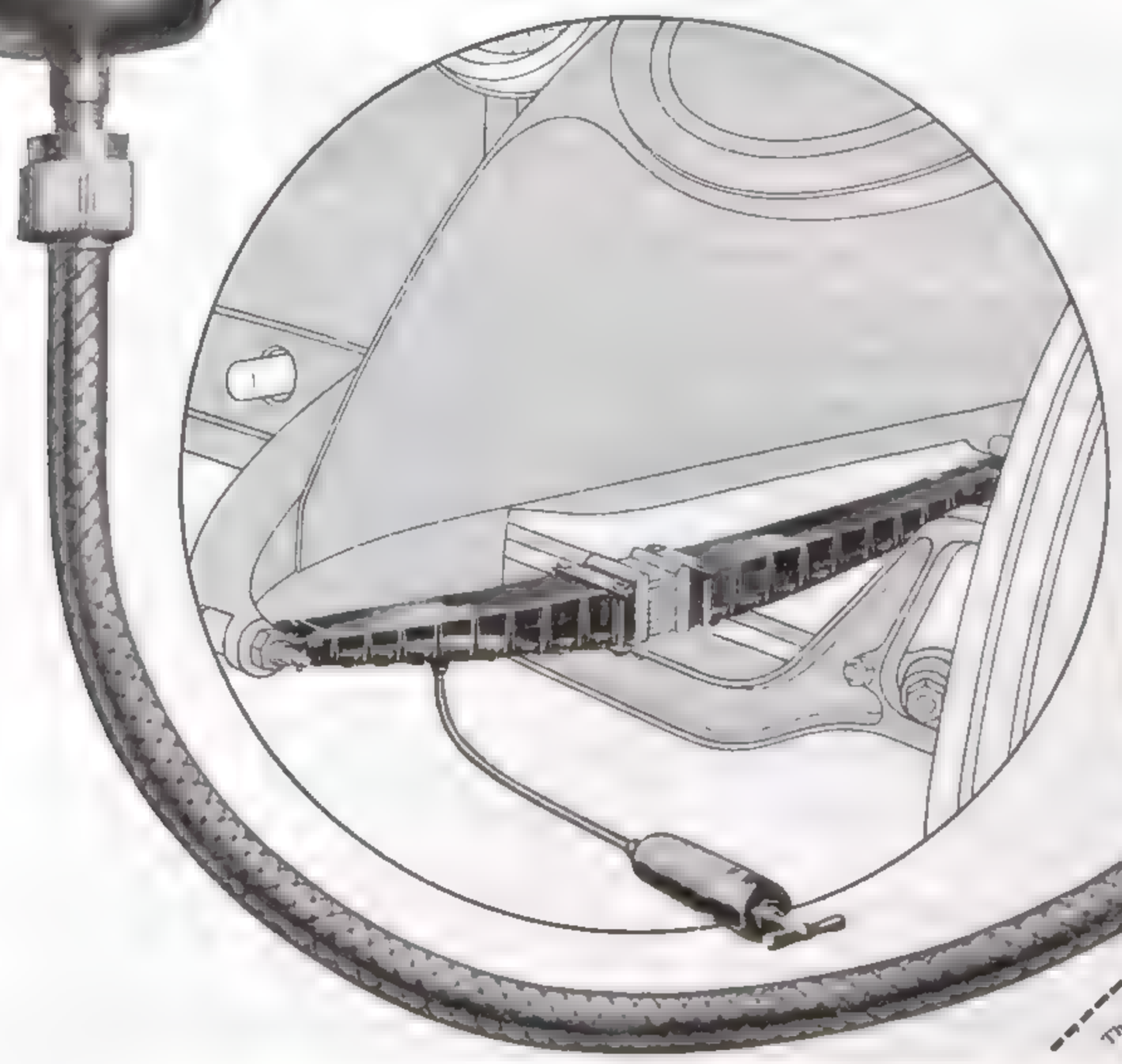

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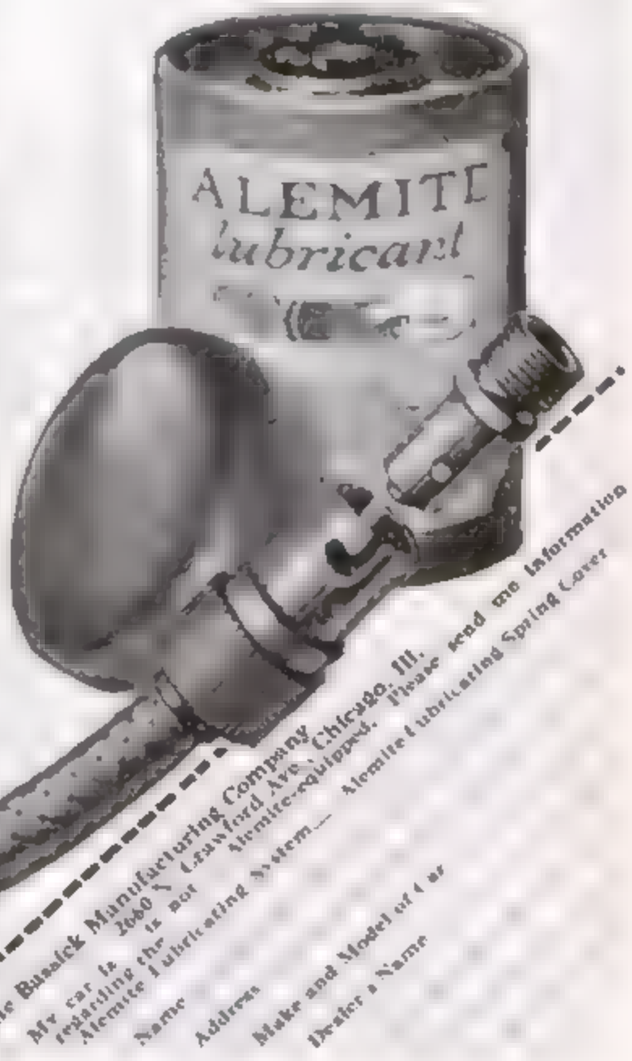


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(Continued from Page 82)

could find a quick buyer. But I can't hawk it about or my governor would hear of it, and he's a bit sentimental about these houses. They were left to me by my mother, don't you see, and the governor would be absolutely furious if he heard I'd sold them. One of 'em is the house my folk lived in when they were married early struggles sort of business. But if I'm going to cut Caterham out and get Estelle I've got to have some money. My allowance from the governor is ridiculous—absolutely. Of course the governor would buy the property rather than lose it; but if I offered to sell it to him he'd round on me and swear I had no respect for my mother's memory. So what I mean is that it's a bally difficult problem, and no matter how adroit a man is, there's no way out—absolutely not. What do you think, Miss Winnie?"

Winnie eyed his profile with a touch of compassion. It sounded to her like a child talking.

"I am not very surprised that dear old Sir Henry is anxious to get Freddy disciplined and trained to handle the big fortune he will inherit," she told herself.

"But, Freddy, I—I don't pretend to know very much about property and—and money and things, only surely there are people—men—agents—who could arrange something for you. Mortgages, I think they call them."

"Oh, money lenders! I'm too old a bird to put myself in their claws again," explained Freddy. "I did in all my coming-of-age loose cash with them as it is."

"Please, not money lenders. I didn't mean that. But agents—financial agents who have to be tactful; like dear Mr. Jay, who handles all my little money affairs. He is so good and kind and reliable that I don't know what I should do without him. I am quite sure he could help you, Freddy."

Freddy looked interested.

"Could he though? I might look him up anyway."

"He would be so pleased to see you. . . . Freddy, I have an idea. Shall I telephone to him and ask him to do his very best for you?"

He looked into her deep, glorious eyes.

"All right, if you don't mind. It's jolly sporting of you, Miss Winnie, what? I'll call in on him. Where does he hang out?"

Winnie told him. Then Caterham left Estelle Lancing and a second or two later Winnie was alone. She watched Master Furlong lounge across to Miss Lancing. He was just an ordinary, everyday self-idolater; very young, very selfish, very woolly; shouting for someone to come and shear him.

Presently she slipped quietly away to the telephone in the vacant library.

### III

ON THE following morning the infatuated Freddy tore himself away from Estelle Lancing long enough to run up to town and interview that kind, clever and reliable agent so strongly recommended by Winnie, gentle Mr. George H. Jay. He returned in the afternoon, beaming, stridently vocal in praise of Mr. Jay, and in possession of a bale of notes large enough, if lighted, to cook a dinner.

"I like Jay, absolutely," he informed Winnie. "He's quick and respectful and adroit. What I mean, there's nothing of the money lender about him; just a plain inquiry, and an understanding that it was to be a gentlemanly transaction between two gentlemen; full of good advice, too; advised me about making my will and arranged to fix it all up for me; let me have two thousand right away, and between us we hit on a plan that solved the difficulty of the property. Not quite clear what it was; but it was an awfully good plan anyway. I'm calling in two days' time to sign another bit of a deed and to collect another three thousand. He's a good, level-headed, adroit business ma—— Oh, excuse me, Miss Winnie, there's Estelle."

He hurried across the lawn to the lady. Winnie looked after him, sighing a little. It was really rather sad about him. He was so easy; elementary—Exercise I for Baby Vamps, Kindergarten Class. Winnie could almost find it in her heart to wish that he had been a little more difficult. Then a thought occurred to her that killed the wish stone dead, and she postponed joining the blithe sports on the lawn just long enough to exchange a little conversation with gentle Mr. Jay on the telephone.

That evening the plastic Freddy triumphantly announced to Winnie that he had insisted on a heart-to-heart talk with Captain Caterham.

"Estelle was with us, too, and with a little tact and adroitness I got the whole bally difficulty settled up, Miss Winnie—absolutely. Caterham has released Estelle from her promise to him, and that washes him out.

"What I mean to say, he's no obstacle and he is still a good friend to Estelle and me. In fact, he's going to help us. We're off to Switzerland just as soon as I've arranged about the money with Jay."

"That will be so nice, I think," said Winnie.

"Oh, rather! Topping! After a few days old Caterham is going to join us and we're going to do a bit of mountain climbing and that sort of thing, just to fill in until my old governor relents and wants us back again."

He hesitated a moment. Then dropped his voice:

"By the way, Miss Winnie, if when you ladies are all chatting together—gossiping, don't you know—and anybody, Estelle or anybody, should happen to mention my—er—fortune, don't give me away."

Winnie's eyes widened.

"Give you away! But how, please, Freddy?"

Freddy looked a shade sheepish.

"Well, what I mean is, I've rather encouraged Estelle to believe I've got about thirty thousand loose money, where I can get at it. I had to do that to checkmate old Caterham, who isn't badly off himself. As long as I dash it down pretty freely Estelle will never ask how much I have left, and by the time I'm spent out the old governor will have come round. Not a bad idea for a little Fred, what? Adroit, don't you think? You see, I'm not deceiving her. I shall inherit pots of money some day, anyhow; and the old governor will turn up trumps after a time. Oh, absolutely!"

Winnie did not answer very quickly, and had the adroit youth glanced at her he would have noticed that the sweet shell pink tint had left her face. She was a little pale, and her blue eyes had dilated and were dark.

"Ye-es, I see, Freddy. I—I won't forget," she whispered. Her slender hand fell softly on his sleeve. "Won't you tell me what day you expect to be married?"

"Next Friday, at Kensington Registry Office," he said promptly. "Absolutely! Old Caterham is going to be my best man. I'd ask you, only we aren't having a crowd. And we're off to Switzerland the same evening."

"Then Mr. Jay is going to let you have the rest of the—the property—money by then?"

"Oh, yes! I'm calling in on him at eleven o'clock, first thing after we're married."

Winnie sighed.

"How simple you make everything seem, Freddy," she wafted to him.

"Yes, don't I. Only wants a little brains, what?"

Winnie spared him the obvious assurance that he was admirably equipped for any enterprise requiring a little brains—the littler the better—and they went their ways.

It was during the customary kimono séance with May Fasterton in that happy lady's bedroom that evening that Winnie, gentle, sweet and childlike, in pale blue negligee, gleaned the last little item of information she needed. It wasn't much. She had wanted to know the private addresses of Miss Lancing and Captain Caterham.

May Fasterton had asked Lady Southdown, and as she sat watching Winnie's maid brush the golden mist that was the child's crowning glory, May announced the result of her inquiry.

"The Lancing lady lives at Flat 6, Marlington Mansions, Ridgemount Gardens, Winnie; and Captain Caterham lives at his club, the Army Sports Club, Jermyn Street," said May with a tiny yawn—Tony had not been quite his normal entertaining self that evening.

"Pardon me, your ladyship, may I speak?"

It was Winnie's maid, a stern and elderly person, extraordinarily capable, usually very silent, always very plain. Unlike May Fasterton, whose maids while they lasted—which, unfortunately, was not very long—were invariably chic, smart, pert and troublesome, Winnie preferred a serious-minded, even forbidding maid, and in Thirza Brown she had a champion of her class.

To see Thirza putting Winnie to bed, as one may say, was to go back almost to the night nursery. One would have thought the grim Thirza was handling a small baby angel. She adored Winnie with an ill-concealed passion, and she was never tired of lavishing upon her lovely little mistress all the lady's-maiding lore of a lifetime. She was a treasure—a plain one, safe from the very unsettling temptations to which pretty lady's maids are subject—and, like Winnie, her idea was that the best of everything was about the only quality suitable for her mistress. This applied to information as well as everything else, and consequently when Thirza heard Lady May giving Winnie information that though good was not complete or perfect, she was moved to intervene.

"Oh, of course, Thirza," cooed Winnie.

"Captain Caterham has another address, miss. I spoke because I thought perhaps her ladyship did not know."

"I don't," said May candidly. "You are quite right to tell us."

"Miss Lancing's maid has made a match of it with Lord Southdown's valet," explained Thirza, "and I have known him for years. She told him, as a secret, that Captain Caterham rents Flat 7 at Marlington Mansions," said Thirza, with the set lips of serious disapproval.

"Ah! Next to the delightful Lancing's flat," said May. "I knew that charming couple worked in couples."

"Thank you, Thirza. I think you were right to tell us that," said Winnie.

"I am perfectly certain that both of them are shady," continued May. "And that spoiled child, Freddy Furlong, will have cause to regret his intimacy with them before long. Winnie darling, you really should focus those queer, active brains of yours on them. I have an instinct that it would be interesting."

"But, May, they are leaving tomorrow," said Winnie.

May shrugged.

"That will be the most popular thing the Lancing creature has done since she arrived," she laughed. "And none of the men here will grieve over Captain Caterham's departure. Tony says he is quite sure the captain is what he calls a bad egg. . . . That little blue wrap of yours, child, is exactly right for your ridiculous hair. It's not fair for a child like you to have hair like that. Tony had the tactless impertinence to start raving about it tonight—to me!"

And so forth—kimono conversation thereafter; pretty, of course, but mainly private. Winnie was ready enough to gossip with her friend. She knew now all she wanted to know about Freddy Furlong's bride-to-be and the friend who had so self-sacrificingly yielded her to Sir Henry's heir.

### IV

WHEN, at eleven o'clock on the following Friday, gentle Mr. George H. Jay pricked his competent ears at an anxiously expected sound from the outer office, and rose from his desk with his greeting smile in full bloom on his face, it was noticeable that he looked unusually well and carefully arrayed. His morning coat was new, creaseless and perfectly fitting; his dark striped trousers were so faultlessly unbagged at the knees that obviously he had not sat much at his desk that morning; and it was plain that he had not been long out of the most dutches of the barber. If he had been half as prosperous as he looked George H. would never have been in his office at all, for he was not a man who liked labor for labor's sake.

But his smartness paled beside the splendor of Freddy Furlong and the costly apparel of his brand-new wife, who were shown in punctually at the stroke of the clock. There was a gleam of unwilling admiration in the glassy eye of the agent as he bowed very scrupulously before the lady, for, indeed, she was looking extraordinarily attractive. Freddy introduced her with a pardonable pride, and then got to business at once.

"You'll forgive me for hurrying things, Jay; what I mean to say—but we haven't much time to spare, and my jolly old best man is waiting in the car outside," he said.

"Quite so. I see you are a quick man, Mr. Furlong," purred George H., "and rightly so. I am a quick man myself."

"Certainly," said Freddy, smiling at the beautiful Estelle. "You see, we're off to Switzer and in an hour or so."

Mr. Jay had opened a drawer in his desk and had taken therefrom a mass of money, all in clean, silky, new bank notes.

"Ah, yes, quite so—naturally," he said absently. "And you will allow me, I hope, to wish Mrs. Furlong and yourself a very pleasant honeymoon. They tell me that the Swiss air is wonderful for the time of year. Let me see, you instructed me to have ready for you the sum of three thousand pounds."

He gently pushed the bale across to Freddy.

"If you will count that, my dear Mr. Furlong, I think you will find it correct, less my—um—commission, which I have deducted as instructed."

"Count it!" said Freddy. "No fear, Jay. Life's too short to count a pile of notes that size. Absolutely!"

His wife did not appear to share his views.

"But, Freddy, that's lazy," she said in a rather thrilling contralto. "One should always count money, even if it is received from one's own brother."

George H. Jay smiled.

"Yes, indeed. Particularly if it is from one's own brother—ha-ha! I think, Mr. Furlong, that your wife is right."

Freddy passed her the bale.

"All right. Will you count it, Estelle, while I sign for it, what I mean to say?"

The documents—parchment affairs with seals and green ribbons—were swiftly signed by the impulsive Frederick, and as swiftly Mr. Jay added his signatures as a witness.

"Strictly, you should have another witness to this—your will, Mr. Furlong," he said, putting the first of the two documents into a drawer. The will in his hand, he went to the door leading to the outer office. Freddy and his darkling bride heard him give a little exclamation as of pleased surprise. A moment later he ushered in Winnie.

"Here, as it chances, is Miss O'Wynn, Mr. Furlong. She is willing to act as the second witness to the signature on your will," he said with the air of one bestowing a nice present.

But a touch of deeper color had crept into his cheeks and his eyes were protruding a little. George H. was a trifle excited. Winnie smiled sweetly upon them all.

"If Mr. Furlong would like me to be a witness, please, I will do whatever is necessary."

She was removing a glove.

"There is only just the one document—the will, Miss Winnie," said Mr. Jay blandly. "There is no need for a second witness on the conveyance—the document in which Mr. Furlong conveys his property to you."

Estelle looked up sharply from her counting.

"Pardon me, did you say my husband has conveyed his property to Miss O'Wynn?" she inquired crisply.

Mr. Jay managed to look half as surprised as Winnie—not bad for one who was by no means half so good an actor. He tapped the document in his hand.

"I think there is no doubt at all about that," he said cheerfully. "This is the actual deed of conveyance. And the money that you are counting now is part of the money Miss O'Wynn—or rather I, on behalf of Miss O'Wynn, have paid him in consideration of—er—such conveyance."

Estelle's brilliant eyes began to glitter strangely. She thrust the big pile of notes into Freddy's hands and stood up.

"But, please let me understand. Do you suggest that my husband has sold his property to Miss O'Wynn?"

Freddy intervened.

"Oh, rather not, Estelle—absolutely! What I mean, not at all. Merely conveyed it to her temporarily in return for this three thousand ready cash and two thousand the other day. Loose cash for honeymoon expenses, don't you see, darling? I can buy the property back any time I like, can't I, Jay?"

George H. nodded.

"Any time Miss O'Wynn cares to sell it—yes, indeed, Mr. Furlong."

Freddy beamed.

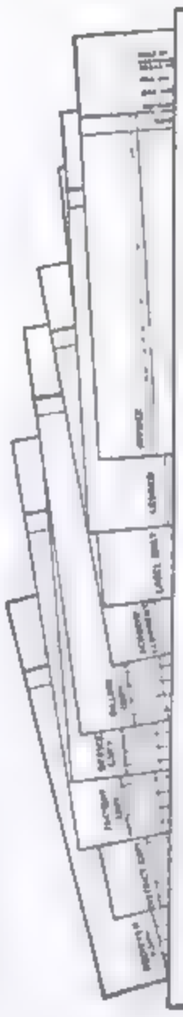
"There you see, Estelle! Why worry? It's nothing more than a temporary—er—what you call realization of assets, eh, Jay? Absolutely!"

But Estelle was looking at Winnie with a curious intentness.

"It was you who advanced ——" she began, but broke off and turned to the staring Freddy. "How much of your property does that deed cover? How much

(Continued on Page 89)

# "$9,000 a year saved"



A New York manufacturer is making a saving each year equal to fifteen times the maintenance cost of the Baker-Vawter Order System which gives him that saving. This is an unusually startling result, of course, but numerous other instances of very appreciable savings can be cited.

In Tennessee, for example, a similar system reduced overhead for a feed manufacturer and jobber by one clerk's salary, yet the volume of business now handled is larger than it was formerly. The system is as effective and economical now as it was when first put into use several years ago.

Interpret these instances in terms of methods that will improve your own business. You'll always find the Baker-Vawter way economical and practical.

Manager: *"We're saving sixty cents on the handling of every order. On 15,000 orders a year that amounts to $9,000. Our new Order and Billing System is responsible."*

President: *"That's fine. But are orders shipped as promptly?"*

Manager: *"More promptly. The whole routine has been simplified: Writing the order, filling it, follow-up, packing, shipping, billing and bookkeeping."*

PERHAPS in your office—certainly in many offices—order-handling, filling, recording and reference cost far too much.

Lost motion, although not apparent to you, may be costing your office many times the price of improvement.

Call in the Baker-Vawter man and find out how little it costs to eliminate wastefulness. There's one of our men near you. He'll give you the benefit of our thirty-five years of experience in handling business problems, in cutting out waste, confusion and worry.

Our men adapt our methods and equipment to fit your own conditions. We have helped many firms who didn't realize how badly they needed us.

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*General Offices:*-Benton Harbor, Michigan
We serve and sell direct ¶ Our own offices in 55 cities

*Manufacturing Plants at*
Benton Harbor, Mich. San Francisco, Cal. Holyoke, Mass. Kansas City, Mo.

*Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Filing Equipment*

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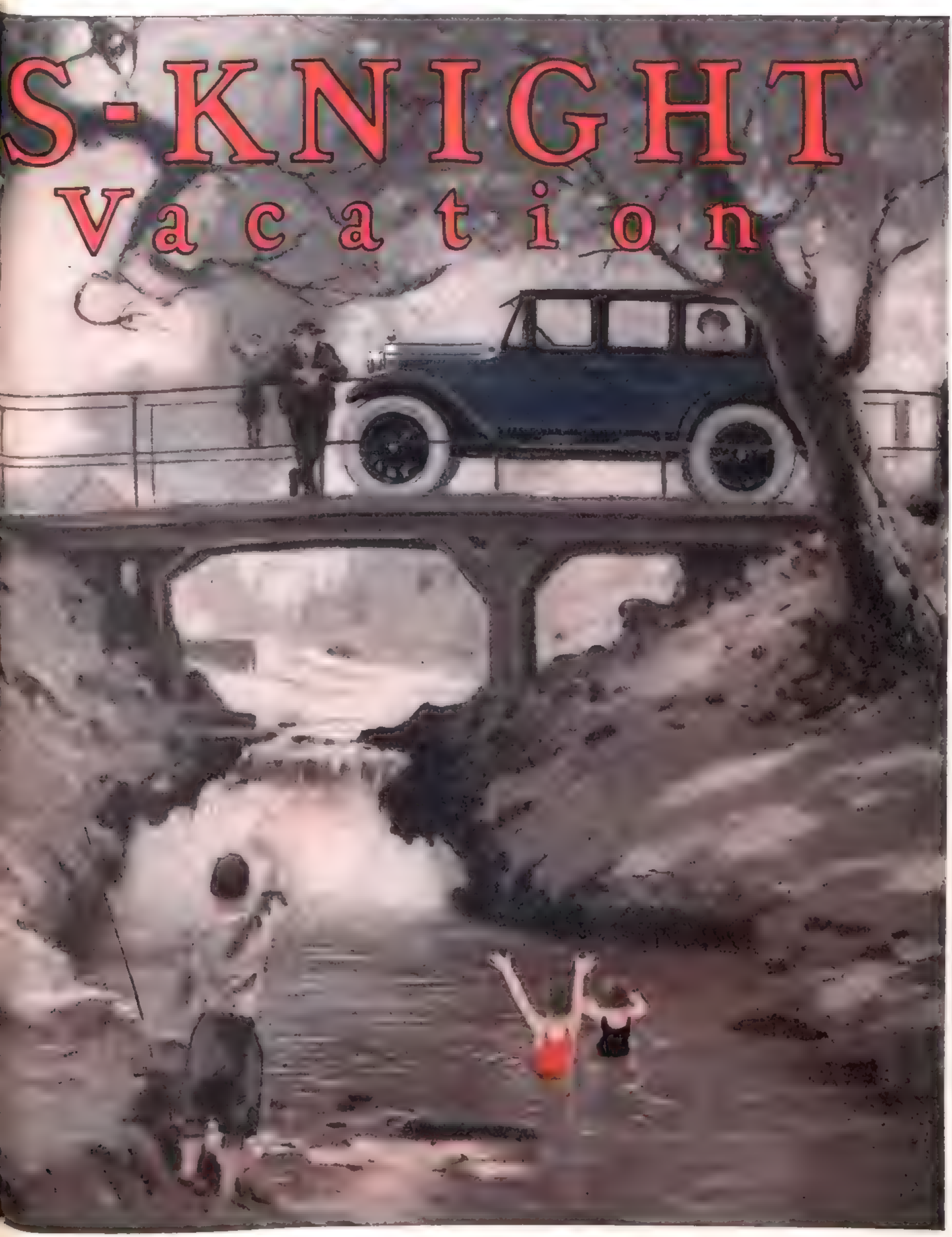
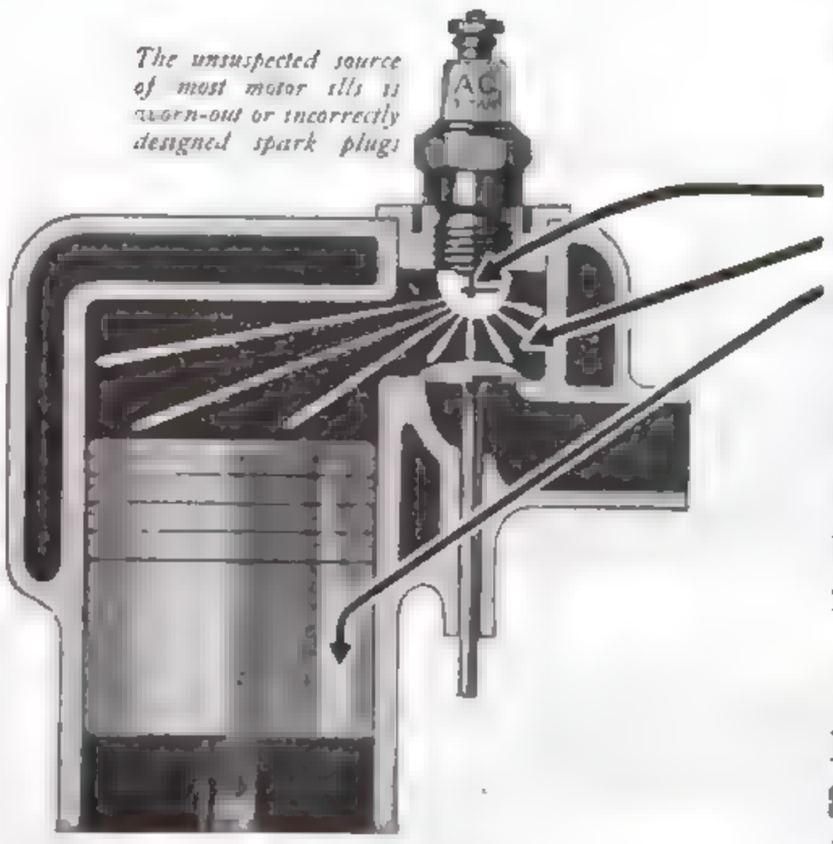
GO in the comfortable, deep-cushioned roominess of the New Willys-Knight. Go in the satisfaction of its beauty unsurpassed. Go without a thought or care for the mounting miles, for there will be no engine adjustment or valve grinding to do when you return. *The Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine improves with use.* It is smoother and more powerful at 10,000 miles than when new. Carbon only makes it better. We know of no Willys-Knight engine that has worn out.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
*Willys-Overland Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*

*5 Pass. Touring  7 pass. Touring  3 pass. Roadster  5-pass. Sedan  5-pass. Coupe-Sedan  7-pass. Sedan  3-pass. Coupe*


S-KNIGHT
Vacation

# Why You Need a Good Spark in Each Cylinder




*The unsuspected source of most motor ills is worn-out or incorrectly designed spark plugs*

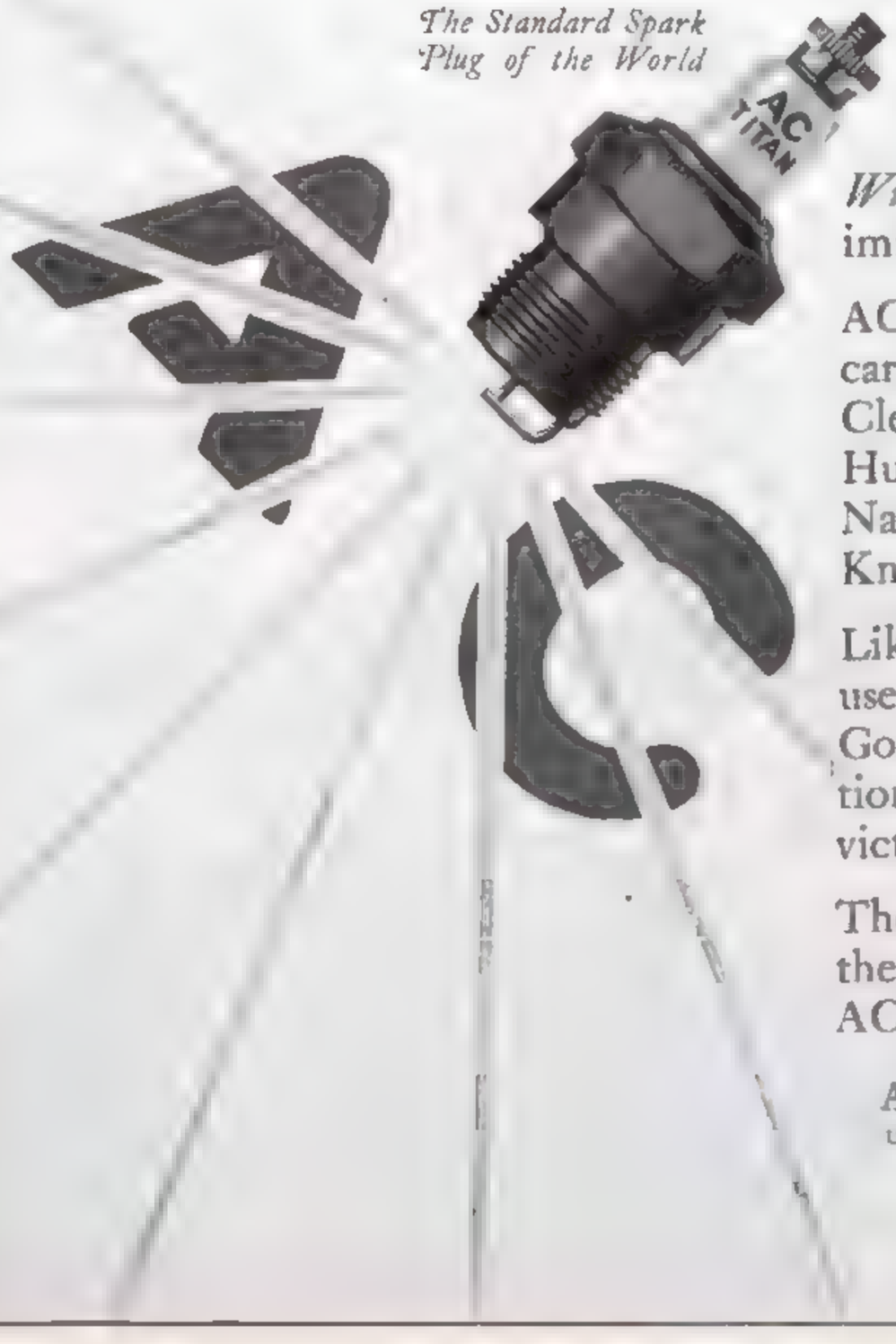
THE ignition system in your car generates and distributes a high tension current of electricity. The function of the spark plug is to deliver this current in the form of a *full* spark at the gap between the two firing points. This properly fires the compressed gas mixture in each cylinder and sends the piston downward on its power stroke.

It follows that if part of the current never reaches the spark plug points due to its leaking away through the porcelain, or because carbon accumulates, either there will be no spark or it will be so weakened that it will not properly ignite the mixture.

Incorrectly designed plugs will cause poor engine performance. Old or worn-out plugs will cause gradual loss of power until finally your engine does not pick-up and get away as it once did.

Very often, after costly repair bills are incurred and various adjustments made, it is found that a thorough check of the ignition and a new set of AC's is the remedy. Do these things first and you will probably find that nothing more is necessary.

*The Standard Spark Plug of the World*




*With a new set of AC Plugs* you will observe an immediate all-around improvement in performance.

AC's are standard equipment on most of the better cars, cars such as Buick, Cadillac, Chandler, Chevrolet, Cleveland, Dodge Brothers, Dort, Durant, Essex, Hudson, Hupmobile, Jewett, LaFayette, Maxwell, Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland, Paige, R & V Knight, Willys-Knight and over three hundred others.

Likewise, race drivers, speed-boat pilots and aviators use AC's. The 1922 500-mile Indianapolis Race, the Gold Cup speed-boat event, the Pulitzer Trophy aviation meet and many other contests were AC-equipped victories.

These experts use AC's because they have found them the best. For the same reason, *you* will find AC's the safest plugs to use.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915 U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,159, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 84)

have you left?" she said swiftly, her eyes hard. Her voice was a little shrill and a queer new quality of coarseness jarred in it.

"Oh, well, what does it matter anyway?" she said. "I suppose—at the price—it is only a fraction of what you own, Freddy, isn't it?"

"Eh—oh, yes, absolutely!" he said uneasily. "Pots of it—property—left. What I mean to say, practically a fortune left. Nothing to worry about, I assure you."

"But, please, Freddy, is that quite correct?" asked Winnie softly. "Have you any more property to sell?"

Freddy stammered, hesitated and Estelle pounced like a hawk.

"Yes, that's the point, Freddy. Let's get to the bottom of this," said she flatly, deliberately. "I want to know where I stand before I launch out on any honeymoon tour with you or anyone else. I ——"

She caught a voice from the outer office and went to the door.

"Just come in here, Jack," she said.

The good-looking Captain Caterham came in, smiling genially upon all.

"You seemed to be running it fine."

"Running it fine? Someone is doing just that, but it's not us!" snapped Estelle, now without the slightest pretense at being anything better than she was. She faced Freddy again.

"You told me you had thirty thousand loose," she charged. "You've got five thousand pounds now, for which you've sold some property. This baby-faced kitten says it's all you have. Is it? If you've anything else, what is it—cash, shares, property, what?"

Freddy stared, aghast at the change in her.

"Freddy has nothing left; have you, Freddy?" cooed Winnie. "Please, don't you understand, everything he owned he sold to me for the five thousand pounds?"

Freddy started. "But not forever. What I mean, only temporarily. Dash it, Miss O'Wynn, that property was worth fifteen thousand absolutely!"

"Bah, pussycat's got it now! Trust her and her shyster agent—are you blind?" sneered Estelle. "Why, you young fool, your father would have given twenty-five thousand for your mother's estate! Any idiot knew that!" She stared significantly at Captain Caterham. "Are you going to let them get away with it, Jack? There's the deed!"

Caterham turned to gentle George H. Jay, his eyes narrowing. He, too, had changed thrown off his mask of gentility. Now he looked dangerous, in a cold, steady, cruel, implacable fashion.

"I think on behalf of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Freddy Furlong, I'd better lodge a protest against this highway robbery," he said, his eyes gleaming into those of George H. Jay.

But the gentle George was no quitter either.

"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance," he replied. "But there is no law against lodging protests. Lodge some, by all means."

"But, please, I think it would be better for him to lodge a protest with the right person," said Winnie tranquilly, and in her turn moved to the door.

"Won't you come in, please, dear Sir Henry? I—I was so afraid you were going to be too late for our appointment!"

"There was a jam in the traffic, my dear," boomed the old business battler, and came in.

His keen old eyes fell on Freddy, and he bristled. Then he took in Estelle and Caterham, and he bristled some more.

"Well?" he rapped out.

"I think there is a—a misunderstanding somewhere; and perhaps I may be able to explain, if you all would like me to." Winnie's voice came cool, floating, serene.

"You see, Freddy really has sold his property to me, and that cannot be altered now ——"

"Hey? What's that?" Sir Henry bit off the question like a man biting off a cigar.

"Please, I will try to explain," smiled Winnie.

She moved to the telephone on Mr. Jay's desk and put in a call.

"West Central 2242, please," she requested, her blue eyes shining upon them all. . . . "Is that 2242 West Central? . . . Please hold the line."

She put her hand over the mouthpiece.

"West Central 2242 is the number of the Holborn Police Station," she said. "And, Mr. and Mrs. Mannering, we are connected."

There was a delicate tinkle of warning in her voice and she was as cool as cream. The head of the man she had called Mannering thrust forward, sinking a little, in an odd, menacing, ferocious movement.

"Now, I will explain," cooed Winnie. "Sir Henry, it was as you feared at Poynings Castle. Freddy fell in love with the wrong lady. She thought he had thirty thousand pounds, and that is a great deal of money. She agreed to marry him; but she could not do that legally, for, you see, she is already married to another man—an adventurer—as she is an adventuress ——"

The woman, Estelle, took a swift step to Winnie, but Winnie smiled a little and removed her hand from the mouthpiece of the telephone, shaking her head and pointing a slim white forefinger at it.

Estelle said nothing, and Winnie spoke softly into the telephone.

"Hold the line, please. I am so sorry for the delay . . . yes, in one moment."

She sealed the mouthpiece.

"The bleating of the lamb attracts the tiger," she continued, "and the thirty thousand pounds Freddy told Miss Lancing he possessed attracted the tiger, too—that man! You see, they were listening for someone to—to bleat at Poynings Castle, and it happened to be Freddy. Miss Lancing reminded Freddy that a husband usually makes a will in his wife's favor, and Freddy made his in her favor. But he had to procure some money, and so he realized the property left to him by his mother. He sold it. But he was so careless, and perhaps conceited, that he hardly troubled about the form of selling. It was enough money to carry on with that he wanted. Mr. Jay found it for him—some money of mine that I wished to invest. . . . I did not dream that Captain Caterham and Miss Lancing, as Mr. and Mrs. Mannering called themselves, were so deadly, until Freddy told me of the will and of his plans to go mountaineering with Captain Caterham after the honeymoon. But then I understood, and I made some inquiries and I was very lucky. Freddy would have gone mountain climbing with Captain Caterham," she went on. "And if anything happened to Freddy—if his foot slipped, or a rope broke—if ——"

She broke off, watching the narrow, gleaming eyes of Mannering, and spoke softly into the telephone:

"Are you there, 2242? Hold the line. Hold the line, please. Listen—keep listening, 2242," and masked the mouthpiece again.

"—— if a fatal accident had happened to Freddy, this woman would have inherited all Freddy had, without question."

Somebody started—it was Freddy, the self-starter.

"Please wait. . . . Watch him, Mr. Jay; he is dangerous and very cunning.

"But think!" continued Winnie. "Suppose something fatal had happened to Sir Henry first! Freddy would have inherited a great fortune. And if, after that, a mountaineering accident had happened to Freddy, Freddy's wife would have inherited that fortune."

"You dare to say—to hint that I would contrive two tragedies?" jarred Mannering.

"Oh, she's mad! She's mad!" sneered his wife. "They're all mad! Oh, come away, Jack!"

Winnie smiled.

"I do not say that; but I say that a man called Seyler, whose death benefited you heavily, once went on a motorboat trip with you in the Mediterranean—and never returned, Mr. Mannering," she said quietly.

He snapped his fingers.

"You will have to prove that!"

"How many officers of the cruiser Avalanche do you wish me to produce for the purpose of identifying you?" asked Winnie.

The woman stepped forward. She was very pale and her eyes were suddenly full of fear. She had not the nerve of the man.

"Ah, Jack, come away!" she urged uneasily. "These people are mad! That baby vamp has them spellbound. Why listen to all this stuff?"

The man hesitated, eying them with a cold malevolence. Then he bethought himself, deliberately and insultingly snapped his fingers at them all, turned and followed the woman out of the office. Winnie hung up the telephone receiver.

"But, my dear, he must be arrested," began Sir Henry brusquely. He was a trifle pale himself.

"Please, no. You see, there was an inquiry at the time and he was exonerated—for lack of evidence."

"The man's a killer," said George H. Jay with emphasis. "It was stamped on his face when he became his natural self. But you can't arrest a man on account of his face—ha-ha!"

Presumably Sir Henry accepted the gentle one as a judge of killers, for he did not dispute it.

"Very well," he said crisply, and turned to his son and heir. "You—are you satisfied? You heard, boy. D'you understand what this little lady has done for you?"

Freddy, it seemed, was a little sulky.

"I heard what she said, governor; but all the same, she's bought my bit of a legacy for a third of its value, hasn't she? Absolutely!"

"Pardon me, you sold it—at your own request," intervened Mr. Jay. "That's the correct way to put it."

"It was to be kept secret," muttered Freddy.

"Secret?" roared Sir Henry. "From me, hey?" He glared. "That will be enough from you, boy!"

"But, governor ——"

"'Sir' to you, you young hound! Sold your bit of a legacy, hey? That bit of a legacy was your mother's dying gift to you, boy. You were born in one of those houses. She valued it—out of all reason. I've given her palaces she valued less." He checked himself. "I'm going to make you worthy of that legacy—mold you, my lad, work you into shape; work you as I had to work." His tone was firm. "I'll 'tend to you later. You'll come north to the works with me tomorrow. You'll get something out of my college you haven't got out of your own. Not a word from you! I'm doing the talking from now on. Sit down—sit down, I tell you, and be quiet! Pass me that money—all of it."

He turned to the gentle George H. Jay.

"How much here?"

"Three thousand, Sir Henry," answered Mr. Jay promptly, "less my—um—usual commission—naturally."

The old knight turned to Winnie, his whole face softening.

"Well, my dear, what is the price of that property?"

For a second she hesitated. Then her hand floated down to alight on his sleeve.

"Please, as a business woman, fifteen thousand pounds." She stood before him, little, lovely, her eyes like stars. "But if you prefer it, and if you do not want it to be a business transaction, five thousand pounds, the price I paid for it, will do," she said.

She had left it to him. Her instinct was unerring, of course.

"Fifteen thousand goes, my dear. Here! Take this three before I make it ten times that." For an instant his voice shook. He crammed the bundle of notes into her hands. "I'll send you a check for the rest. Lord, little girl, I wish I had a daughter like you!"

He eyed her under his bushy brows, then glanced at Freddy. "You wouldn't care to take him? I'll school him for you. He'll come out of the furnace good metal."

"Oh, I am so sorry—so sorry!" cried Winnie, half laughing

"That's all right, my dear. I don't blame you. You've probably saved his life—too much to ask you to give yours too."

He turned to the ready Mr. Jay, with instructions about the deeds.

"Tear up that fool will and put me through to my solicitors."

Freddy rose and approached Winnie.

"Miss O'Wynn, I—I'm all he says, and more, what I mean to say. I probably owe you my life. I want to thank you. Oh, absolutely—er—thanks. What I mean to say."

They shook hands.

"Fred!"

Freddy jumped at his parent's voice.

"Sir?"

"When you've finished thanking Miss O'Wynn, clear out to the car and wait there. I want to thank her myself."

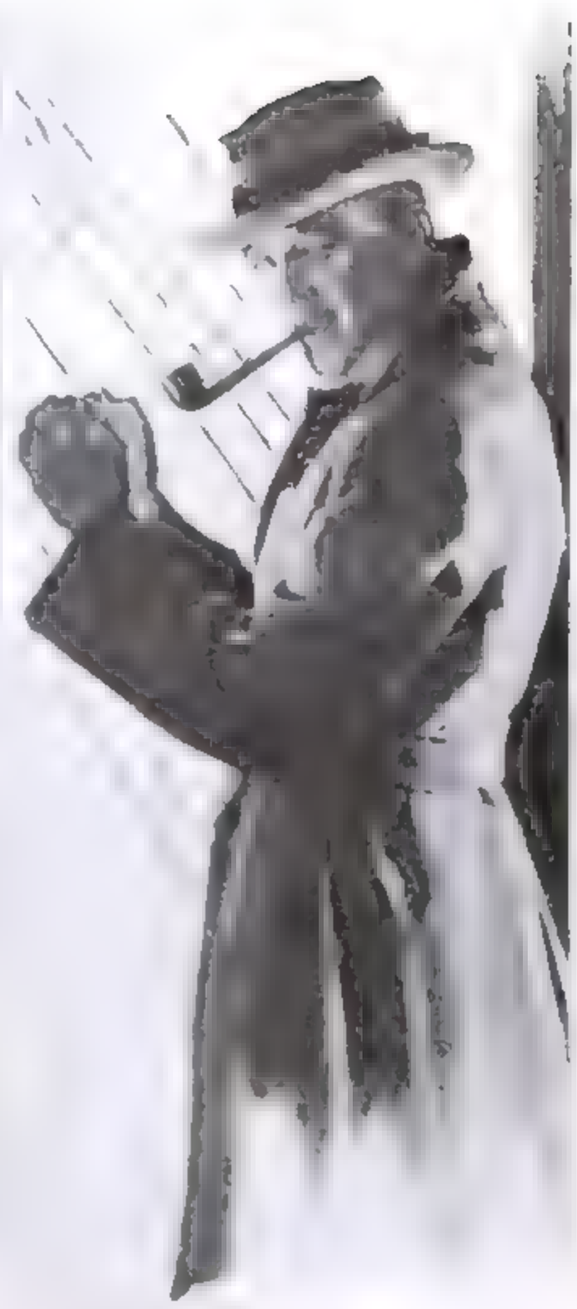
Freddy finished forthwith. Winnie liked him better then than ever before.

"Soon knock the nonsense out of him, my dear."

"Oh, yes," breathed Winnie, "I know, Sir Henry. It will all come right, I am sure. I don't pretend to be clever, but I think it is a lucky day for Freddy, after all."

Mr. Jay smiled blandly upon them.

"It's lucky weather all round, this weather," he said. But he said it strictly to himself.

# The difference in raincoats

## —*your eye cannot detect*

The difference between a really waterproof coat and one that will soak through in a drenching rain is *in-built*. Even the most careful examination will seldom reveal it.

To produce this in-built value—to guarantee to you this important difference your eye cannot detect—the makers of Raynsters have not spared either time, money or expert skill.

Every inch of a Raynster is backed by layer on layer of fine, tough rubber as light as silk. Every seam is re-inforced.

Raynsters are a complete line of raincoats—from rugged rubber surface coats to smart tweeds and cashmeres, with the rubber hidden inside. A complete line for boys, too.

Our little booklet, entitled, "A Scotchman Started It," will help you to distinguish raincoat quality. Mailed free to you. Address Dept. X, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

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# "For real underwear value give me Dollar Topkis"

"ROOMY, easy, perfect-fitting Topkis is the only underwear they can sell me. Talk about getting my money's worth—why, I'd pay double the price and not kick.

"Even if the Topkis Union Suit were not made of such good quality fabrics, I'd still consider I got a big dollar's worth in the comfort Topkis gives my body.

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The super-value of Dollar Topkis lies in correct designing, generous cutting, worthy material and sound, honest workmanship through and through.

Topkis Athletic Underwear is made big enough. Roomy all over, but not baggy. Large arm-holes. Extra wide, extra long legs. Crotch never binds. Seat opens easily.

Full size always guaranteed. First quality nainsook and other high-grade fabrics. Pre-shrunk—every yard—to *keep* full size.

That's why Topkis wears so well. Freedom from skimpiness means no strain on fabric. Careful tailoring adds still more wear. Seams closely and evenly stitched—buttons sewed on securely.

Does that sound like a real dollar's worth to you? Does it? No good dealer will ask more for the Topkis Men's Union Suit—but it's no wonder they'll say it's *worth* more.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c a garment. 75c for Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits.

*Ask for TOPKIS Underwear. Look for the Topkis label.*

New illustrated booklet will teach you what's what about underwear. It's free. Send postal for it today.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear


# NAMED BY IZZY ISKOVITCH

(Continued from Page 11)

"I'll compel you to admit some day that I am the biggest director you ever had on your lot!"

He was quivering with passion, but Schusshel was unction itself.

"When you do, Mr. Sapp, I'll pay your price to shoot our big specials, because you'll have the sales value then. How are you going at it?"

"Promote my own! I'll be financed for an independent production before night!"

"That's the hardest game in the world," the old man told him pityingly; then his voice softened as he added, "What's your salary, my boy?"

"What's the difference?"

"We might raise it a little."

"To continue on your program junk? I'll see you in hell first!"

This was his exit, and he left behind him an ex-employer really pained to lose so good a director and so worthy a man. In the outer office Sapp faced his fellows, still shaken with the agony of his lost battle, when a cheerful voice assailed him with:

"Well, how about it, Mr. Sapp? Do I get my job?"

The newly fledged independent producer had the saving grace of humor. It was what had kept him fighting through these years, and as he looked on the sparkling eyes and hopeful smile of Izzy he chuckled.

"If I were to give you a job right now, kid, it would have to be at ten cents a week."

"I'll take it!" shouted Izzy, jumping out of his corner with alacrity and grabbing Sapp's script case. "I got a couple months to spare anyhow."

II

A. HOPE, President, was the name on the door of the Hope Financing Association, and those who knew Andrew Hope best—that is, those who had done business with him—contended that his first name should have been Abandon. He was a particularly puckery gentleman, well into middle age and dried into perpetuity, like some of those rare blossoms which, sucked of their moisture too quickly by a hot sun, remain on the stem unwithered but with no color.

Hope's head, inclined to baldness, was covered sparsely with a growth of perfectly colorless hair. It wasn't white; it wasn't brown or yellow; just colorless, and, being plastered neatly to his cranium, exhibited to advantage the queer ridge that ran on the top of his skull from his forehead to the back of his neck. His eyebrows and eyelashes were colorless, his eyes were as nearly colorless as grayish-blue eyes could be, his lips were colorless, and his long, lean, cadaverous face was like parchment dried on the desert. He might have seemed, to the fanciful eye, like some grotesque huge insect desperately in need of moisture as he gazed hungrily on Ernest Sapp, prepared to absorb him to the bone.

The young director sat forward eagerly, telling with all the fervor of a boy the story of The Great Surrender, which he proposed to produce with simple artistic effects, realistic acting, casting for character, novel tricks of lighting and the like, his lean, scholarly face aglow, and his keen blue eyes shining.

"Very good, indeed, Mr. Sapp," acclaimed A. Hope, with an imitation of interest that was splendid, considering that he had cared not a rap for the whole recital. "Have you any money of your own that you wish to invest in this venture?"

"I'm sorry to say I haven't," confessed Sapp with a flush as he thought of his heavy alimony. "I'm afraid I've lived rather extravagantly."

"Are you certain that you couldn't carry at least a small part of this investment?"

Hope was notably insistent on this point, which seemed of strangely vital interest to him, and he probed into it until he was at last thoroughly satisfied that Sapp had no money and could control none.

Mr. Hope touched his eight finger tips and the tips of his two thumbs lightly together and bounced them against each other for a while. He pursed his lips, which had in them queer wrinkles from much puckering, and his mouth looked very like a nozzle at this juncture.

"How much of a drawing account would you need? I warn you to make it small, because we wish as much of the investment as possible to go into the picture itself."

Sapp hesitated. He'd been receiving four hundred a week at the M. P. C. and he was geared to that income; but he saw that he would not dare ask so much. After all, he could get along. It was his own picture, and the less he drew now the more he'd have when his profits came in.

"Three hundred a week."

"Our people wouldn't permit it. You will understand, Mr. Sapp, that this is not my own money. It belongs to the corporation of which I am president, and my board of directors is composed of men who are keen business persons." He said this with much inward satisfaction. A. Hope was one of those fortunate corporation officials who could close the door on himself alone and hold a directors' meeting at any moment, since he held 96 per cent of his corporation stock, the remaining shares being held by relatives who said yes when he sneezed, or they didn't draw their allowances. "My directors will give you, say, a hundred and fifty dollars a week, including one week for preparation and one week for cutting and titling."

Already some of the moisture was out of Mr. Sapp, and as his color went down, in the soberness of his thought, Mr. Hope seemed insensibly to gain a little color, as if there had been some mental process of blood transfusion.

"I can manage it," said Sapp presently with a compression of his lips.

"Good! That is the spirit of coöperation we like to see. Young man, I'm going to hold a directors' meeting this afternoon, and I think I can safely promise that we will provide the money for your picture. In fact, I do promise it."

"Thank you."

Sapp was jubilant. He was financed before night, as he had told Schusshel he would be. Poor fellow, he had been five years in the business, the last three years of it as a director; but this was his first experience in financing his own. Rising impulsively, he shook hands with his benefactor, but recoiled from that contact as if he had laid hold warmly on a cold and rusty file.

"I'll bring you that release in short order. We'll be shooting in a couple of weeks."

Mr. Hope repuckered his nozzle.

"Did I mention, when we first discussed the terms, that the release must carry with it a guaranty of the return of our money in four months from the date of delivery of the picture?"

"Four months!" Sapp was startled. "We'll have difficulty with that. The distributors are none too keen about a guaranty anyhow."

"Four months is our requirement," and then Mr. Hope rose stiffly as if to end the interview with finality.

"You'll take a six months' guaranty if you are perfectly satisfied with the commercial ability of the distributor," Sapp confidently told him, and since Hope made no vigorous denial, the young independent producer added briskly, "I'll come back tomorrow and close up with you. Shall I leave the story here for you to read?"

"It won't be necessary. I don't presume to judge of stories. I rely on the judgment of the distributor."

This was entirely true. He didn't give a hoot about the story, by whom it was or what kind of a picture it might make. So long as he got a good, bankable guaranty for the return of his money with interest, and ten thousand dollars for services, which meant providing the money and collecting it, he was willing to take any interested expert's judgment for his additional 10 per cent of the total profits.

Out at the curb waited Izzy in a state of tingling curiosity, for this was that future magnate's introduction, even by proxy, to the great comedy of promoting a picture, and he was avid for details.

"You got it!" he exclaimed as his employer strode across the sidewalk and jumped into the car with great elasticity.

"I hope to inform you!" was the exultant reply. Sapp threw out the clutch to head vigorously for the Affiliated Distributors Company. "Just told my little story once, Izzy, and got the money."

"Hot dog! Where is it?"

"Well, it's still in the safe," laughed Sapp. "We have to bring him back a release, and then we start shooting."

"That's easy," considered Izzy. "You're a swell director, Mr. Sapp, and all you got

(Continued on Page 93

# The International Mark of Ripolin

This design is the international identification mark of genuine Ripolin Enamel All Europe knows this famous Ripolin trade mark. The secret process of making Ripolin was discovered in Holland over thirty years ago. Since that time Ripolin has been used throughout the civilized world

Ripolin beautifies and protects both exteriors and interiors It decorates thousands of *Homes, Clubs Hotels, Hospitals, etc* It is used extensively for the finishing of *Railroad Coaches, Street Cars, Automobiles,* and on many of the largest *Trans-Atlantic Liners.*

Ripolin can be obtained in Gloss White, Semi-Gloss and Flat White. It can also be supplied in seven delicate tints. Beautiful interior decorative effects can be secured by combinations such as Ivory for the body and one of the Grays for the trim. Many of the finest interior decorations have been made possible by the use of Ripolin Enamels.

Ask any architects or painters what they think of Ripolin Enamel. Their endorsement is the best proof of Ripolin's superiority. May we send you one of our new Ripolin tint folders?

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY *and its Affiliated Companies*
National Headquarters Cleveland, Ohio

*To Dealers:* We will be interested in hearing from dealers wishing to sell Ripolin. Our Ripolin Proposition offers you unusual sales opportunities.

*Experience is not necessary to build up a profitable cab business. The opportunity is open to men of good character, whatever their business or professional training*

# We will put you in the Taxi Business

## —*and show you how to become successful*

PRIMARILY we sell YELLOW CABS. Fundamentally we put men into the business of operating cabs at a positive profit. Experience is not necessary. The opportunity is open to men of good character. Whatever their business or professional training, if they are energetic, aggressive, sincere and trustworthy and will faithfully adhere to a business plan that has been thoroughly tested and found successful in more than 300 cities and towns of 5000 population or more, they are assured a future with almost unlimited money-making possibilities.

### *Former Garment Worker Now Successful Operator*

Among our operators is a former garment worker, who, two years ago, bought his first cab. We have helped him to become a big, successful business man with a large fleet of cabs.

YELLOW CAB operators include many merchants who formerly eked out a bare living selling groceries, motor cars, dry-goods, furniture. Today they are making greater profits than they thought possible when we first helped to establish them in the cab business.

### WHY?

*First*—We know that where there are people there are cab riders. A cab operator sells cab rides. He is a merchandiser the same as the dry-goods man who sells numerous articles. *This is the field.*

*Second*—We have the vehicle that operates for the lowest cost per mile. It is acknowledged to be the greatest revenue producer in the automotive industry. *This is the vehicle.*

*Third*—We have the most successful system for taxicab operation. Combining the experience of the mammoth successful YELLOW CAB CO. of Chicago, operating 1700 Yellow cabs, and the 400 other successful YELLOW CAB operators in America. *This is the service.*

### *What We Do—*

We sell you a YELLOW CAB, painted any color or combination of colors you choose, on the lowest and most convenient terms. We know that the YELLOW CAB will automatically pay for itself, give you a comfortable living and return you profits on your investment if you follow our system of operation.

We give you the services of an expert taxicab operating engineer, who goes to your city at our expense to install the only recognized successful method of cab accounting, cab operating and cab dispatching.

In conjunction with our operating engineer, our merchandising department shows you how to merchandise for cab riders—gives you the benefits of other successful cab operators experience—demonstrates how to educate the public to the convenience of the taxicab. We assist you in the preparation of your advertising copy. We secure for you the co-operation of civic organizations and citizens who are interested in the civic advancement of their city.

### *Assist You to Lower Your Maintenance Cost*

We send service men to you to teach your shop employees how to get the best possible service out of a YELLOW CAB. We know that a standing cab does not make money—YELLOW CABS are not built to be in the repair shop except to be greased and oiled or in case of an accident. Our service men show you how to make short cuts to keep your maintenance costs to a minimum.

We prove to you why you should have courteous, honest merchandising drivers. Why these men should be your salesmen and be given every consideration based on their producing ability. How these men can increase your business and how you should recognize their value. Why your cab should always be clean and sanitary, and how it can be quickly cleaned.

We help you to conduct safety first campaigns—emphasizing the important part they play in getting you repeat business, gaining the public's confidence and assisting you to reduce insurance premiums.

### *Practically Every City Needs Additional Cab Service*

*The greatest need of this young giant of industry is man power.* The cab men of tomorrow will qualify as successful business men because of their talents for being business builders and leaders. *Today they may be in any other business but the cab business.*

We have analyzed the cab possibilities in every city in the country of 5000 population or more. There is practically no city that will not support additional cab service.

Let us tell you frankly about the opportunity in your city. If you would become a part of this new, gigantic business enterprise, write us today for complete information regarding our methods which have made everyone of our operators successful.

We are just as much interested and will give just as much co-operation to the purchaser of one YELLOW CAB as we will to a concern which purchases 100 or more.

Municipal officials and officers of civic and commercial associations whose cities do not enjoy the advantages of clean, modern, low-rate cab service, are especially invited to place their local conditions before us.

### *Modern Motor Coaches*

Designed to suit all localities and conditions, Yellow Coaches are modern in every detail—very attractive—built to last. They are the result of many years' experience as designers, large operators and manufacturers.

Six types of motor coaches.

Four types on one standard chassis, two of them seating 69 passengers each, one 57 and the other 30 passengers.

Two types on another chassis seating 20 and 30 passengers respectively.

*Write today for full particulars*

YELLOW CAB MANUFACTURING CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*This concern is strictly a manufacturing institution and not financially interested in the operation of cabs or cab companies anywhere in America*

# Yellow Cab-*not a color*-A Builder of Profit

©Y. C. M. Co

(Continued from Page 90)

to do is point to your pictures, and anybody ought to be glad to sell 'em. But say, tell me something! How does this A. Hope know he'll get back his investment? Seventy-five thousand dollars is a lot of money!"

"Oh," explained Sapp airily, "he'll only accept a release that's financially good, and they have to give him a guaranty of the return of his money in six months from the date of delivery of the picture."

"Sure!" Satisfied, Izzy relapsed into silence, and for three blocks his dark brown eyes saw neither the weirdly regulated traffic nor the tall buildings of Los Angeles; then he turned to Sapp with a grin. "Maybe he thinks you're a swell director, Mr. Sapp, and maybe he likes your story; but he ain't loanin' you no money. He's loanin' it to the bird that distributes your picture, just like loanin' it to a bank, only you pay the interest. How much you have to give for that money?"

Sapp chuckled at him and told him the terms, and they were nearly at the Affiliated office before Izzy, who had been huddled in intense calculation, spoke again.

"Oh, sure! Why, say! If it takes three months to make the picture and six more to get back the money, in nine months this guy grabs off about 23 per cent interest that's cinched and safe; then he gets a free gamble for 10 per cent of all you make. Hot dog! Say, Mr. Sapp, I ain't so sure I want to put on the billboards 'Isidor Iskovitch Presents.' Maybe I'd rather have 'Isidor Iskovitch Finances.'"

III

THE motion-picture industry is a huge, sprawling monster, with its head in New York and its tail in Los Angeles, and it takes the tail from a month to a year or so to get permission from the head to wag.

"I'll be back tomorrow and close the deal," the impetuous young independent producer had carelessly informed his backer. Oh, would he?

Six weeks had elapsed—six weary, dreary weeks of grim grueling in the hardest game in the world—and still Director Sapp was seeking his release. There was unabated courage in his breast and undiminished fire in his bright blue eye; but in his brow there were two wrinkles that had never been there before, and one faint line was coming between the brown eyes of even cheerful Izzy; for that future magnate's sole duty in the earning of his ten cents a week, exclusive of tips, lunch money and other perquisites, was to sit in front of buildings and wait for Sapp to come out with the bad news.

The difficulties were manifold. Distributing companies A, D, F and X would not do business with A. Hope under any circumstances, for he had an unpleasant habit of demanding an investigation of the books every time he suspected that another nickel had been collected, which was an insult to any distributing company, whether honest or not. Distributor B was loaded with all the commitments it could carry. Distributors C, G and H didn't like the story. Distributor E never sent it to New York to be read, but temporized from day to day until the tailenders became tired of seeing Sapp, and all damp on the entire proposition. Distributor I was interested, but wouldn't give a guaranty of better than a year. Distributor J sent the story to New York, warmly urging The Great Surrender, Author Jelleby and Director Sapp, and never heard from it again.

So here was the impetuous young independent producer, on the sixth visit to the mahogany-and-red-plush offices of his only live prospect, the Square Deal Releasing Chain, one of the few financially sound states'-rights concerns; and here, across the glass-topped desk from the impetuous young producer was Lucius Piltz, a round-headed, fat-lipped gentleman of great complacency, who leaned back in his chair and watched his cigarette smoke float to the ceiling while Sapp did all the talking. At the end of the desk, in equal complacency and equal occupation, except that he was smoking a big cigar in place of a cigarette, sat Lucius Piltz's partner, Tad McCarthy, and the two were as much alike in mind and body as two peas from the same pod. Mr. Sapp paused in his vigorous argument to moisten his throat, and Tad McCarthy took his cigar from his mouth, observing pleasantly:

"Aw, what's the use? Go back and tell that old crab he'll take a nine months' guarantee or we don't do any business."

"And tell him this at the same time," added Piltz, leaning forward to deposit his cigarette ashes neatly in a pink enameled ash tray: "We've been going over our books and estimating what we've bound ourselves up pay out, and the only way we can handle your picture is to reduce the guarantee to sixty thousand."

"Why don't you say you don't want the picture and be done with it, damn it?" suddenly exploded Sapp, feeling the tightening around his skull of final and complete exasperation. His fingers gripped the arms of his chair and he brought himself back to calmness. This was his last chance, and he simply had to put it through. "Look here, boys, I've been to Hope three times on your nine months' proposition and he hasn't bent an inch; so what's the use of going to him with this new wheeze?"

"Make it four times, and if you don't pull him this trip don't come back," growled McCarthy. "Tell him we said that, and you can close your deal."

There was a moment of silence in which all the determination in Sapp came to a focal point, and he set his jaws.

"I'll close him," he said simply.

"All right, then." Mr. Piltz swung round in his chair and folded his arms on the desk for the first time in the interview. "You're going up there to close the deal, and you'll close it, because we know this cast-iron egg has to get action for his money; so let's get all our little details settled. There isn't enough hokum in your story, Sapp. Can't you have the wife threaten to kill herself in that bedroom scene, and grab a knife and stab herself, and her mother run in and faint, and when they throw water in the mother's face, have her kneel down and pray her daughter back to life? Then when the wife opens her eyes bring in that little girl you got in the picture, and have her run into her mother's arms, and you'll get a sob."

Sapp gasped. "Why, I've used that pet scene of Schusshel's eleven times in the M. P. C.'s program pictures, with only slight variations, and ——"

"That's where I got it; and it goes over every time, don't it?" interrupted Piltz. "Anyhow, you got to get a sob some place in the scene. If you won't use that one, you'll have to bring me as good a one, or we don't take the picture."

"I won't do it!" Sapp was vehement about it. "This is clean, straight drama, realistic, true, and I'm sure the public would appreciate ——"

"What's the public got to do with it?" shouted McCarthy with equal vehemence. "We don't sell to the public, we sell to the exhibitor. We've spent ten years in finding out what the exhibitor will buy, and believe us, boy, that's what we're going to hand him. Do you want to make a work of art, or do you want to sell your picture?"

"That reminds me," broke in Piltz, picking up a match that McCarthy had dropped on the red plush carpet and putting it carefully in the pink ash tray. "You got some art backgrounds written into this script, and you play a whole sequence in a lovers' garden made with prop scenery to get some flossy light effects. That's out."

"It's in!" swore Sapp, and smacked his fist on the desk. "My heavens, man, isn't there to be any progress in the pictures? Can't we make the same advance they're making on the stage? Can't we do one single detail differently? Why, I've studied for years, waiting for the time to introduce modern decorative and pictorial effects! I have at my finger tips the methods and principles of all the old masters and progressive modernists. I've ——"

"I said it's out," repeated Piltz, and now he was as hard as he had been complacent. "It's out because these high-art stunts have all been tried, and they're flops; the minute you show 'em to an exhibitor he walks out. Maybe the public'll get them some day, and like 'em; but us, we deal in what we can sell, and that's all."

"We're lucky if we can do that," added McCarthy. "Remember season before last, Lucius, when we had such tough jolts. Picked every story ourselves, and even then had 75 per cent flops."

There was a howl from Sapp.

"There's your answer! You picked them yourselves! It's about time you let somebody else shove in an idea. I don't think we can do business, gentlemen."

"It's up to you," said Piltz, once more complacent, and tilted back in his chair. "But since we got this far, we might as well shoot the works. You're playing a heavy in this story, but you're making him kind to his family to show him human. Well, we don't want him human!"

"That's what makes Jelleby's stories great!" protested Sapp. "They're so human. He's made his reputation on it! Alter the plot enough to take out that humanness and to throw in a lot of hokum, and you'll have nothing left of Jelleby's story but the title."

"I don't like the title so much, either," returned Piltz quickly. "But since you've been so strong for it, we've decided to let you have it. But you can roll this in your cigarette and smoke it, Sapp: The exhibitor likes his heavies heavy, and from us he gets 'em heavy. He likes his heroes perfect and his mother with wrinkles. The comedian has got to be so funny that by the end of the picture he daresn't set down—and we don't give a tinker's cuss for Jelleby. Who's Jelleby, anyhow, that we have to protect him and lose money at it?"

"Another thing," observed McCarthy. "The other day when we spoke of Paul Noble for the lead you threw a fit, said he was artificial, didn't belong in this character, couldn't convince anybody that he could be left alone in a cabin with a woman for a week and treat her like a lady. Well, we talked that over. Your name hasn't a nickel's worth of sales value, and no author's name is enough, so Paul Noble, the big horse, has to carry the money. The women faint over him and exhibitors buy him, so he plays the part or we don't book your show."

Sapp only glared at them. He was past the point of speech. McCarthy felt sorry for him.

"Come on, buck up, Sapp! We're not children. If we don't make any money out of our pictures we can't make any more pictures, can we?"

All of which was so true that poor, bedraggled Art, loafing around her surreptitious child, shuddered and sobbed, as well she might, for she had been a drab through all these centuries, and every time she'd had a liaison since she left good old Paganism she had had the worst of it, and serve her right. With a low moan she floated out of the window, and Sapp, rising and gritting his teeth, said:

"So these are all the little amendments you want to make in my picture. I'll see you in hell first!"

Thereupon he strode fuming from the room and down to Izzy, who immediately brought up the smile of his old-time cheerfulness and put the same old eager greeting in his dark brown eye, for he saw that Sapp needed it.

"You didn't get it again," he guessed. "Well, better luck next time. We'll get 'em yet, Mr. Sapp!"

"I refused the release," stated the director in deep gloom, and Izzy stared at him incredulously.

"You mean they offered, and you wouldn't take it!"

"Yes!"

Sapp drove halfway to Hollywood before he spoke again. He had, however, got into the habit of confiding in Izzy. It had begun for amusement, but continued for advice, for in the boy was a shrewdness born out of a heredity that Sapp did not possess. So he told the whole shameful story.

"The loafers!" commiserated Izzy. "A swell director like you has to take such stuff from those scums!" He was silent for some little distance, watching Sapp sidewise from time to time. "Of course, you got to say that Piltz and McCarthy are smart men. They made about a million dollars apiece in the past five years. Look here, Mr. Sapp, you said they gross two hundred thousand dollars on a picture like yours, and if they do, you'll make about forty-five thousand on it, clear. Couldn't you do this? Couldn't you put in what they want and make the rest of it artistic? I could. You ought to could stand a lot for forty-five thousand dollars. You stood a lot for nothing already!"

IV

"ONLY sixty thousand!" A. Hope tapped the tips of his fingers and thumbs together and pursed his lips until they looked for all the world like the mouth of a rock bass. He had placidly accepted the nine months' guaranty when he was certain he could do no better. "I think you said before that you were totally unable to finance any part of this picture?"

Sometimes men driven by desperate desire could figure ways to raise money where they had seen no way before. Even as Sapp prepared to speak, however, Hope saw that the man was helpless. A spendthrift always exhausts every resource before he has arrived at a desperate need.

"I could raise twenty-five dollars on my watch," suggested Sap with rather intense sarcasm.

He had swallowed his pride and revised his ambitions, but his fire hadn't gone out.

"Very well, then. If the Square Deal will only guarantee sixty thousand dollars, then you can't expect us to gamble with the extra fifteen. You must make your picture for their amount. Can you do it?"

He was just as certain as he watched the pallor deepen on the lean face before him that the director could not bring the picture within that figure as he was certain that the director would try; and as Sapp paled Hope seemed to gain color by contrast, as if the mental blood transfusion were again taking place.

"The hardest game in the world! The hardest game in the world!"

That was Sapp's first thought; a dull, monotonous thought that intruded itself on him over and over, pounding at him, and keeping him from thinking, then he conquered the insidious mental opiate and put his mind actively to work. He sat perfectly motionless, his jaw knotted, his naturally curving lips straightened, his eyes fixed, while A. Hope sat quietly on the other side of the desk and slowly absorbed him.

The clang and clatter of the trolley cars came up from the street below, mingled with the hoarse voices of newsboys; a bird swooped down on the window sill quite close to Sapp and chirped a few sharp chirps, and flirted its tail and flew away with a whir. Sapp finally moved. He had been through a painstaking session of arithmetic. He was a director who knew his costs very well. He knew where he could shave here and pare there, cut out a set and tighten up his story. He could be mighty careful of his casting and of his excess footage, and push like the Old Nick. By working night and day, with a fair average of luck ——

"I can make it!"

A. Hope slowly unpuckered, and lowered his hands to his desk for certain ironclad papers already made out, awaiting only sums and signatures; and on top of the papers was that magic wand of commerce, a check book.

But Ernest Sapp felt very little exultation. He was walking a tight rope with a mighty light balancing pole, and when he was finished he would have sacrificed all the delicacies and subleties and finer points that had filled him with enthusiasm for the performance.

No, by George, he wouldn't sacrifice everything! He'd supply his deficiencies of money, the interference with cast and story and sets, by superhuman efforts of his own, by brilliant work, by fertile invention; and he would pull out, even under his handicaps, with such a picture as would make old David Schusshel take off his hat.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast. One sorry wag who had preceded Ernest Sapp through this office had paraphrased that old quip to read, "Hope springs eternal at the human breast."

V

HOT dog! The Ernest Sapp Productions Co. was a going concern; but it had to speed up if it wanted to keep pace with Izzy Iskovitch, for, as they were headed out to the friendly M. P. C. lot, where Sapp had already arranged for studio space, Izzy turned to him with:

"Say, Mr. Sapp, who you casting for the wife?"

"Haven't decided yet," frowned the chief. "This big sugar-cured ham, Paul Noble, is costing me twelve hundred bucks a week, so I can't afford a name for the girl lead; and the beginners—well, they're beginners."

"What you want in this part is a girl that can make 'em cry!" A trace of futurity in the boy's slight suggestion of proprietary treatment of the director. "I seen a picture the other night, Her Fatal Misstep, and there was a girl in it that was just like what you want. She made me cry!"

"Who was it?" asked Sapp, part of his mind busy with production plans and part of it grasping at any hint on so important a problem as the girl wife.

"Oh, she wasn't a name. Say! I know where that picture's playin'." This was a

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# MO

*Always welcome*— appetizing and wholesome—that describes Supreme Bacon and Eggs. You're sure to be pleased when you serve Supreme.

By means of our mild Supreme cure, we've produced a bacon with a delicious distinctive flavor.

The Supreme label always stands for true quality. We're proud of it.

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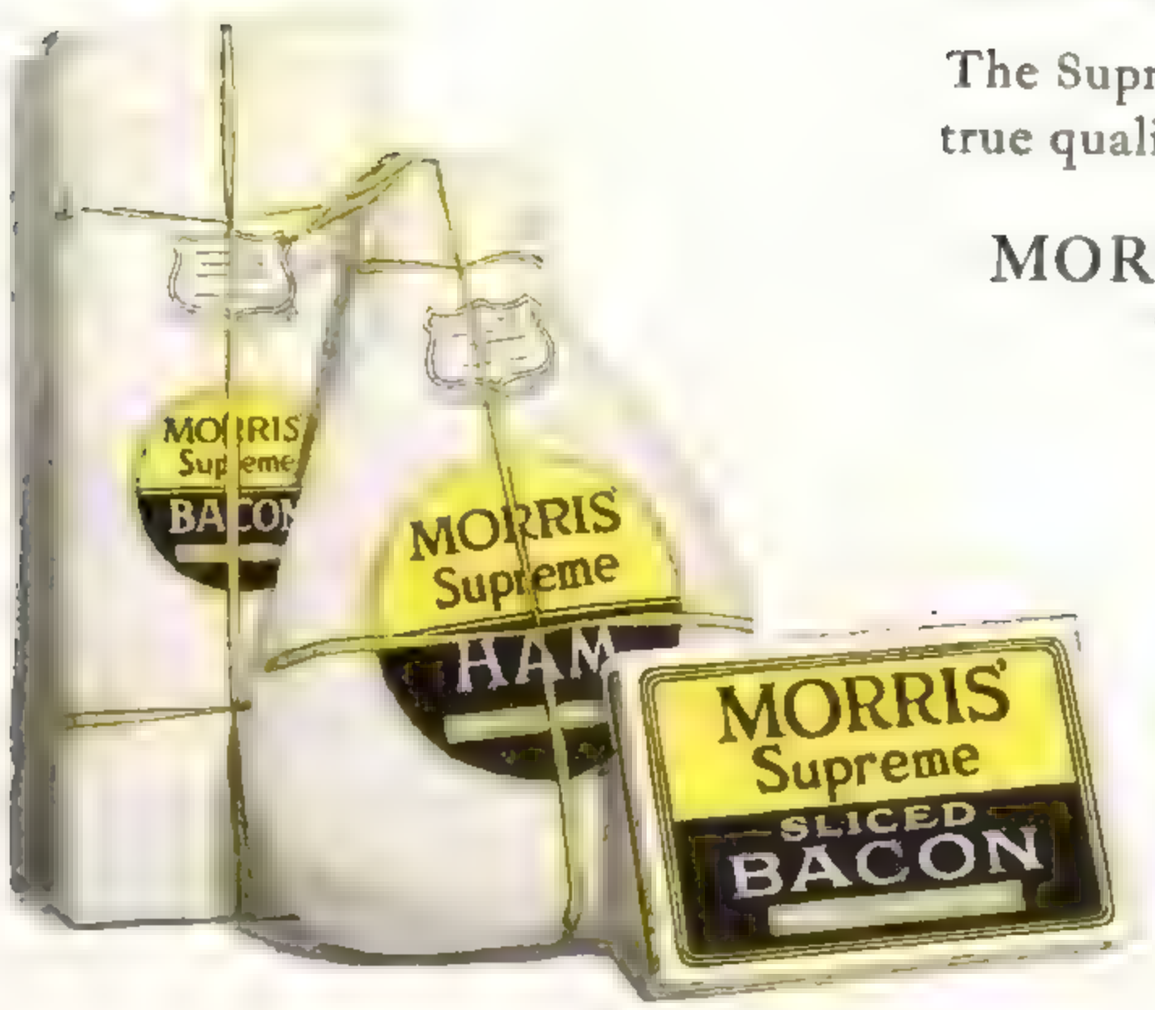
*Packers and Provisioners*

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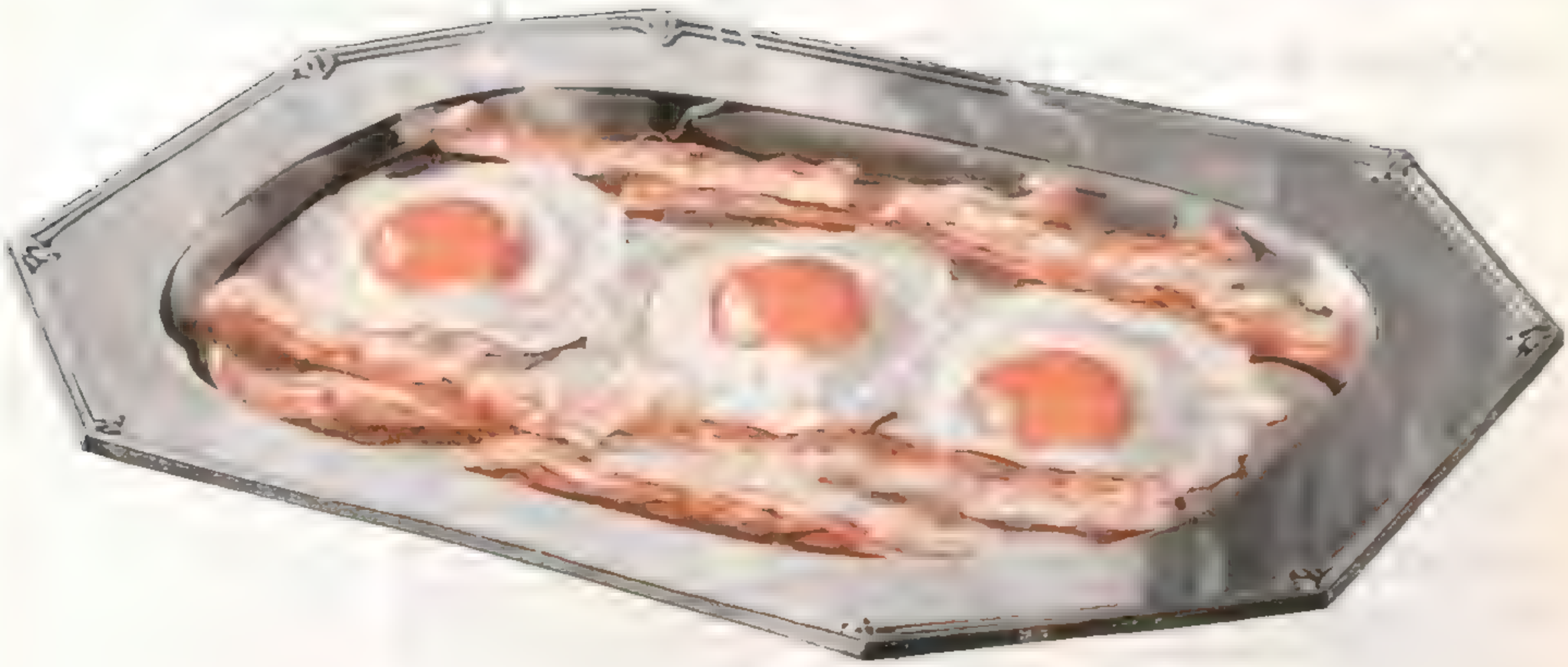


*taste just like Supreme*

# "Which Road Did You Take?

"How in Sam Hill could you get here an hour ahead of us? We've been moving some since we passed you near Three Forks.

"The short-cut? You don't mean that cut-off over the mountain! They told us that was terrible going. How did you ever make it?

"STABILATORS you say! Well, I have had my doubts. But by George, if that's what brought you through, I can see why you've been talking so much about them."

Thus from one to the other is the STABILATOR story spreading throughout the whole motoring public.

The change that becomes apparent in a car after it has been STABILATED is so immediate, so pronounced, so surprising that every user is just naturally a bit carried away with his enthusiasm.

It is literally true that STABILATORS change the whole nature of the car.

They are a scientifically correct means of maintaining the stable equilibrium of the car body in spite of the pitching and throwing tendencies when travelling over all kinds of road surfaces.

They give a wholly new luxury of motion to car travel, new driving control, safety and roadability.

First chance you get, ride in a STABILATED car. Fine cars are being STABILATED at the factory, but any STABILATOR Distributor or Dealer, in a few hours, can equip your present car.

*Descriptive literature upon request.*

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

WATSON

STABILATORS

CHANGE THE WHOLE NATURE OF YOUR CAR

*(Continued from Page 93*

detail on which he kept posted every day. "Suppose we run in and see it on the way out to the lot. Maybe you save some time. You turn off up here a couple of blocks and I'll tell you when we're there."

Sapp looked at his watch, and fell; and Izzy inveigled him ten miles to a suburban theater, where they viewed the work of Prudence Joy.

"You've lost me two hours out of a limited life," growled Sapp as he rushed out to the car and jumped the old machine into high gear.

"What's the matter with 'er? Didn't she make you cry? She did me."

"Not a drop! She photographs well, moves well and wears her clothes well, even acts well; but she has no sex appeal."

"She ain't!" Izzy was shocked. "Well, I tell you one thing: She'd sex appeal me all right, and I ain't lookin' to be appealed. Automobiles and fine houses and all them luxuries I got plenty of time yet for, after I get my business. This director, he didn't play her for her sex appeal. He's the bunk. Say, suppose I chase down some other pictures she's in."

Sapp shook his head. He felt rather hopeless with the handicap of Noble's salary.

"She doesn't just slap me in the eye. I'll have Grule round up a bevy of budding genius and trust to luck, but I don't feel thrilled."

Izzy was deeply troubled, for his casting instincts were keenly set on Prudence Joy, and as soon as he was off duty that night he made straight for her lodging house. Learning that it was only Izzy Iskovitch, Prudence smiled, and, merely powdering her nose, came down in her negligee; a loose, clinging, filmy thing that revealed her delicately rounded arms and slender neck and smooth shoulders to perfection; and Izzy stared at her so raptly as she came into the room that he forgot to rise gracefully from his chair, as he had observed Sapp invariably do.

"Say, if you could only let him see you in that get-up you'd get the part!"

She glanced down at her threadbare old negligee and laughed.

"What's the general idea, Izzy? And who is he?"

She seated herself at the end of the old plush couch. It was dark red, her negligee was flesh pink, the shabby old cushion that she gathered under her arm was yellow, the color of her spun-gold hair. The boy dwelt on the warmth of the color combination with a slight unleashing of the barbaric sensuousness that was in him from ages gone; then he turned briskly to business.

"Well, look, Miss Joy. You know, Mr. Sapp's got his picture promoted. It's a special, and there's a big part in it for you if you can get sold to it. Paul Noble plays the lead."

"Izzy!" Prudence gasped at the possibility. To play opposite Paul Noble would make her—positively make her. She now paid such strained and serious attention to the proposition that her agent frowned at her with critical disapprobation.

"Don't! Don't ever look that way! It makes you look kinda old."

For a fraction of a second the little lines that were threatening in her smooth, transparent countenance seemed to deepen. She was only nineteen, but she had spent two years in the hardest game in the world. And the thing he had just said was the thing she most dreaded. If she was to win success she must win it before she looked old.

After success came, nothing mattered. Only that infinitesimal fraction of a second; then she smoothed out those lines and laughed, and turned on Izzy a face so gay and youthful that his own troubled countenance cleared immediately.

"Well, here's the low-down, Miss Joy: I boosted you. You know you and me's got a contract."

"Yes."

"And I took the boss to see Her Fatal Misstep."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he thought you was pretty good, but he quit cold. He said you didn't have any sex appeal."

The unconscious brutality of that remark was lost on her. Since the pictures had discovered the astounding fact of sex appeal this had become merely a professional term; but to be accused of the lack of it was fatal. An actress could do without acting ability, intelligence or even good looks; but she positively could not do without sex appeal.

Suddenly Prudence lifted her head, and she turned toward Izzy slowly, her lips curved enticingly and her blue eyes sparkling and snapping.

"Lead me to him!"

Izzy slapped his hands on his bony knees and he roared:

"Say, you could vamp a cigar-store Indian with that smile and them eyes!"

The next morning, while the well-known California sunshine was still dispelling the early mists, Ernest Sapp came whistling down Directors' Row to Cell 15, threw open the door and stopped whistling, for in the office that he had expected to find dingy and bare and dreary was a radiance. It, the radiance, was seated in his sagging old swivel chair, a bewildering vision in apple green and delicate orchid, all soft and fluffy. A transparent broad-brimmed hat allowed the sunshine from the open window to glint on spun-gold hair. A delicately molded ankle and a long, slim little foot protruded before him, a pair of enticingly curved red lips smiled up at him, and a pair of wistful big blue eyes lost their wistfulness suddenly and sparkled and snapped as they met his astounded gaze—sparkled and snapped as if they liked to look at him, until they brought an answering gleam.

Izzy Iskovitch, watching anxiously through the crack of the door to the inner office, relaxed his tension minute by minute as the appeal progressed and acquaintanceship grew and ripened, until at last he clasped his hands and writhed his whole gangling length in a genuflection of joy.

"Hot dog!" said Izzy to himself. "I wonder if he gives 'er her hundred and twenty-five or beats 'er down to a hundred!"

VI

THE head cutter of the M. P. C. walked out of the projection room after viewing the first day's rushes on The Great Surrender, and said to the production manager, "Sapp's got a knock-out!"

Within a week the thrill of that fact was all over the lot. Director Sapp seemed to be inspired by his very restrictions, especially the one that had compelled him to cast a lead girl for a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Prudence Joy promised to be the find of the year! And who had found her? That potential owner and manager of the world's greatest motion-picture plant, Izzy Iskovitch!

Raised from ten cents a week to ten dollars at a single jump, and given the official post of legs for the company, he was the busiest as well as the proudest man at the M. P. C.; and not a prop went into the picture without his spatulate thumb print on it somewhere. It was he who kept even closer watch than the young producer on the tight race between the picture and the money, and he who beamed more cheerfully each day as the picture forged steadily ahead. The miracle was being accomplished. Ernest Sapp was making a seventy-five thousand dollar production for sixty thousand. Hot dog!

Within two weeks of the finish they were safe except for accident, and spending glorious days in the open, clambering over the hills and ravines of beautiful Topanga Cañon and basking in the yellow sunshine; and it was here that Izzy voiced the one worry that had been growing on him through the weeks:

"Say, chief, it's a shame such a swell picture should have such a bum box-office title."

Sapp laughed, and then he frowned as he looked up from making some changes in his scene numbers.

"Come back if you please, Mr. Noble. We are going to shoot that scene again."

McCarthy and Piltz's pick, strolling off for a smoke, returned sulkily. That curly-haired, six-foot specimen of he pulchritude was a bad boy these days. He was used to being petted by the ladies, and Prudence Joy couldn't seem to get the idea, since she was devoting all her soothingness to Sapp. The case between the rising young actress and her director had been swift and intense from the moment of their meeting.

"Now, Mr. Noble, I'm going to ask you not to block Miss Joy's face with your sleeve when you clasp her in your arms. I know you don't mean to do it, but you do."

"The bum!" husked Izzy angrily. "He's always doing dirt like that. Any time he stands in front of the camera he wastes a hour and a coupla rolls o' film."

"That's because Prue is stealing the picture," grinned Sapp. "Ready now! That's

it! Careful of the sleeve, Mr. Noble! Camera!"

Izzy stood silently by until the scene was ground satisfactorily; then the chief, dismissing Noble with galling courtesy, turned to the boy with a laugh. He was in high good humor these days. The world was his!

"Still crabbing about our main title, eh, Izzy? Suppose you dig up a better one."

"I got it! A Neighbor's Wife! How's that?"

Sapp gasped with mock tragedy; and Prudence, who had come straight over to take her usual place as near her director as possible, laughed at the ludicrous expression on his face. This was the last straw of all the attempts that had been made to cheapen his work of art.

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Izzy. "People would dig up their money to see what happens to a neighbor's wife when they wouldn't loosen a nickel to find out what the great surrender means. They get prizes for guessin' riddles; they don't pay for it."

"But A Neighbor's Wife doesn't fit the picture," Prudence condescended to argue with him.

"What's that got to do with it? You got a good picture, ain't you? Yes. Well, you got to bring 'em in to see it, ain't you? Yes. Well, if A Neighbor's Wife gets 'em in and then they like the picture they won't care whether the name fits or not. Anyhow all you got to do is put in a title that says the heavy's house and the lead's wife's house is right next door."

In the very midst of the hilarity that followed this bit of irrefutable logic Sapp's face suddenly blanched as he looked at the darkening sky.

"Rain!" he said.

In the game called craps two aces spell disaster; in faro a split upsets the calculations of the player; in roulette it's the green O that eats up the money of the gamblers; but in the hardest game in the world it's rain. Rain is the director's curse and the producer's damnation. For two solid weeks the young independent director-producer rose each morning to find it raining, gloomily watched it rain all day, and went to bed, sick in heart and soul and body, with it raining still, while his margin of safety melted and his money flowed out, like the River Shannon, to the sea.

"Well, how's the picture coming?" asked A. Hope, quite early in the morning after the second rainy pay day; and one with a fanciful mind might have imagined that he had been anticipating this visit, for there was extra suavity in his dryness as he motioned Director Sapp to the inquisition seat across the desk.

"The picture isn't coming; it's gone," grinned Sapp, affecting to take his disaster gamely, although the grayness around his lips belied it. "You know, actors and overhead eat in any kind of weather. Mr. Hope, we have to raise ten thousand dollars to finish the production."

A. Hope slowly unpuckered his lips and set them in a hard straight line so closely edged as to be almost invisible. His colorless brows beetled and came together in a thin, straight line. His colorless eyes narrowed down to negligible slits, and he placed his eight finger and two thumb tips firmly on the top of his desk as he leaned forward and said:

"The Hope Financing Association has no more money for your picture."

The cold finality of him was undebatable, and it was Sapp who was now the colorless one.

"This picture has to be finished, Mr. Hope! There is sixty thousand dollars tied up in it. If we don't have ten thousand dollars more the whole thing is worthless, and we none of us get back a cent."

It was a clinching argument, and one so logical on its face as to seem unanswerable; yet there was no change in the almost invisible straight lines of Hope's countenance.

"What you say is quite true, but my board of directors will not loan a penny except on negotiable security. It is up to you to furnish the remaining finances."

Sapp cursed, quietly but fluently. He did not lift his voice in rage or indignation or resentment; he merely cursed, and it was out of the agony of his soul, for at that moment he regretted, as he had never regretted before, the money he had wasted in the previous years; moreover, this poignancy was increased to its acuteness by the slowly dawning knowledge that the man across the desk meant to drain him dry. There he was, crouched like a spider for its spring, and suddenly Sapp hated the man.

"You know I can't raise a dollar. What are we going to do about it? Don't sit there waiting for me to waste words! Put your cards on the table!"

"Cards?" repeated Mr. Hope with an entire absence of inflection in his tones. He was a machine, set on a geared track, with the cogwheels whirring, and there was nothing that would stop him until the end of his run. "I have no cards. You might see what you can borrow on your share of the picture."

"Tell me another one; I need a laugh. You know it would be absolutely impossible for me to secure a cent, through any regular financial source, on an uncompleted picture when the second loan could not be repaid until there had been earned the mortgage value of your investment, the distributor's percentage, and your interest and your service charges." A slight gleam in the narrow slits of eyes across the desk from him. "How much of my share are you going to make me give up for that ten thousand dollars?"

No variation in the straight line of the lips, the straight line of the brows, the straight lines of the eyes; but the hands let themselves down from their finger tips and rested their palms on the top of the desk.

"I am not going to compel you to do anything, Sapp. As I told you, my company has no more money to loan on your production; but I'll take the matter up with my board of directors, and if they choose personally to advance the money to buy up your total interest in the picture, lock, stock and barrel, for the ten thousand dollars necessary to complete it, I will put their proposition before you. Come back at four o'clock."

Sapp rose from his chair, choking with passion.

"I'll—I'll ——"

"You'll see me in hell first, I suppose," commented A. Hope; but as the dry husk of the young producer left the room the straight lines on the retired second-mortgage shark's face slowly bent, and on his lips there came his nearest approach to a smile; a grizzly thing that revealed a row of crooked, colorless teeth so nearly the hue and tint of his face that it looked as if he had no mouth at all. By the irony of fate the sun was shining.

### VII

"THE company's gone on location!" yelled Izzy, full of excitement as Sapp drew up in front of the M. P. C. "Jonesy says for you to come right on out and he'll be all set up for you. Say, what's the matter?" And the thin line sprang between his eyes as he caught sight of the director's drawn face. Then he guessed it: "A. Hope wouldn't come through!"

"Yes, he'll come through. We can finish our picture all right." Sapp remained sitting in his car, leadenly, and tapped the loose tobacco from the end of a cigarette. His hand was firm; but, like his face, it was gray beneath the tan. The bloodletting had been severe, and he felt himself becoming old and white-haired. How he should live through eternity he did not know, but eternity was here!

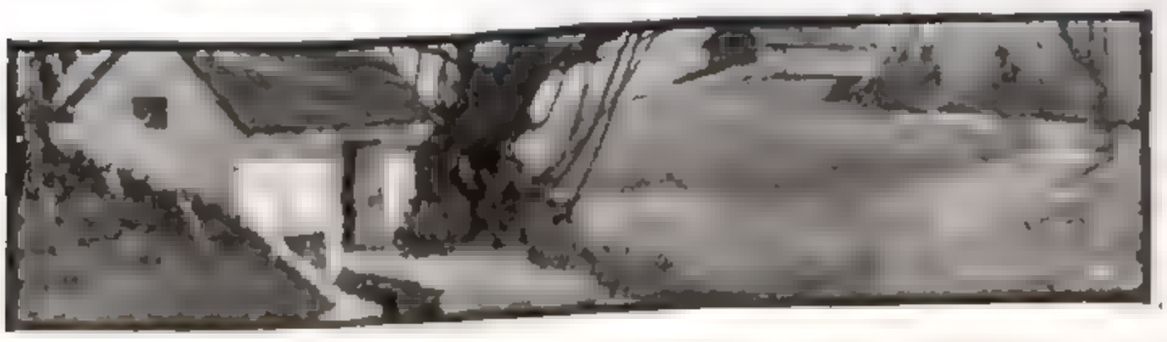
"What does he want?"

"Everything, Izzy, just everything! That's all!"

The red flashed into the boy's cheeks.

"On the level! You mean you got to give up all your share?"

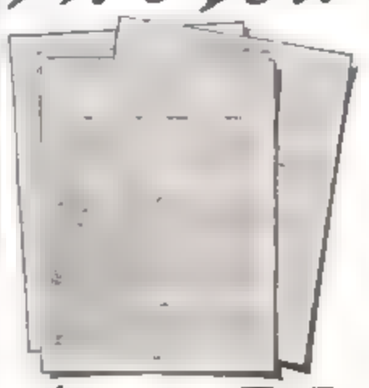
*(Continued on Page 100)*




# Are You a Merchant?

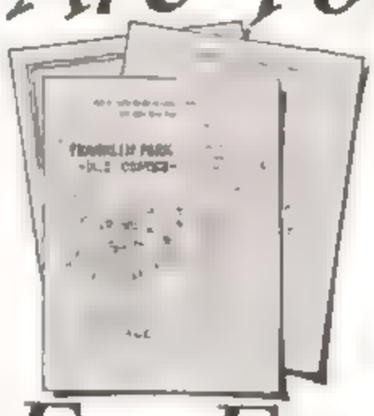
Do you want some wonderfully effective and inexpensive ideas that other retailers have used successfully to win new customers, stimulate business, collect past due accounts and increase profits? Actual samples like those shown at the left will be sent to you FREE. And we will tell you how you can get out hundreds of copies like them—in your own store—at practically no cost.

# Are You a Manufacturer?



Then write for copies of sales letters, folders, bulletins, office and factory forms that have proved unusually resultful. Ideas that are earning real profits for thousands of manufacturers—ideas for stimulating salesmen to greater efforts—for securing more coöperation among employes—ideas for reducing overhead and increasing production.

# Are You a Minister?



Hundreds of ministers have found the way to build up stronger, larger, more active congregations—and have put their churches on a sound financial basis. They have used attractive ideas like those shown at the left—illustrated circulars, folders and letters that cost practically nothing to get out. Would you like to have them without cost or obligation? Return the coupon below and they will be sent to you.

# For Every Business and Profession

Whatever your business or profession, we will send you money-making, money-saving, business-stimulating ideas that you can use, absolutely free. These ideas have proved successful wherever used. They saved one user $1,000. Netted another $300 profit in a single day. And so on. There are ideas that fit your specific business, cost but a trifle to get out and pay for their small cost hundreds of times over.

Such letters, folders, circulars and illustrated forms are samples of work that can be printed in your office with a Rotospeed Stencil Duplicator at an extremely small cost. Without the use of type or cuts—without an experienced operator—you can turn out from twenty to a thousand pieces of printed matter quickly and economically. You can increase profits and make great savings in expense.

## Now $3.50 Puts the ROTOSPEED STENCIL DUPLICATOR in your office

You can have the complete Rotospeed outfit in your office on a Ten Day Free Trial. You can test out the machine with the ideas and plans which are given to you. Use it as if you owned it. When you are thoroughly satisfied that it is a money-maker, you can buy it for only $3.50 cash and the balance in small monthly payments, $48.50 in all).

Write now or just mail the coupon, for copies of the ideas that fit your business and complete details of our Free Trial Offer—all without cost or obligation to you.

The Rotospeed Co.,
Dept. J-1 Dayton, Ohio.

**Mail This Coupon for Free Ideas**

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Dept. J-1, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me at once samples of business-getting and money-saving ideas that apply to my business, with full details of your free trial offer and easy payment plan. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

(Write your name plainly)

# Oakland Success Proves

## *Because They Deliver Definite and Known Mileage, the Demand for The Oakland Six-44 has Taxed the Production Facilities of Oakland Factories*

***Before you buy your car this spring—compare the Oakland Six with any other automobile built. Then remember that Oakland—a division of General Motors—asks you to buy this car upon a basis of definite and actual mileage—and you will realize that no other car offers the dollar-for-dollar value so evident throughout the Oakland line.***

## *What Oakland's Known Mileage Offers*

*Main Bearings - - 40,000 Miles—Plus!*
This exceptional mileage, without adjustment, is due to the use of patented, bronze-back bearings, fitted with the most precise workmanship.

*Valves - - - - 15,000 Miles—Plus!*
Oakland valves function properly for 15,000 miles or more without grinding, because of the steel alloy (non-burning) used in their construction.

*Connecting Rod Bearings, 40,000 Miles—Plus!*
This long mileage is due to the use of highest grade Babbitt, a special chilling process in pouring and a pure tin binder.

*Cylinders, Pistons and Rings, 15,000 Miles—Plus!*
All Oakland 1923 models continue to carry the special written, 15,000-mile guarantee against excess oil in the combustion chamber (commonly known as oil pumping).

*Gasoline Mileage - - - 20 to 25 Miles!*
Oakland cars will average from 20 to 25 miles per gallon of gasoline, because of Oakland's new carburation system with automatic heat control.

*Tires - - - 15,000 to 25,000 Miles!*
Because of the car's perfect balance, and its liberal-sized tires—Oaklands regularly average from 15,000 to 25,000 miles per set of tires.

*Transmission, Axles, Frame, etc., Life of the Car!*
Oakland transmissions, front and rear axles, frames, steering gears, bodies and other major parts, invariably endure for the life of the car.

825

TOURING CAR
$995

ROADSTER
$975

# Oakland

# Buyers Want Definite Facts

Eighteen months ago Oakland built its first Six-44. It is doubtful if any motor car was ever more carefully supervised—from drawing board to testing block—than this new Oakland. All that Oakland learned in the eight years it manufactured light-sixes exclusively, with the research and engineering genius of General Motors Laboratories, went into that car—the car that was to fulfill Oakland's purpose to build the finest light-six in the world.

### *The Engine is Guaranteed!*

To convey to a critical market some of the enthusiasm its engineers felt for the completed car, Oakland placed upon it—in addition to the manufacturers' standard warranty—a written, 15,000 mile engine performance guarantee. Since then, thousands of Oaklands have gone forth to owners everywhere. And wherever they have gone—in all kinds of service and under every conceivable driving condition—they have made good.

Last year, in open competition, stock Oaklands twice won important national economy and endurance runs. No less remarkable are the records achieved in the service of private owners. In Cleveland, where Oakland service stations keep accurate records, it cost only $8.06 per year for upkeep. Other cities report similarly low averages.

### *You Buy Known Mileage!*

Through all the year, Oakland watched the accumulation of these records. It followed every car that went to an individual owner; it kept test cars running day and night; it subjected essential motor and chassis parts to strains and abuses of the most rigid nature. And then, some three months ago, upon the strength of its findings, it offered the "Mileage-Basis Plan."*

If you purchase a new car this spring—you simply cannot afford to overlook the Oakland. It is a beautiful car—and an extremely comfortable one. It has ample power; its six cylinders insure a remarkable smoothness; and its economy has become the subject of universal comment. But more important still—your Oakland will give you definite and actual *miles* of continuous trouble-free service.

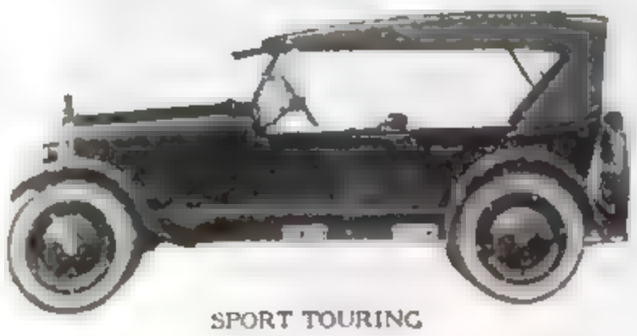
### *More "Dollar-for-Dollar" Value!*

Compare Oakland's "Mileage-Basis" figures with your own experience with cars of any make. Analyze the Oakland—in points you can see or feel—with any car selling at anywhere near its price. Then remember that Oakland asks you to buy this splendid car upon a basis of definite and actual mileage—and you will understand why more and more discriminating buyers are daily convincing themselves that no other car offers the dollar-for-dollar value so evident throughout the Oakland line.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO.
*Division of General Motors Corporation*
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

** The figures given in Oakland's "Mileage-Basis Plan", tabulated elsewhere in this advertisement, are in all instances conservative. Their purpose is to enable you to estimate in advance the minimum number of satisfying miles you can reasonably expect from your Oakland Six—free from trouble or expense!*

"6"



SPORT TOURING
$1165

*All Prices F. O. B. Factory*

SPORT ROADSTER
$1145

### *The 1923 Oaklands*

Embracing four open and three closed cars—mounted on a single chassis—the Oakland line meets every motoring requirement. In every Oakland you will find the same power, economy and mechanical dependability—with the quiet, smooth-running performance of six cylinders. The beauty and grace of Oakland's open models set them apart from cars of similar price. Oakland closed bodies are built by Fisher. Their beauty and comfort are materially enhanced by a wealth of interior appointments usually associated only with cars of much higher price.

COUPE FOR TWO
$1185

COUPE FOR FIVE
$1445

SEDAN
$1545

(Continued from Page 97)

"My total share, lock, stock and barrel."

"You ain't goana take him up?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm tempted to jump the job, lay down on it, run away and hide, say I'm licked."

"You couldn't do it!" And it was refreshing to hear the boy laugh. Then he fell to pondering, scraping the mud industriously from the fender with the toe of his shoe, Sapp watching the mud-scraping process in dull fascination. Suddenly Izzy looked up with a snap in his dark brown eyes. "Hot dog! Say, Mr. Sapp, you're in a jam, you know. You got to give up something. How much would you loosen of your share for ten thousand to finish the picture?"

As a drowning man clutches at a straw, the bankrupt producer turned quickly; but as he gazed on that youthful face and slight figure and the frugal clothes he smiled.

"Half."

"You mean the ten thousand comes out first, and then you split half of what's left?"

"Well, yes."

"How much of your half would you give anybody that brought you the money?"

"Ten per cent."

"You'd give twelve, I guess, wouldn't you?"

Sapp moistened his lips.

"I suppose so. Look here, kid, what are you figuring on? You can't raise ten thousand dollars, can you?"

"I don't know till I try, do I?" returned the potential magnate in a crisp tone that he had never yet used. "Say, listen! What time are you goin' back to A. Hope for the money?"

"He said to be there at four o'clock."

"Come right into your office," and Izzy dashed away, dodging dukes and priests and cowboys, vamps and glad pure ingénues with reckless speed.

When Sapp arrived at Cell 15, Izzy, with ink on his ten fingers and the side of his nose, presented him a much sprawled and splattered paper, on which the writing was not yet dry:

I, the undersigned, do hereby solemnly swear if Isidor Iskovitch brings me ten thousand dollars before four o'clock I will use the same to complete my picture, and that the same will be paid back with the first money coming to me, and then I will pay half of all the rest that comes to me to the aforesaid owners of the money, and then I will pay 12 per cent of my half to Isidor Iskovitch for getting me the money, and I will name the picture A Neighbor's Wife.

Twice Sapp read that legal document, then he laughed and then he gulped.

"I used to bet on hundred-to-one shots when I had money to play the races, and I'll take another flyer at it. But this change of name ——"

"Say!" And Sapp was astounded to see the deadly intensity of Izzy as the boy shook a finger at him. Sapp himself had faced Hope with no more passion. "I don't know if I can raise this money or not. It'll be like diggin' potatoes out of the ground where there ain't any. But if I do I'll get it because they think I'm right, and not because they got any judgment about the picture, or you, or the film business. And listen! I won't be responsible for getting the costs out of any picture that's named The Great Surrender. A Neighbor's Wife will bring back this ten thousand dollars, or else may I never see my name put up, Isidor Iskovitch Presents!"

For a good minute Ernest Sapp looked into the hard brown eyes of Isidor Iskovitch, and in their crystalline structure he had a glimpse of future greatness. Without a word he took the pen that Izzy handed him, and signed and dated the paper—as was!

Twelve o'clock and no Izzy! One o'clock! Two o'clock! Three o'clock, and Ernest Sapp climbed into his car and dropped down from the hills to the heart of Los Angeles in the bitterest frame of mind he had ever known. At five minutes to four he was in A. Hope's private office, and the papers that were to deliver his work of art, lock, stock and barrel, were being made out with ghoulish gratification, when there rose a loud commotion in the outer office, and in spite of the screeching expostulations of the frozen-faced spinster on sentry there Izzy Iskovitch burst through into the private room at the head of the most magnificent assortment of whiskers that either Sapp or Hope had ever seen convened.

"Don't you sign no papers or take no money, Mr. Sapp! My contract's good for three minutes yet, and we got the ten thousand dollars on us, cash money! Meet my seven uncles, Mr. Sapp. This is Uncle Solomon Iskovitch, and this is Julius Iskovitch, Moche Iskovitch, Abraham Iskovitch, Isaac Iskovitch, Nathan Iskovitch, Eli Iskovitch."

VIII

FROM the moment the first Iskovitch dollar went into the production, Izzy followed that dollar to its legitimate finish with an unerring scent. He was born for business, that boy; one of those rare geniuses who come but once to a tribe, and now he wore his trousers creased and dandled a watch chain on his vest, as a producer should. Of course, he fetched and carried as before; but the faint trace of a line between his dark brown eyes became a youthful crease, for the race between the picture and the money was neck and neck—up to the last day.

Feverish eyes were in the heads of all the members of the staff, actors, property men, camera men, electricians, what not and who not, and the tension was at the breaking point. They had been rehearsing all morning on that last day, and not a crank had been turned.

Director Sapp was in despair. Not one of the three principals was in any way human. And those great banks of eerie lights that hemmed in the set were glaring on and on, consuming in their ghastly blaze the last of the hard-earned Iskovitch money.

"It's your fault, Noble!" yelled Sapp, his patience finally breaking under the strain—and he resorted to deliberate insult, planning to crank pretty Paul while he was full of rage. "You're not at your tailor's trying on a padded dress suit. You're supposed to be acting, if that is possible. Now, I'm going to have this scene out of you, and I'm going to have it right if I have to half kill you to get it!"

Sapp cursed softly under his breath. His jinx was after him again, for in place of any reaction of rage that might be turned to some account, the bulging-muscled Noble drew himself up with disdain.

"Unless I have an instant apology, Mr. Sapp, I shall walk off the set."

"You attempt to walk off this set and I shall deliver you one swift punch in the jaw! Step back to your spot, you big cheese!"

The fighting marvel of the silver sheet glared at the lean and lanky director, astounded. The man must be mad! Why, Noble had professionally walloped and manhandled and body-bruised a paid husky a day for the past three years, and he had won every battle!

Suddenly Noble could contain his rage no longer. With majestic deliberation he drew back his mighty right arm, and in correct motion-picture tempo he brought forward his mighty fist straight for the chin of Ernest Sapp, to the accompaniment of a wild shriek from Prudence Joy and a mad rush in that direction from every other set on the lot.

But the chin of Ernest Sapp was not there when the fist of Paul arrived, for Sapp, though he had trained others in the slow tempo of motion-picture fighting, had not trained himself in it. So, while Noble performed magnificently with his well practiced and picturesque uppercuts and swings and punches, the agile Sapp danced around and around him, taunting him, mocking him and landing smashing blows wherever he would; and the motley audience on the side lines laughed and howled until the rafters rang.

*Suddenly Prudence Lifted Her Head, Her Lips Curved Enticingly and Her Blue Eyes Sparkling. "Lead Me to Him!"*

It was in the midst of this gay diversion that the part producer, Izzy Iskovitch, came on the set, and in heart-gripping agony saw their twelve-hundred-dollar principal engaged in a fistic altercation that might spoil his face, delay their production for a week and bankrupt the company.

"Mr. Sapp! Mr. Sapp!" cried Izzy, running forward. "Don't hit 'm in the face! Listen, Mr. Sapp! If you hit 'im in the face we're broke!"

Sapp, who had been quite careful, in that burlesque battle, of his expensive principal's personal pulchritude, turned to Izzy laughing; and in that instant the half-spent Noble, seizing his one and only chance, let go his right with all the force he could muster—and split Sapp's lip.

With a roar of rage Sapp jumped back. For a fleeting moment he ceased to be a director and was merely a man. He crouched himself for a return smash that would have flattened Noble's nose and put him out of the business—but something flew between and took the blow. It was Izzy Iskovitch's ear, and he dropped like a bag of oats.

Izzy opened his eyes to find Sapp bending over him in an agony of contrition, while Prudence Joy was holding up the boy's head and fanning him.

"Is that big bum's face broke?" were his first words.

"No, kid, you saved the picture."

"All right. Say, I'm goana get even with him some day! And as for you, Sapp, I'm goana let you do my biggest specials; but I always got to remember you're hot-headed and got to be watched."

"You're a smart boy," broke in a kindly voice from behind the director; and Izzy sat straight up. It was the great Schusshel himself. "If you come in and see me I'll give you that job I promised you."

"Hot dog!" exulted the boy, shaking hands with the boss.

Sapp laughed, exulting with Izzy, and looked across at Prudence, with whom he shared at least every pleasurable emotion. But there was no trace of a laugh in her. Instead, the tears were rolling down her cheeks. Startled, he looked around quickly, all director now.

Noble, slightly disheveled, was standing erect with heaving breast and dilating nostrils, and the heavy, having laughed himself limp, was in fine condition for a cringing encounter.

"Take your places, please!" shouted Sapp, jumping to his feet and clapping his hands. "Ready with the box back there, Billy!"

Automatically the players stepped to their places and those not in the scene hurried off the set.

"Now, Mr. Devoe, prepare to seize Miss Joy in your arms. Prepare to battle him off, Miss Joy. You will come through the door immediately after her shriek, Mr. Noble. Camera!"

And so was shot the greatest scene in the picture.

At the preview of Mr. Ernest Sapp's great masterpiece in the auditorium of the most exclusive hotel in Los Angeles, one solid row of seats in the middle of the house was occupied by diversely whiskered gentlemen and their happy families, in the center of the row being Izzy Iskovitch, part producer and proprietor of 12 per cent of both the Iskovitch and Sapp profits, while just behind them sat Producer Sapp and Prudence Joy, snuggled very close together after the lights went down.

Commerce was the impresario of the evening, but Art was not present. She had seen the thing in the projection room and had shrieked her way out.

That was to be the most successful preview this auditorium had ever housed; the audience was to applaud it long and loud; it was to be acclaimed a distinct advance in cinematographic aestheticism; it was to set that charming and sex-appealing young actress, Prudence Joy, quite a way on her road to stardom; it was to make the great David Schusshel take off his hat to the famous Director Sapp and offer him a big special because of his sale value; it was to return to the tribe of Iskovitch, in the fullness of time, some 300 per cent on their money, and to put the genius of the tribe in a position to demand anything they had without a word of explanation.

In short, it was to be an epoch-making production, in that it should be the one to which the great magnate Isidor Iskovitch should point back with pride as his start in the hardest game in the world; but all these splendid things were as nothing to a miracle that happened almost as soon as the film began to roll, a miracle inspired by Ernest Sapp's sense of gratitude combined with his sense of humor; for, amid a shrill babble from the whiskered tribe there appeared on the screen, in plain print, right after the main title card of A Neighbor's Wife, the almost unbelievable words, "Named by Izzy Iskovitch!"

# What color is oil?

When the man at the pump fills his measure with TEXACO Motor Oil, you will see a translucent stream of pure, brilliant gold.

That's the color of TEXACO Motor Oil.

That clean, golden color is the visible evidence of its complete refinement, the quality that means in your car a clean, smooth running engine.

TEXACO Motor Oils are full-bodied always, and always that same clean, clear, golden color, whether Light, Medium, Heavy or Extra Heavy.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.

*Texaco Petroleum Products*

*Run it with Texaco Gasoline The Volatile Gas*

*Save it with Texaco Motor Oil The Clean, Clear Oil*

TEXACO

TEXACO

MOTOR OILS GASOLINE

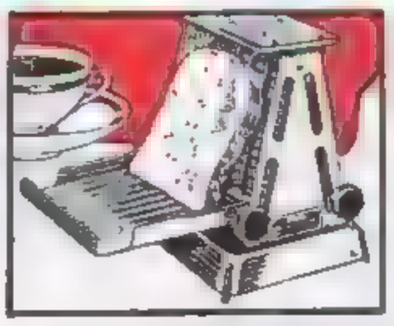
# To 22,500,000 Women—

*Those who are now using Hotpoint Irons of earlier model—*

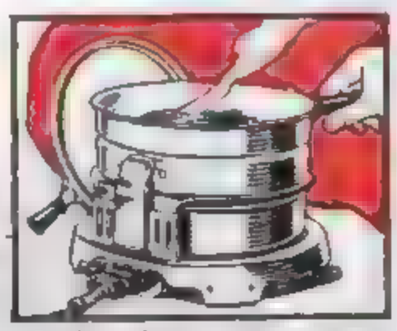
*Those who have never experienced the comfort and ease of an electric iron at all—*

*Those who are using electric irons of various makes—but who think there ought to be a* better iron *somewhere, if they could only find it.*

A Hotpoint Percolator can "go dry" without injury—it is equipped with the Hotpoint Safety Switch. Simple, practical and famous for good coffee.



A woman's practical eye notes that a turn of the knob of the Hotpoint Toastover Toaster reverses the slice—and better still, how evenly it toasts!



Steak or chops, meat, potatoes, eggs, griddle cakes are cooked on the Hotpoint Radiant Grill. It boils, broils, fries and toasts—any two operations at the same time.

The Hotpoint Electric Curling Iron—the iron with the professional touch. The hair spreads out flat and even along the whole length of the iron—giving a true Marcel wave.

NO announcement by the makers of Hotpoint Servants ever yet fell on deaf ears. There are two reasons for this happy relation between the well-informed American woman and Hotpoint Servants.

First—Every Hotpoint announcement has represented a definite achievement toward easier housekeeping by the aid of the clean, efficient electric current.

Second—Women who know what is going on recognize in Hotpoint Servants a much-needed practical working authority on electrical home equipment.

So when Hotpoint announces to you the *New Model* Hotpoint Iron—this latest example of Hotpoint Household Engineering offers something worth knowing about.

***What women will appreciate in the New Model Hotpoint Iron***

The Cantilever Handle—a *strength-saver* and the *one* anatomically right grip. The minute you try it at your dealer's, you'll *see*.

All-way-through Handle Bolt. This may sound like a small thing. But any woman who has tried to work with a cracked, jiggly handle doesn't want any more of *that*.

*Cool* handle—even cooler than in the earlier Hotpoint Irons.

Heavy-duty Plug Receptacle. One of those thoughtful Hotpoint provisions against breakage if your iron falls off the ironing board.

Hinged Cord Plug with *Ball Joint*. A fine convenience. Extra flexibility—and the cord does not get *snarled* up or *frayed out*.

Everlasting steel cord bushing. New "floating contact." The practical importance of these is perhaps best realized by an electrician.

New design—new distribution of lines for beauty and for *perfectly balanced weight*.

All in all, when you *see* the iron—handle it—balance it—think of it in relation to your own ironing—you will not wonder so many thousands of women are discarding old irons of all makes for the *New Model* Hotpoint Iron.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

Boston New York Atlanta Chicago St. Louis Ontario, Cal. Salt Lake City

Hotpoint
SERVANTS

NO OTHER *has these time-saving features-*

**During the past eight years business has been turning to a more efficient adding machine. It is simpler, smaller, lighter. In no other type will its improvements be found.**

This adding machine is the Sundstrand. Such concerns as Standard Oil Company; Sears, Roebuck & Company; International Harvester Company and many other leaders use 15 to 100 each. They say its many features speed work and cut costs.

Convenient size and light weight are advanced Sundstrand ideas. You comfortably carry it to any desk or job. 10-key operation is a Sundstrand perfection. Gives speed with ease to beginner or expert. One hand control is a Sundstrand creation. Left hand is free to follow column of figures or turn checks.

Automatic column selection is another Sundstrand feature. Units are automatically placed under units, tens under tens, etc., without the slightest waste of time.

There are also advanced correction and protection features—a really practical and easy method of multiplying, with automatic shift—sturdy strength and dependability.

Addingmachine users, who know the Sundstrand, will tell you that no other compares with it. No other sets so high a standard in adding and figuring efficiency. "The re-orders tell the story." Our leaflet, "Testimony" is sent upon request. Address department B.

Sundstrand Adding Machine Co.
Rockford, Ill., U. S. A.

*Exceptional opportunities still exist, in our sales organization for specialty salesmen of proven ability*

Sundstrand
ADDING AND FIGURING MACHINE

Sales and Service Stations throughout the United States and Canada

Only 10 keys to operate 199


# FOUR LONG SWEET HOOTS

(Continued from Page 17)

When Henry had gone Doc explains all about the hoot he was going to pull.

There was an old professional heavyweight in town calling himself by the title of Battling Brannigan, though his real name was different. He hadn't fought for six years except once when he beat up a newsboy for giving him the wrong change and twice when he beat up his wife. But he was a terror, all right. Everybody was afraid of him. Looked like a gorilla.

"We'll put Bat wise," Doc said, "and when Henry's standing there so darn dumb so darn dumb Bat'll say, 'This is a straight left.' Then he'll massage Henry smack on the nose. Henry'll stop the lesson then and there. But wait till you see the expression on Henry's face when Bat collects a dollar 'n' a half for services rendered."

We all let out one long sweet hoot, I'm saying so.

Well, prompt at five P.X., Henry showed up so darn dumb so darn dumb and Doc led the way to an empty barn back of where Bat lived. It was an old barn with a hole knocked in the foundation, and there was a high fence joining on to the corner by the door.

Inside Bat was waiting. He was cross-eyed and he had a lower jaw that stuck out like a front porch. It didn't seem possible, but when he stripped he looked more like a gorilla than with his clothes on. I begun to get leery because I knew there'd be a lot of trouble if Henry got killed or something.

And you could hear Henry talking to Doc while Doc tied on his gloves.

"What should I do first, Mr. McCoy? Is it fair to hit him with both hands at the same time or not? Is it a rule that you have to keep your hands open or can you close them if you don't hit too hard?"

I made a signal to Doc the same as to say, "This had ought to be stopped."

But Doc wouldn't pay any attention, and when all of a sudden Bat stood up Doc pushed Henry at him and the lesson begun.

I'm all confused about what happened first off. I know that Bat started to begin by doing what Doc told him to do, slamming Henry in the nose and saying, "This is a straight left."

But I dunno whether he achaly hit Henry in the nose or not because he never finished that remark about its being a straight left; he never got any further than "S-s-s-s——"

And while he was s-s-s-s-ing there came a sound like this—smack!—and the next thing anybody knew, Bat was sitting there on the floor with Henry looking at him so darn dumb so darn dumb and saying, "What is it, Mr. McCoy? Did I hit him too hard? Was it against the rules?"

I didn't see Henry hit Bat, but maybe that's what happened.

Doc was all white and he ran out on the floor, yelling, "Get up, Bat! Get up, Bat!"

And pretty soon Bat got up. He lifted his gloves and I guess he was getting ready to say again about its being a straight left, because you could hear him s-s-s-s. But before he had the chance to let the rest of the words out Henry had lammed him in the neck so hard that he went back against the side of the barn, and when he come out on the rebound Henry pasted him in the eye and then caught him under the ear so that when he got up he stood waving his arms like a man eating custard pie in fly time.

Doc was jumping in and out, cheeks as white as chalk, and yelling, "Use your left, Bat! He ain't laid a glove on you, Bat! Use your left, Bat!"

Maybe if Bat had used his left he might have done something even then. But Bat didn't use nothing. Just stood there flagging trains until Henry bumped him square on the chin and back fifteen feet into the corner, where he hung with about as much starch left in him as a last week's shirt. He wasn't standing and he wasn't sitting and he wasn't lying down; he was just sorta propped there like a coil of rope. Both of his eyes were closed, one of 'em artificially and the other by Nature.

Doc ran out, arms in the air, yelling, "Stop—stop!"

Henry turned round and looked at Doc and said, "Stop what?"

Doc yelled, "Stop the lesson—stop the lesson!"

Henry ast, "What for?"

"Never mind what for!" Doc yelled. "The lesson is over."

I saw Bat open his one good eye and then close it again quick.

Henry said, "I do not see why you want to stop the lesson, because it has just begun. After Mr. Brannigan has rested up for a minute or two we will take it up where we left off."

When Henry said this, Bat give a groan and slumped all the rest of the way down to the floor.

Doc pointed his finger at Bat. He was so excited you could see the finger shake. "Don't you see what's happened?" Doc ast, yelling.

Henry bent over and looked hard at Bat and then straightened up and said to Doc, "Why, yes; I can see he is resting and taking long breaths and filling his lungs with oxygen so that he can put a lot of pep into the lesson when we start on the next part."

"Didn't you see the accident?" Doc ast in another yell.

"No," Henry said. "What accident?"

Doc had to clear his throat before he answered. "Didn't you see him slip?"

"No," Henry answered. "When did he slip? Was it yesterday after the rain? Why doesn't he wear rubber heels? I will tell him the name of the kind he ought to buy."

"The lesson is over!" Doc hollered. "The lesson is over!"

Henry shook his head for about thirty seconds before he spoke a word. Then he made this remark: "Well, Mr. McCoy, if you are sure it is over and if you are sure that Mr. Brannigan does not wish to resume, I can only say that I am very sorry, because I was just coming to the important part. I had given the demonstration and I was about to explain in detail each and every blow struck. But as long as Mr. Brannigan does not wish to finish the lesson today I shall have to postpone the explanation till it is more convenient. Because I have an engagement for dinner I must be leaving you shortly, so I shall be very much obliged if you can let me have the three dollars."

Doc's face had been all white, but now it begun to get red.

He yelled, "Three what?"

Henry said in a low voice, "Three dollars."

Doc yelled again, "Three dollars? What are you talking about? What for, three dollars?"

"Why, for the lesson," Henry said still lower.

"What lesson?" Doc ast in another yell.

"Why, the lesson I have just given. You understand, if Mr. Brannigan wants to take the full course of twelve lessons I will make the usual reduction and cut the price down to thirty dollars, payable in advance, for the course. That would be only fair. Do you think Mr. Brannigan wants to take the full course?"

When Henry said this you could see Bat sort of shiver all over and then stiffen out. Bat did not open his eye again so long as Henry was in the barn.

By this time Doc's face was purple. "Why, you big hoot," Doc stated, so loud that the windows shook, "you wasn't giving him the lesson; he was giving you the lesson."

Henry said, "One of my ears is buzzing. Would you just as soon repeat that a little louder?"

So Doc said it again, and this time you could have heard him two blocks off. On the last word his voice broke.

When Doc had finished, Henry pulled off one glove and scratched his head and looked the same as if he had lost his last friend.

"Oh, so that is it," he said in a sad voice so low you could hardly hear it. "Well, well, well. Now I am beginning to see where I made my mistake.

"Yes, yes; it is my fault and I am the only one to blame and I regret deeply what has happened. I thought you told me that Mr. Brannigan was going to be a reporter and you wanted to have him taught boxing because stastistics show that twelve thousand six hundred and twenty reporters are assaulted every day in the performance of their lawful duty. Yes, it was my mistake."

Doc's eyes looked as though they were going to pop out of their sockets. He tried to speak, but all that came out was a sort of squawk.

Henry kept shaking his head and talking in that same low voice: "Well, well, it shows how a man makes mistakes no matter how hard he tries to be accurate. You ast me if I knew anything about boxing and I said, 'Yes, I learned it out of a book.' So I thought you wanted me to give Mr. Brannigan lessons so that he could get to be a reporter. Yes, yes, I see now that it has been one big mistake on my part."

"I'll say it has been one big mistake," Doc stated as well as he could, for his voice was pretty near gone.

Henry went on. "Yes, I see it all now. I gave him the lesson instead of letting him give me the lesson, and I hope he will accept my apologies. Well, well, I will show him that my heart is in the right place. I will cut down my price—and this is the first time I have ever done same—to two dollars and seventy-five cents. You can pay me now and Mr. Brannigan will probably be glad to pay you when he is feeling a little better. Hey?"

And when Henry said "Hey?" he reached out and slapped Doc on the back. It looked like a friendly slap and I would have thought it was a friendly slap if I had not seen the expression on Doc's face. His head snapped back and then shot forward about a foot and a sound come out of his mouth that was like a horse swallowing.

When Doc had got his head back where it ought to be and was able to stand up without hanging on to the side of the barn and had stopped coughing he turned to me and borrowed three dollars in a husky voice and, after handing them to Henry, staggered over to the stall and leaned on the manger with his head on his right elbow.

Henry give me the quarter change, and in that same low sad voice he said once more how sorry he was that they had been any misunderstanding about the lesson and that if anybody wanted the name of the book where he had learned how to box he would write it on a slip of paper.

Then he dressed and went over to where Battling Brannigan was stretched out and picked up Bat's right hand and shook it and said so darn dumb so darn dumb, "Boy, you have started right and I can tell that you are going to be one star reporter. Do not say 'these kind'—say 'those kind' and any time you see an adjective walk up and bust it on the beezer."

Well, the door hadn't hardly closed behind Henry when Bat perked up his head and then, jumping on to his feet, made for a little place under the stairs where a pitchfork was hanging.

It was lucky for Doc, I'm saying so, that Bat begun by fumbling the pitchfork and dropping it, because it give Doc a chance. Doc looked around and noticed what was doing, and made the door about two and a half feet ahead of what was coming after him.

When I saw this I looked at Skeets, and Skeets looked at Fat, and Fat looked at me. After that we walked up and peeked through the door, and then we out and skinned over the fence—fast.

The reason we skinned over the fence was because Bat was out there standing beside the barn with the pitchfork in his hands. He didn't notice us though, because it looked like he was interested in something else.

He was leaning up against that hole in the foundation and shoving the pitchfork through as though he was trying to spear somebody that had crawled under the barn.

After I'd brushed myself off it come to me like a flash that maybe Doc, trying to get away in a hurry, had dived through that hole and was under the barn.

So I stood on a soap box and put my head over the fence and yelled out, "Hello, Doc. Are you under the barn?"

Doc's voice come out in a sort of a scream, and after a long introduction of personal remarks he said, "No, I ain't under the barn; I'm in the woodshed smoking corn-silk cigarettes."

What Doc had hollered didn't get me sore because I figgered he wasn't responsible. Anybody'd say things he didn't mean after being chased under a barn that way.

I just turned to Skeets and Fat, and I said, "Boys, this looks serious." Or anyhow I think that's what I said.

Skeets said, "Wouldn't it give you a hard-walnut finish?"

(Continued on Page 107)

# HIS HOME IS WHERE HIS CAR IS

One April day, two years ago, Mr. S. I. Levin came to our factory, then at Indianapolis, and took delivery of a LaFayette Limousine.

A tour of the boulevards, and he pointed the nose of his new car eastward and drove with his wife and daughters to New York City.

After summering there, Duluth beckoned. No red caps, however, carried Mr. Levin's luggage through the Grand Central Station. He merely clicked the door on his LaFayette and sped away.

Then, at Duluth, came the call from California. Again the timetables went unread. The long road over the Rockies and through the Southwest desert was yet open and the LaFayette, ready and eager, waited at the curb.

Glorious days of swift, reliable, colorful travel were his.

Even where the roads were worst and the mountain grades steepest, his LaFayette traveled easily and without falter.

On occasion, it carried him over the dirt highways of Kansas to a better luncheon stop, forty miles away, in forty minutes.

His arrival in Los Angeles, so comfortable had been the long trip, "was like stepping from a Pullman car."

It takes a great automobile so gallantly to range between the Atlantic and the Pacific, to cover ground so casually between the Canadian border and the Rio Grande.

And it takes even more, when the car is a limousine.

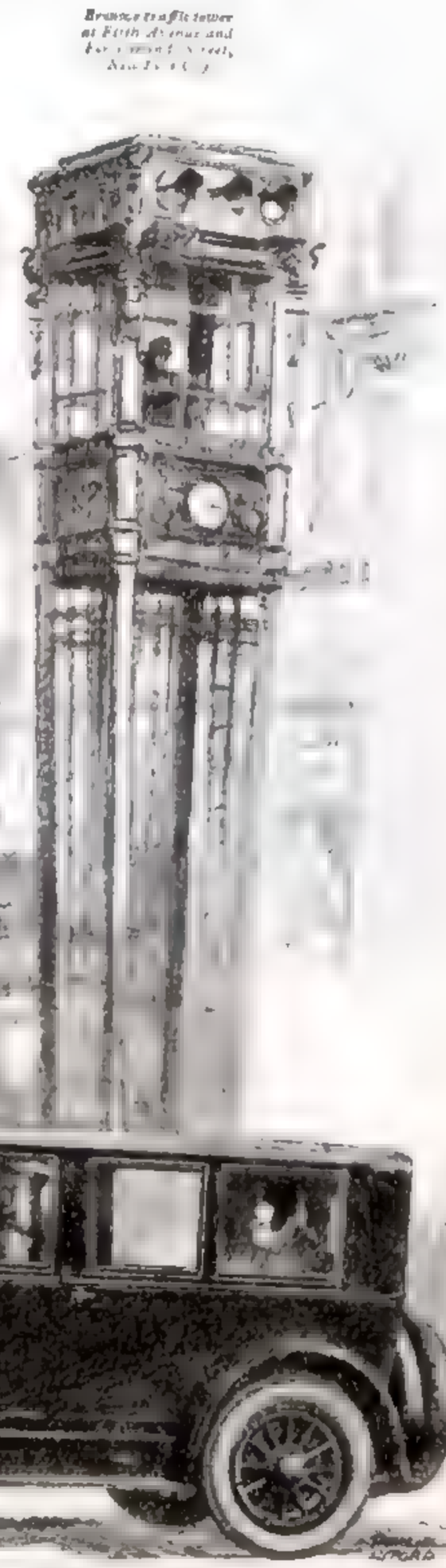
There are 32,000 miles on the Levin speedometer today, yet the car has never been in the shop for a major repair.

An average of twelve miles to the gallon of gasoline and 1,000 miles to the gallon of oil, Mr. Levin regards as "wonderful" for a limousine of the LaFayette's size and power.

Chauffeurs who have driven from time to time for Mr. Levin in Los Angeles and New York, tell him that they never have had an automobile respond so smartly in traffic, and they have handled every fine make of American and foreign car.

*Steadily the conviction that the LaFayette is one of the world's finest motor cars is finding wider and wider acceptance as the experience of LaFayette owners becomes known*

LAFAYETTE MOTORS CORPORATION at MILWAUKEE, *Wisconsin*



# DAYTON Steel Racquet

*Even in Actual Rain*
the game need not be interrupted. Neither frame nor strings are harmed by dampness.

*Earlier in the Spring*
and later in the Fall—a longer playing season—for the Dayton Steel Racquet is not injured by any sort of weather

APPROVED and used by many of the men who rank highest in American tennis, and prominent today in every country in the world where tennis is played, the Dayton Steel Racquet has amply demonstrated its worth.

Not only will it enable you to play a better game, to play in any kind of weather, but it will prove the most economical racquet that you could use. Every tennis player should have one.

And beyond its playing qualities is a knowledge of its durability, the facts that the steel strings are not injured by weather, that the steel frame cannot warp, and that the racquet is built to last for years.

You can buy the Dayton Steel Racquet from any of the better stores where sporting goods are sold. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

*$10 in the United States; $13.50 in Canada*

THE DAYTON STEEL RACQUET CO., DAYTON, O.
*The Dayton Steel Racquet Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Canada*

*After the Game*
you put it away without a press for the steel frame will not warp.

*At the Shore*
the damp salt air has no terrors for the owner of a Dayton Steel Racquet.

*In Windy Weather*
the smaller air resistance of the steel frame is a noticeable advantage.

*And Next Year*
it is ready for play—just as you left it in the Fall. It is built to last for years.

*A Better Game*
for with a Dayton Steel Racquet balls are returned that would ordinarily be thought impossible.

*A Racquet as Good as the Game*

(Continued from Page 104)

All Fat said was, "Canned spazoolicks." But you could see that he meant it.

Battling Brannigan hadn't paid any more attention to us than if we wasn't in the same county. He was leaning under the barn working the pitchfork, and every now and then you could hear him grunt and sometimes you could hear him go s-s-s, the same as if he was starting to say, 'This is a straight left."

Well, something had to be done right off, so I yelled in a warning way, "Look out, Doc! He's coming after you."

Doc's answer to this was another flock of the same kind of personal remarks, winding up with, "I'm too busy picking wild flowers to notice what he's doing."

But I wasn't sore. I knew how I'd be feeling if I was in Doc's place. So with a laugh to cheer Doc up I said in a joking way, "Don't let him stick you with that pitchfork, Doc; it's rusty."

Well, you'd be surprised at the remarks Doc made when I said that. You'd have thought I'd insulted him. He begun by stating, "Buy him some silver polish and tell him to fix it up," and then he went on getting more and more personal till a lot of people would have got sore.

But I wasn't going to turn my back on Doc just because he was talking nervous. Just because a pal is in trouble he don't stop being your pal. I knew that if I could just give Doc an idea that would help him I wouldn't care what he said back.

By this time Bat was pretty near all the way under the barn and Doc was singing out, "Help! Fire! Police!" and I knew whatever was going to be done had to be done in a hurry.

So I yelled, "Get behind something, Doc, so that he can't spear you!"

Doc had just begun to answer this remark when all of a sudden he stopped what he was saying and let out a wild whoop.

We never found out exactly what happened because just then the box that me and Skeets and Fat was standing on busted, and by the time we got fixed so we could look over the fence again it was all over. Bat was all the way out from under the barn with a kind of a smile on his face and something between his teeth that looked like a roll of bills. I dunno. Bat threw the pitchfork at us and then went in where he'd left his clothes.

We thought maybe he'd killed Doc. But no; because a little later Doc come out himself.

Doc looked peeved, and limped some, and was in a hurry. He didn't stop to brush off the cobwebs until he got with us on the other side of the fence.

I said, "What did you do to him, Doc?"

Doc said, "I booted him right out from under there. He saw in a minute there was only one thing for him to do, and that was to beat it and beat it fast. Didn't you see me boot him out?" Then Doc felt in his pocket and said, "I guess I must have dropped my roll while I was booting him out from under there. Yes, that's what happened. Tomorrow I'll come back and look for it."

Then Doc borrowed twenty-five dollars from me and Skeets and Fat.

You can figger how the whole business made Doc sore. Yes, and it made me sore. Made Skeets and Fat sore too. Henry so darn dumb so darn dumb, thinking Battling Brannigan wanted boxing lessons so he could get to be a reporter.

All the way back Doc looked the same as if he was thinking, and I guess he was, too, because that night he had it all planned to pull the biggest kind of a hoot on Henry at the church fair. He'd got somebody to make Henry think that Old Man Ruggles wanted to meet him at the fair to tell him about the new soap trust, and he had it fixed to have Old Man Ruggles told that Henry was the one who'd asked him for the burlicue tickets that time.

I guess it would have been a swell hoot, too, but Doc thought it would be a better one if a Chinese lantern was tied to Henry's coat tails, and while he was getting down the lantern he set the whole fair into a blaze. Just then Henry walked in and pulled away the bunting that was on fire and picked up Miss Ruggles from where she'd been knocked down, and sort of told everybody what to do about using the patent extinguisher and carrying pails of water from the kitchen, and before you could count nine the fire was out and Old Man Ruggles was shaking Henry by the hand and answering all his questions about the new soap trust.

Well, that night Henry telegraphed the news about the soap business to the big city papers, and a little after he took a job with Old Man Ruggles. Inside of a month he'd give the old man the idea for Shavope—guess you seen the ads; after you get through shaving you wash your face with it to get all the lather off. Six months later Henry married the Ruggles girl and moved to New York.

But it's just as well Henry's in New York, because he's queered himself with Doc and me and Skeets and Fat for good. I ain't saying a word about that show his wife wrote in New York. It come here last year.

It was all about a tobacco store in a rube town with a lot of rubes sitting around and playing practical jokes. Why, it was just as if somebody had come to Doc's store and sat around and wrote it down every time he heard a comical remark. That show made Doc sore. Yes, and it made me sore. Made Skeets and Fat sore too. But I'm not talking about the show. I'm just talking about what Henry done himself.

After he got his job with Old Man Ruggles we didn't see him hardly. Never had a chance to get back at him for what he done. But when he blew in from his wedding trip he drove up to Doc's place in a new black automobile with the biggest horn on it I ever see.

We all come out.

"Well," Henry said, "before I go to New York I want to leave you boys a little souvenir; I want to give you something to remember me by."

Doc looked at me, and I looked at Skeets, and Skeets looked at Fat, and Fat looked at Doc.

Doc said, "Well, if you insist."

"Yes," Henry said; "I certainly do insist. I want to hand you something so you'll never forget me. Hold out your ears."

And then he blared that big horn four times, each blare longer than the other. And when he finished he drove off without a smile, and none of us have ever set eyes on him since.

Doc said, "If I ever get a chance I'll certainly hand Henry something on a platter."

Skeets said, "Wouldn't it give you a mahogany finish?"

All Fat said was, "Canned sweet patooties." But you could see that he meant it.

And I stepped out in the road behind where Henry was driving away so darn dumb so darn dumb and I said, "You make me sick!" I said. "You make me sick!" Or anyhow I think that's what I said.


Men wanted a stick with a man-sized hold—

*Here it is!*

*Notice the full length of soap in the new Doublecap Stick.*

*—of course, it's Williams'*

YOU can use both ends of this Doublecap Stick and you always have a whole-hand hold. When one end of the stick is worn down, begin on the other.

Without fuss or bother the soap left within the ring can be used up in connection with a Doublecap Re-Load. This Re-Load always costs less than the original Doublecap package.

You can insert the Doublecap Re-Load in a jiffy—no trouble at all. The handsome metal Doublecap container is absolutely non-corrosive, and will last indefinitely. If you are a stick user you want to try this one. See free offer below.

*Made by the makers of the famous Williams' Holder Top Stick and Williams' Shaving Cream*

*This Arizona Moving-Picture Fan is Either Kissing the Heroine or Biting the Villainess*

Williams'

Doublecap Stick—*"It's New!"*

FREE

Use postcard or send this coupon for trial size Williams' Doublecap Shaving Stick. Its highly polished metal container is handsome enough to match even the finest silver toilet accessories.

FOR FREE TRIAL SIZE DOUBLECAP STICK

The J. B. Williams Company,
Dept. 64. Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me the free sample of Williams' New Doublecap Stick in highly polished metal container

Name

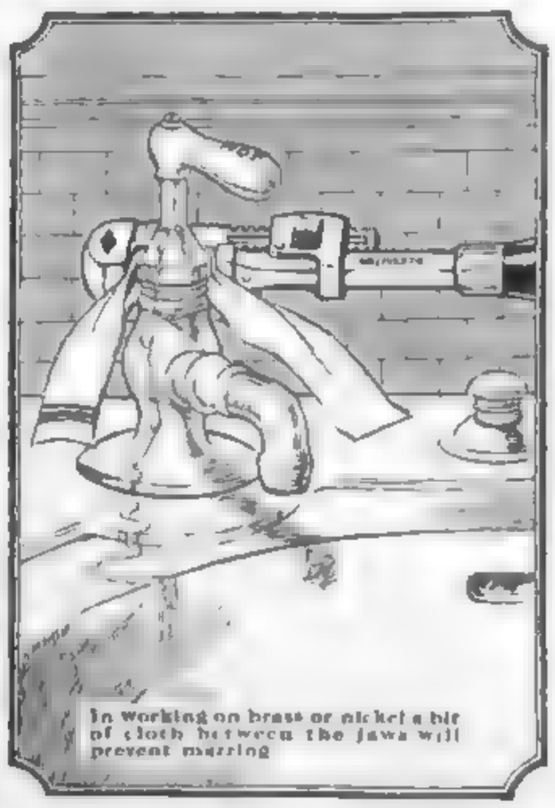
Address

# A good plumber will bring his Walworth Stillson, but you can *check* trouble with your own

Handling pipe is one of the easiest jobs you can give a Walworth Stillson Wrench. With the 10-inch household size you can fix a faucet, open a clogged trap, tighten a gas connection, and save yourself all kinds of trouble in an emergency.

Call the plumber, though, if there's anything more than a simple job of fixing to be done. His genuine Walworth Stillson Wrenches are the busiest tools in his kit.

Your hardware dealer sells the household Stillson in a handy box. Look for it on his counter.




TRADE MARK STILLSON REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

IF THIS DIAMOND MARK ISN'T ON YOUR WRENCH, WALWORTH QUALITY ISN'T IN IT

WALWORTH MFG. CO., Boston, Mass.

*Chicago Cleveland Kewanee, Ill. New York Philadelphia Portland, Ore. San Francisco Seattle*

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Plants at Boston, Mass., and Kewanee, Ill.

# WALWORTH *Stillson Wrench*

**A complete line of Valves, Fittings and Tools**

**23,000 items for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air**


# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 30

*Laddie Boy—"For the Love of Mike, Fellers, Sing in Tune! Hey You, La Follette, You Carry the Hot Air!"*

bowl well with garlic. Mary Roberts Rinehart thinks there's nothing like blood gravy to serve with one of her sweet wholesome murder stories. Mr. Scott Fitzgerald and the majority of the younger novelists mix theirs in cocktail shakers. Fannie Hurst just takes a couple of prunes and lets them stew in their own Jews. E. M. Hull, whose Sheik was on every summer-hotel piazza in 1921, you remember what a hot summer that was?—uses anything spicy she can find in Araby. "My stories?" said Mr. Harold Bell Wright, in answer to my query. "Why—I just dream them, I guess."

—*Katharine Dayton.*

### Lot

*THREE business lines should advertise*
*One of the ancient Hebrew guys*
*Whose name was Lot. (What's that? Yes, ma'am,*
*His uncle was old Abraham.)*
*Lot was a boy raised on a farm,*
*And would have given his right arm*
*To be a city slicker like*
*A chap he knew, by name of Mike,*
*A salesman out of Sodom for*
*The firm of Peleg & Nahor.*
*Their line was lightning rods and soap,*
*Ensilage cutters, paints and rope.*
*When Lot grew up to man's estate*
*He packed his grip and pulled his freight*
*For Sodom's Broadway and bright lights,*
*The Burleyques and girls in tights.*
*He started in to sow wild oats*
*And spend his profits made on goats;*
*But something in his inmost soul*
*Kept saying "Hold onto your roll;*
*Remember pa and ma; live straight;*
*And buy up Sodom real estate."*
*Which proves the saying, true indeed,*
*Which parents will do well to heed:*
*Raise up a boy the way you should*
*And when he's old he will stay good.*
*In twenty years our hero owned*
*Six business blocks; and he had loaned*
*A lot of dough at twelve per cent;*
*He was a very well-known gent,*
*The owner of the leading store,*
*With three balls hanging o'er the door*
*One day when trade was rather light*
*An angel came and said, "Tonight*
*I'll stay here with you, but at dawn*
*You'd better get up and begone!*
*This town has grown so bad of late*
*It's time that we should fumigate.*
*A storm of brimstone and of fire*
*Will fall, as sign of heaven's ire."*
*"Oy! Oy! Gevalt!" our hero cried,*
*But just the same he up and hied.*
*"And don't look back," the angel said,*
*"Or else you're just as good as dead!"*
*When out a mile, or two, or three,*
*Lot's wife turned round to look and see,*
*And instantly she turned to salt;*
*But as for Lot, he didn't halt.*
*He went so fast he made a breeze*
*So cold it would have made you sneeze.*
*He busted every traffic law*
*Hotfooting it for paw and maw.*
*O'er Mrs. Lot our spirit weeps*
*For she was salted down for keeps,*
*Because no orders would she take,*
*Not even when an angel spake.*
*But as for Lot, I think we learn*
*More lessons from his life than hern.*
*The fire-insurance people claim*
*Lot was the founder of their game.*
*Stock brokers say Lot didn't slip*
*His chance to use a red-hot tip;*
*While savings banks say Lot was sage*
*And salted something down for age.*

—*Wallace M. Bayliss.*

### The Wandering Wallaroo

The following list shows the newly acquired mammals in the New York Zoological Park: 1 thylacine, 3 hyraxes, 2 water mongooses, 1 echidna, 2 rabbit-eared bandicoots, 2 West Australian rat kangaroos, 1 tree kangaroo, 3 yellow-footed rock wallabies, 2 Woodward kangaroos and young, 1 wallaroo, 1 brush-tailed wallaby, 2 short-tailed wallabies, 1 Paddy Mellon

wallaby, 2 rufous-necked wallabies, 2 Tasmanian hack phalangers, 6 spotted phalangers, 3 dusky phalangers, 3 gray phalangers, 3 Parma phalangers, 1 Australian phalanger, 4 marsupial mice, 3 Australian water rats.

*W. T. Hornaday in Science.*

*WAY out in dry Australia*
*Where dwell such queer mammalia*
*The Mallingong,*
*The blithe Bettong,*
*The thorned Echidna, too.*
*They snared a Striped-backed Bandicoot,*
*A long-eared Rabbit Bandicoot,*
*A bandit Banded Bandicoot*
*And a wandering Wallaroo.*

*The climbing Myrmecobius,*
*Who isn't hydrophobious,*
*They sought, they fought,*
*They caught, they brought*
*And caged, a trifle blue,*
*With a frisky Brush-tailed Wallaby,*
*A raging Red-necked Wallaby,*
*A Paddy Mellen Wallaby*
*And a wandering Wallaroo.*

*What strange events awaited them!*
*Their ruthless captors freighted them*
*Across the brine*
*To us who pine*
*To see them in the Zoo,*
*With a Flying Brown Phalanger,*
*A Common Gray Phalanger,*
*A Papuan Phalanger*
*And the wandering Wallaroo.*

*Arthur Guiterman.*

### Ballade of the True Constancy

*I READ the poets every day,*
*I've searched the dictionary through*
*For some new word—for some new way*
*To tell you of my love for you,*
*But in my quest for something new*
*Wherewith to charm your listening ear*
*This is the best that I can do:*
*"Thou art my darling and my dear."*

*With studied art I courted Fay;*
*Hot adjectives I breathed to Prue;*
*Mad songs of passion to Aimée;*
*Sad sighs to Belle—or was it Sue?*
*I swore forever to be true*
*And broke my vows within the year;*
*From Caroline to Maud I flew—*
*Thou art my darling and my dear!*

*With wild extravagance I'd pray*
*To ladies whom I used to woo*
*I was in girls! They knew 'twas only play;*
*And now, poor fool, I know it too*
*'Tis passion makes us writhe and sue,*
*True love shines quietly and clear;*
*It needs but simple words and few:*
*Thou art my darling and my dear.*

*L'Envoi*

*The phantoms vanish from my view;*
*I watch them go without a tear,*
*For, O my love with eyes of blue,*
*Thou art my darling and my dear!*

*Baron Ireland.*

### Things That Every Woman Believes

THAT if she had the time she could be a big success as an interior decorator.

That she would have shone as the wife of a member of the diplomatic service.

That she has a congenital gift for arranging flowers in vases.

That if she only had the clothes she could look every bit as well as any of those Follies girls.

That she has never yet met a man who really understands her, but it is likely to happen at any time.

That she alone, of her sex, is capable of making an intelligent and engaging selection at the men's-neckwear counter.

That if she had cared anything about that sort of life she could have been an actress.

That there is an air of mystery about her which is pretty intriguing.

That she can carry off colors and styles that other women would do better to let alone.

That she is a man's woman.

*Dorothy Parker.*

### A Triolet

*YOU'LL be returning, one day.*
*Such premonitions are true ones.*
*Treading the dew-spangled way,*
*You'll be returning, one day.*
*I'll have a few things to say—*
*I've learned a whole lot of new ones.*
*You'll be returning one day.*
*(Such premonitions are true ones.)*

*Dorothy Parker.*

*Portrait of a Sensitive Young Lady Who Has Insisted Upon Tracing Her Family Tree*

# "Don't kick your tires —use this gauge"

If you are at all doubtful about the air in your tires, kicking them won't tell you what you want to know.

Improper inflation may be too much air or too little air or uneven inflation. With too much air the force of jolts and bumps is increased, vibration is greater, and the cushioning effect is lost.

With too little air the effect is the same as extra weight in the car. The side walls of the tire are flexed and bent, heat develops inside the tire, and the life and wearing quality of the tire are seriously affected.

Uneven inflation, one tire too hard and another too soft, upsets the balance of the body, the car responds poorly to the steering wheel, and squeaks occur.

The Schrader Universal Tire Pressure Gauge tells you the exact air pressure in your tires. This is a good thing to know. Your tires last longer when properly inflated.

The Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge is made in the same factory that produces Schrader Valve Insides and Schrader Universal Valves, which are standard equipment on practically every make of pneumatic tires in the United States and Canada. It is another Schrader contribution to greater motoring comfort through better care of air.

Sold by garages, hardware stores and motor accessory shops. Price $1.25 (in Canada $1.50). A special type for trucks and wire wheels is $1.75 (in Canada $2.00).

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn, New York
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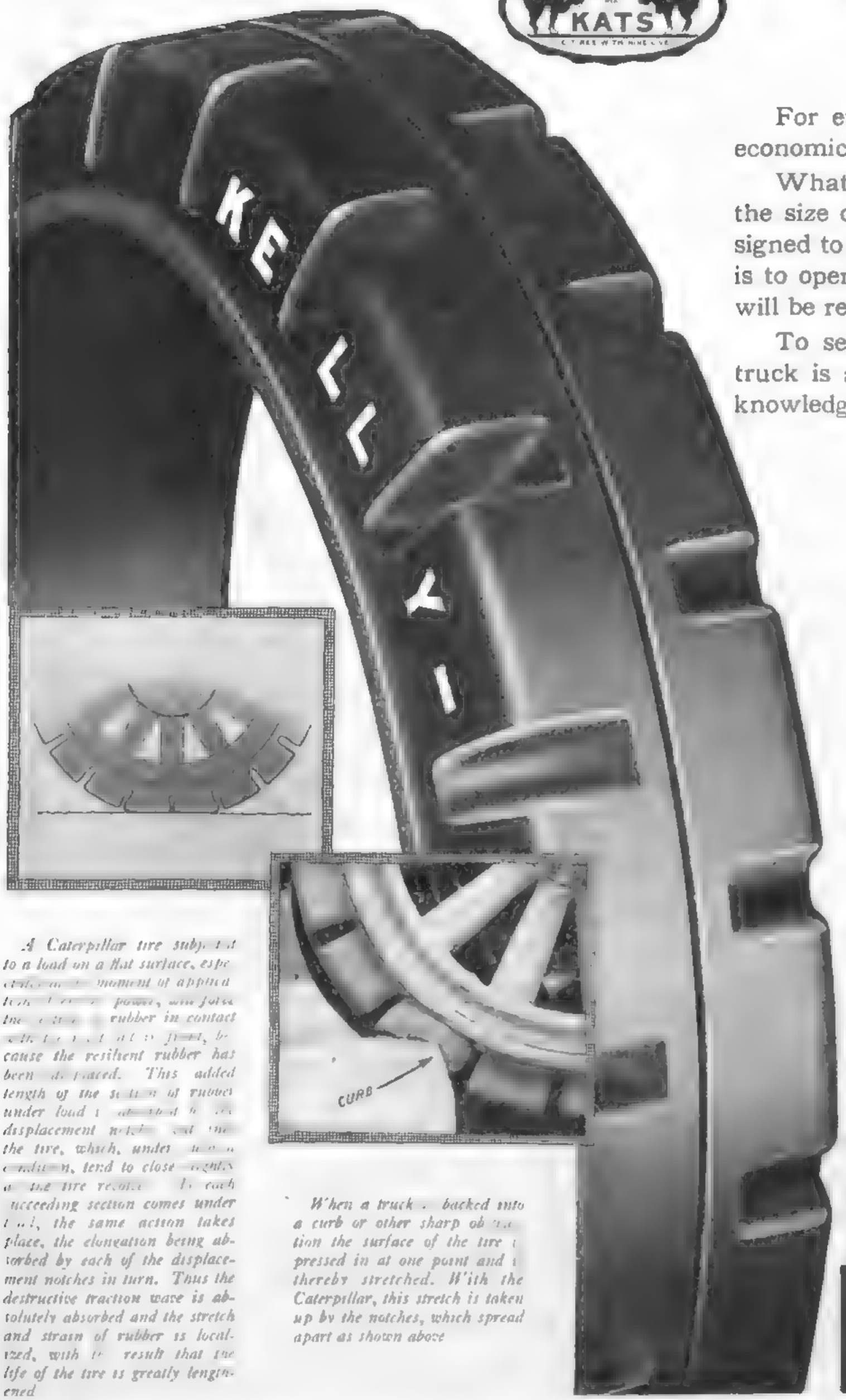
*Manufacturers of Schrader Valve Insides and Valve Caps, Packed in Metal Boxes of Five Each*

SCHRADER
TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE

# A glass-smooth road -the ideal

## but roads cannot be tires must absorb

KELLY KATS




*A Caterpillar tire subjected to a load on a flat surface, especially at the moment of application of driving power, will force the tire rubber in contact with the road to flow, because the resilient rubber has been displaced. This added length of the section of rubber under load is absorbed by the displacement notches at the sides of the tire, which, under normal conditions, tend to close. As each succeeding section comes under load, the same action takes place, the elongation being absorbed by each of the displacement notches in turn. Thus the destructive traction wave is absolutely absorbed and the stretch and strain of rubber is localized, with the result that the life of the tire is greatly lengthened*

*When a truck is backed into a curb or other sharp obstruction the surface of the tire is pressed in at one point and is thereby stretched. With the Caterpillar, this stretch is taken up by the notches, which spread apart as shown above*

For every truck there is one efficient and economical, one *right*, type of tire.

What that type is depends on four things—the size of the truck, the kind of load it is designed to carry, the sort of roads over which it is to operate and the speed which ordinarily it will be required to maintain.

To select the proper tire equipment for a truck is a task requiring not only specialized knowledge but an unbiased mind.

## The Caterpillar—

### *a heavy duty truck tire*

The Caterpillar tire, or Kat as it is now known by users, is a heavy duty, non-skid truck wheel covering of the cushion type, especially suited for use on large trucks in which high speed and ULTRA resiliency are not essential. The traction notches offer a firm grip on any kind of road surface and afford adequate displacement space into which rubber may flow and thus help to absorb surface inequalities in the road.

Brought out some five years ago, at a time when the shortcomings of the solid tire were beginning to be realized by truck owners, the Caterpillar has been phenomenally successful.

The fact that it is much more resilient, much longer lived and affords much better traction than the solid, while it is less expensive and more dependable than the big pneumatic, has won it favor with such fleet operators as Burns Bros. of New York, who now have over 100 big coal trucks on Caterpillars, the Consumers Company, which handles two-thirds of Chicago's coal supply, the R. F. Conway Company of Chicago, one of the largest road-building concerns in the Middle West, and hundreds of other fleet and individual owners.

The Caterpillar is especially adapted for use on heavy duty vehicles such as coal, ice, dairy, oil, log and lumber trucks, street sweepers, ash trucks, street sprinklers, fire apparatus, flushers and the like

It is, furthermore, especially well adapted in the larger sizes to use on contractors' trucks and vehicles used in road construction, because of its broad-surfaced, road-roller effect, which actually represents less of a concentrated load on the soft subgrade than does the use of a pneumatic

***If your local Kelly dealer has not already sent you a booklet describing these tires in detail, we shall be glad to supply you with one on request.***

**Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.**

KELLY

# and a steel-hard tire combination

## *glass-smooth, so the the inequalities*

The dealer who sells Kelly-Springfield truck tires can give you unbiased advice. He can supply, not *approximately* the right type of tire, but *exactly* the right type, because he has a complete range of types from which to choose.

He has no interest in selling you anything *but* the right type of tire.

The two most popular Kelly truck tires—the Caterpillar, an advanced type of cushion tire, and the Aircore, "a double cushion" tire, are briefly described on these pages.

## The Aircore—

### *a "double cushion" truck tire*

The AIRCORE is a "double cushion" type of tire in that the rubber is provided with two distinct types of spaces into which it may flow when under load. The entire tread may be displaced into the traction vents or notches in much the same manner as is the case with the Caterpillar. In addition, however, a large central hollow space is provided, of a special patented spear-head shape, into which the rubber displaced from the body of the tire may flow. The action of this center when under load is the true reason for the remarkable resiliency and wonderfully long life of the AIRCORE. This action may be seen in the small cuts at the right.

The pebble-ejector steps, which prevent the accumulation of mud, gravel or stones in the traction notches, are necessary because of the number of notches, their narrow width and the fact that the AIRCORE tire deflects as much as a pneumatic, with the result that the sides of the notches are forced close together.

The AIRCORE is suitable for use on every truck which would require a degree of resiliency heretofore furnished only by the pneumatic tire. It is also suitable for the front wheels of trucks up to and including five tons capacity and the rear wheels of trucks up to 3½ or 4 tons capacity, provided the weight on each tire does not exceed the carrying capacity of the tires. Inasmuch, however, as the principal advantage of the AIRCORE over the Caterpillar is its greater resiliency, we would specifically recommend the AIRCORE under any one or all of the following conditions.

1. Front wheels of all trucks.
2. Rear wheels of light and moderate capacity trucks.
3. All four wheels of high speed trucks.
4. All four wheels of moderate capacity trucks running over rough roads which have heretofore occasioned excessive truck repair expense.

*If your local Kelly dealer has not already sent you a booklet describing these tires in detail we shall be glad to supply you with one upon request.*

**250 West 57th Street, New York**

# TIRES

KELLY SPRINGFIELD AIRCORE

*Section of AIRCORE tire when under no load. Note the shape of the spear-head central opening and the white dotted outline of the traction notches cut in the tread and side walls. The central core opening provides the internal displacement space into which a portion of the rubber may flow when the tire is subjected to load.*

*When subjected to a normal load, the AIRCORE assumes the outline indicated by the full lines above. The depth of the tread is shortened and the rubber thus displaced is squeezed outward and into the central core. The solid black spaces indicate the position assumed by the rubber thus displaced. Note that the flow has been in gentle curves with no abrupt break or bend. The rubber must flow somewhere, and in the AIRCORE it assumes the simplest, easiest and most quickly recoverable shape.*

*Note the height of this open space and the comparatively short depth of rubber between the upper open end and the tread of the tire. This produces instantaneous action and recovery of the tire and adds greatly to its resiliency at high speeds.*

Neptunite Varnish

*Don't be alarmed—*

# It's Varnished With Neptunite Rubbing—

"The man who sold us this Neptunite Rubbing Varnish was right. It has taken away one of my housekeeping worries. You know how careful I have always been of all the varnished surfaces of our furniture, and how easily they have always marred. Heat, moisture and pressure, any one of which would have ruined the old finish, leave no mark on Neptunite. It does not print, soften, nor turn white, even under this hot iron."

Neptunite Varnish will not turn white, will not mar white, dries hard and stays hard, wears and wears, and retains its lustre after years of cleaning.

There are four Varnishes in the Neptunite family:

1. RUBBING for furniture
2. FLOOR for floors
3. SPAR for exterior use
4. INTERIOR for inside woodwork

*Send for this Booklet*

"The Diary of the House in the Woods," by Katharine and Edward MacDowell, who, themselves, designed and built the house, then Mellotoned and Mello-Glossed the walls, Neptunited the floors and woodwork, and did various other things odd and interesting to make their home cozy and attractive.

*Send 10 cents for it direct to our Dayton Office.*

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*Paints and Varnishes*


# NORTH OF 36

(Continued from Page 23)

The cow hunter was, so it seemed, a simple man of direct habits.

"I rid down, Miss Lockhart," said he, "to ast fer the job. Would ye take me? I kin ride and rope."

His eyes, brown, direct, unabashed, looked fair and square into the dark eyes of Taisie Lockhart. She spread out her hands at length, with words of assent which might have had a double meaning:

"One more man? Very well."

*XIII*

THE cow hunter lost little time in settling down to work in his new capacity. He had initiative, seemed masterful, independent.

"Let me bring two or three of my boys down and help you-all throw back a lot of these cows and calfs. I'll leave couple boys to hold our stuff. Come on up again and look it over."

They rode together until they reached the edge of the wild range herd—literally the loot of a land untenanted—animals wild as buffalo. Nabours gave the herd the quick glance of the practiced cowman.

"Yore stuff's fatter'n ours," said he; "yet you've driv further."

"Shore," replied the other. "We've been on a eight-hundred-mile circle, like enough. Way out west it's high and dry, and the vine mesquite grass, or the grama north o' that, curls down like nigger wool. There's cows here been raised on vine mesquite, fat as Christmas ducks right now.

"I hearn tell that away fur up north, thousand miles er so, they got bunch grass and buffler grass that fats cows the same way; though, o' course, no cow critter could live through them winters up north."

"Shore not—nor no man, neither, I reckon."

"Well, now, here's the layout," resumed Dalhart. "Here's two-three thousand to pick from. As I said, you'll find plenty T. L.'s. We got maybe three hunderd slicks here and there, for ourselves. Ef we got a dollar a head straight through we'd be rich on the hunt. Yet beeves at Sumner and north o' there is fotchin' fifteen a head and up'ards."

"Ef we got half that at the railroad my boss'd be rich on one drive," said Jim Nabours. "Then we'd have money enough to locate the gang that's been pushing stuff off this range. I don't think we'll need to scrape Austin very damn deep."

"I ain't sayin'," replied the cow hunter quietly. "Now what I segest is that you-all cut yore light stuff and let our boys throw it back on yore range. Take out'n our herd as many head o' good fours and drive 'em all north under the Fishhook, T. L.'s and all the rest. When you sell allow us a dollar a head for findin' and tradin'. Does that sound fair?"

"More'n such," said Jim Nabours. "This first herd is a expeariment for all of us. Let's get the girl on her feet fer sake of her father. And him oncet rich!" he added. "As square a cowman as ever crossed leather. I tell you, that bunch of shorthorns that's come into Austin done him dirt. Politics, that's what's under it—Reconstruction politics. They think they can steal this state because they win the war. Reconstruction? I'll bet one thing, ef I ever lay eye on the man that's been riding our range I'll take him apart so's't he'll be damned hard ever to reconstruck again!"

Now, in the glare and heat and dust of the frank Southern spring days, two dozen lank, lithe riders split the two great herds, combed them both, blended them both. Nabours' face began to lighten as he saw forming a real trail herd of marketable beeves and mature cows. Of the unknown potential market at the rails he really knew nothing. It might demand beef and might ask stocking cattle. The discards of each herd, the yearlings, the cows with calves, the lame and halt were to be cut back south for the later distribution on their own home ranges.

The whole enterprise in which those two pastoral chiefs now by chance were engaged was one of a day now gone by forever, and it was conducted under standards not understandable today. There was no law but range custom. Texas then was but thirty years this side the time when twenty enormous land grants, given to Americans, had covered practically all of her vast territory. No scale of cattle values ever had been known. On a strip of twenty-five miles here, not that many miles from the capital of the state, now were assembled almost ten thousand head of cattle. Had a buyer from the North appeared he could have bought the lot at three dollars and a half the head, and at the tally-out he would as a matter of course have been asked to accept the count as it ran, dogies, cows and ancient steers, head for head. In those days a cow was a cow. All horned kine, of any age or sex, were cows.

Again, as to the question of ownership, the gesture of the day was alike close and hard or large and lenient. No man argued with his neighbor, since a cow was only a cow. A man gave his cloak also to his neighbor if asked—though woe to the man who laid hand on coat uninvited!

In the herd of these wild-cow gatherers were many unbranded cattle—their own now by virtue of discovery, the custom being "finders, keepers," as to an unmarked animal. For the mixed lot of the branded strays from widely scattered herds a dollar a head seemed then a fair pay for finding and herding for a hundred miles or more. The adventurers who had taken on this speculation of saddle and rope had rather considered a dollar a head profit than range the find into the second year—after which the increase of the strays would be their own without possible contest. And a dollar a head, payable perhaps next fall, was a thing large and golden to the eye of the bearded, half-clad fighting men who now, with no plan on their own part, had uncovered a large plane of contact of the old with the new, of the late past with a new and crowding present. But for both parties, cow hunters and trail drivers, it was all a speculation. The country north of them was an unknown land. No values yet were established either here or there. The West was yet in embryo.

But all the time, as Nabours and Dalhart, respective leaders, rode at their work, their wonder increased at what each learned from the other. Some malign intelligence, outrunning the apathy of the South in the post-bellum period, had worked on more than a local horizon. There had been a general pushing of the range product into unsettled West Texas, as far as the Comanches would admit. The trail to the Pecos River, up which cattle had been driven to Army posts, the pioneer work of Loving and Goodnight, the casual Western drives of the half-breed Jesse Chisholm to the Pecos crossing, must have been watched and known by certain powerful groups of the new and avid carpet-bag politicians then crowding south.

That a covert range ring was working in Austin—as a beef ring later was to work in Washington—as well as a river-improvements ring which was hastening to sell or take over all the state lands at a few cents the acre; and that this sinister gang of farsighted and unscrupulous men had visions of a day of a vast empire of their own, stocked with cattle which had cost no more than the stealing, branding and driving, could then be no more than suspected by Nabours or Dalhart. But both men were shrewd. Both knew wild ways and wild lands, and both knew cows, though neither had any real vision as to the swift future of cows. They knew that crooked work had been going on, of so large and so vicious an extent as to violate all the ancient and sacred law of custom, as well as the written law. Both men were sober as they rode at their work.

"And to think," said the old foreman of Del Sol, "they wouldn't spare even a girl like her!"

Dalhart, lean and bearded adventurer in cows, nodded.

"But there ain't none like her!"

Nabours paused for a time.

"You been on our string three hours."

"Three hours is enough, *amigo*. Three minutes was enough. I've never knowed such a woman could ever be in all the world."

"There's others think so."

"I'm sorry for them."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to marry that girl ef hit's the lastest thing I do."

"Others has told me such," replied Jim Nabours, not so much concerned. "It's right funny about women. Now, I tried for all my early life to marry a girl down in

(Continued on Page 118)

*The Garland combination range uses gas, or coal or wood. It assures a warm kitchen in cold weather and a cooler kitchen in warm weather. It can be had in a size suitable to your needs, in beautiful glistening full enamel or semi-enamel finish*

*The Garland Coal and Wood Range is as good in every way as the popular Garland Gas Range. It enjoys the same advantages of oven design which insure perfect baking in any Garland Range. In handsome full enamel or semi-enamel finish*

*There is a Garland gas range in the size, and the finish, that will exactly meet your requirements and your taste. Garland top burners save 10% in gas, and the Garland oven is noted for its even distribution of heat. Full enamel and semi-enamel finish*

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# GARLAND

## COOKING AND HEATING

GAS-COAL-ELECTRICITY

# Beautiful FIBERLOID Gift Ware

Your gift will be doubly appreciated if it is made of Fiberloid. For many years this wonderful material has been used for making ivory toilet articles, jewelry, tortoise eye glass frames, fountain pens, gift goods, and many things of every day use.

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Fiberloid is so ideal for craft workers' use, that we have put up a special assortment of ivory, tortoise, amber and other colors, with full directions, patterns and cement, enough to make many pieces of jewelry and novelties, which is sent postpaid for $3.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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*Booklets Sent Upon Request*

"Beautiful Fiberloid Toilet Articles," by Grace Gardner.

"A Little Story of Fiberloid," the wonder product of modern chemistry.

"Fiberloid Craft," the making of beautiful jewelry and durable art objects.

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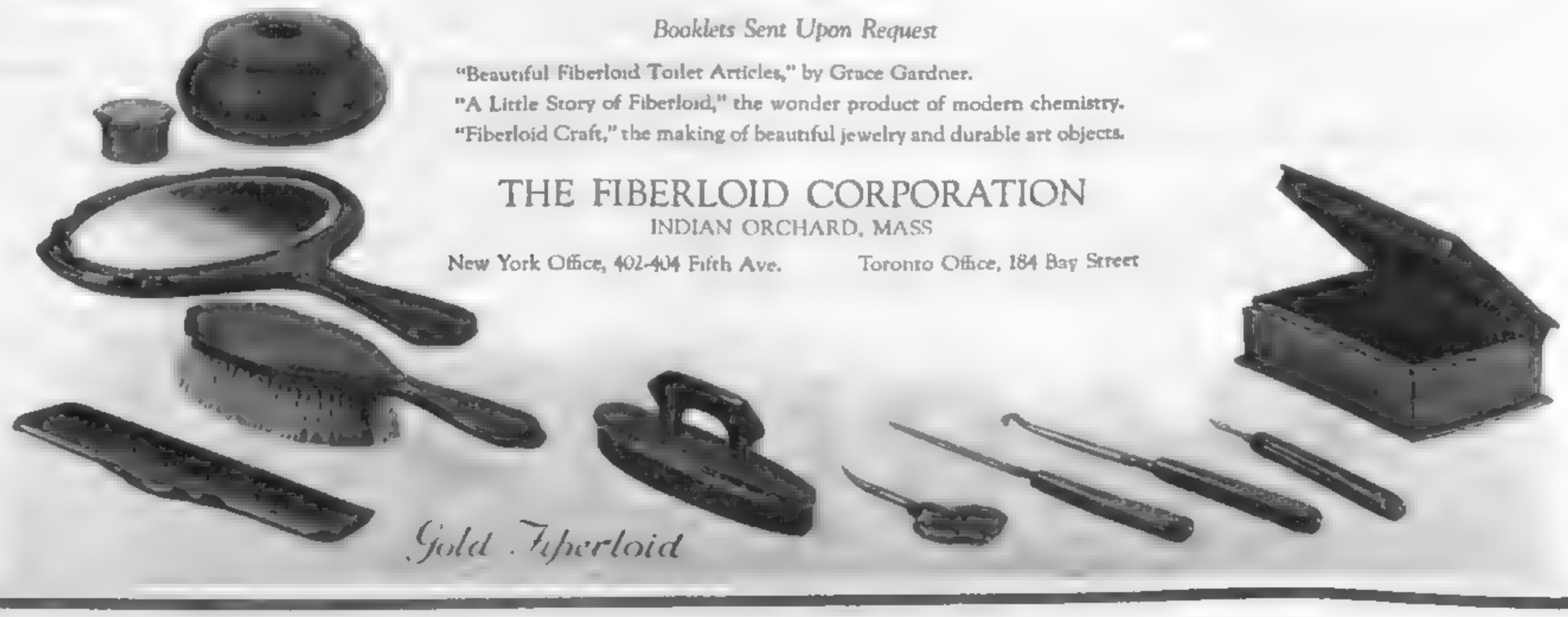

*Gold Fiberloid*

(Continued from Page 112)

San Felipe. I done right well, and was going to ast her; but another man done married her first. All right, he done it fair, and I didn't kick. I set down to wait him out, and shore enough, he done die in about ten year and she was a widder. I begin to save up enough to git me new spurs and hat and saddle blankets, and allow to begin courting of Sarah right after branding time—and damn me, ef a Dutch colonust don't up and marry her afore I git around to it! He last four year, and Sam Doan shot him one day over around Round Rock. I was in debt to Sam fer that, fer now Sarah was a widder oncet more.

"This time I didn't lose no time. I rid over and told Sarah how it laid. 'Why, law!' says she. 'Why, Jim, I never knowed you choose to marry me er of course I'd of married you rather'n ary one of them others! Why didn't you say so?'

"'Well, I say so now,' says I. 'Even ef I'm crowding forty-eight, I say so.'

"So we done set the day. And right then the war bust in our face and I rid off to the war. I sort of forgot to git married to Sarah, in the excitement. Well, when I come back I was apast fifty, and broke. When I came to look things up I find Sarah has married a Arkansaw widower with eight children over on the Brazos!

"That settled me with women. The game's too damn rapid fer a man like me."

"Well, it ain't going to be too rapid fer me."

"No? Now look here! Let me ast you something—and let me tell you something. I ast you—likewise I tell you.

"I'm that girl's maw. I realize how much she owes every man on these both two herds right now, but I allow that the real men in this outfit has got to think of her cows and not her—first, last and all the time, till the said cows is sold.

"You willing to take left point on them grounds and with that understanding? No love making on this trail—not a damned word! Besides, you'll tell me who you are, after we get done driving and settle down to courting?"

His keen eye sought that of Dalhart, whose own met it as fearlessly.

"It's a trade!" said he. "I'll keep my word on that."

"Well, that's settled. Now, let's set off the branding gangs. We got to get at least four hunderd of these fours in the Fishhook before night day after tomorrow. That'll keep us all from making love, I reckon. Blest be the tie that binds! But you're a T. L. hand now, and not no more'n that. You got a naturalized citizen's right to love the boss, but you ain't reached no years of majority ner discretion this side of Aberlene."

Jim Nabours rode back in the twilight and flung off from a foam-streaked horse at Taisie's fire. The tall girl came and seated herself beside him on a bed roll, a hand laid on his knee.

"What's wrong now?"

His quick eye noted her paleness. He knew she had been weeping. A large gnarled brown hand of his own stroked gently the slender brown hand on his knee.

"Why, Miss Taisie, ain't nothing wrong, I'd say. Fact is everything is too damned right, that's all."

He went on to tell her of the developments of the day; how more than richly their exchange of discards for beeves was working out; how well the trail herd was developing. Then he came to what was on his mind.

"Now, see here, Miss Taisie," he went on, breaking a bit of bark between his fingers, "when we start out we thought we had stripped the Del Sol range. We taken all ages. Only a act of God could of kept us from having a plumb thousand calfs riding in yore carts. But now looky here! We're going to cut back all that stuff and throw in fours instead. The cut is going back to Del Sol. But who's going to take care of Del Sol while we go north?"

"Well, who could?"

"You could. Yes, Miss Taisie, you! We can git along damn well without you, and Del Sol can't get along alone. Don't you think you'd be safer back home that way than what you will be going north up to the sixth princerpul meridjun with sixteen pirates and God knows what kind of weather?

"You're only a girl, Miss Taisie—the damnedest finest girl ever borned in Texas; but girls is girls. I can handle cows, Miss Taisie. I can't handle girls. You go on back home, please, ma'am. We'll pull in afore Thanksgiving with a wagonload of Yankee money."

The girl straightened up.

"I'll not go back! I closed the doors when I started up the trail. How could I live there alone?"

"I ain't ast you to live there alone. What I say is, we'll be inside of ten miles of Austin when we cross the Colorado. I want you and Del to ride in to Austin and get married. Then I want you both to take charge of this cut and ride on back to Del Sol."

The old man turned his gray grim eye to her.

"Can't you leave me be yore maw, Taisie child?"

"No—no—no, Jim!" Both her hands were on his. "Don't ask me! I've nothing to live for outside of what's here on the ground. Everything I own I've got with me, and all my friends. No, Jim, I'm going through. No use to argue—no use to argue, Jim!"

"I reckon not, ma'am," said the old foreman, sighing. "All I say is, God ha' mercy, that's all! I got a dream there's going to be hell on this herd."

So was the genesis of Anastasie Lockhart, cow hand. Tomorrow came a creature who rode unconscious of the horse beneath her, scornful of heat and dust as any of these dust-screened figures, scarf over mouth, legs clinging, body rhythmic, hands swift at the test moment; a creature of incredible fascination, with all the velocity and vitality of youth and strength. And before her, seeking respite of her in violent activities, passed vague, flitting, heroic figures, each of whom rode his best for her—and each of whom eke left to the tears of the recording angel crimes in cattle brands they would have lost a hand before committing for their own gain or that of any man.

A vast picture, and a noble, that of the remaking of the Del Sol trail herd. A shrouded yellow sun, hot and again hot. The dulled green of a landscape of timber and grass, of hill and valley, a wild land even then, though under the eaves of the state's capitol; a land partly settled here, but tenanted under no real acceptance of a social compact. Eager, early, primeval it was—all. Youth of the world!

A tossing sea of wide-pointed horns, overlung with a cloud of dust. Rattling and clacking inside the dust. Rock of Ages; Jesus, Lover; Home, Sweet Home, where lean riders held the mill. And always, cutting through the cloud, one remorseless rider after another edged his chosen victim out for the final rush and the relentless sweep of the thin hide rope. Over and over again, more than five hundred times before that cut was done—twenty times, twenty-five in an hour, counting them all the little Southern horses sat down and quarter-faced their quarry, each taking his own weight and more in one wrench at his saddle horn and saddle cinches, his gleaming eyes noting the hurled horned creature, his victim also, at the other end of the rope.

Calls of "Bring an iron!" And men sweating at a half dozen fires were ready for that. Till his trembling sides could no longer hold his great heart's purpose, each savage little horse went back into the dust under a savage man. Two ropes for the heavy steers, two sweating horses: twenty-five brands run in an hour, perhaps—a task for four days done in two.

A vast and splendid picture, and of a great day. Since then two million men and women have mated thereabouts. Yet now, center of that picture and its cause there passed, hour after hour, gray, dusty, flitting, tireless, the unmistakable and unconcealable figure of a young woman. . . . Yes, a creature of incredible vitality and velocity, of life and youth.

Youth of the world!

XIV

DAN McMASTERS, sheriff of Gonzales and captain of state Rangers, rode into the straggling village of Austin, capital of a state so large a horseman could not cross it in a month. He bore no outward evidence of having passed through any agitating scenes. His apparel evinced no sign of disorder, his face was coldly emotionless as ever. He might have been almost any tall and well-clothed young man. One thing only set him apart from the usual visitor: By virtue of his calling he wore his two heavy six-shooters. The handle of the left-hand gun pointed forward; that of the


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(1) 52 pound Musk[illegible] taken on Chippeu River near Eau Claire, Wis.

(2) 23[illegible] pound Rai[illegible]bow Trout caught at Klamath Lake, Ore[illegible]

(3) 12[illegible] pound Bass taken near Houston, Texas

(4) 13 pound Wall-eyed Pike taken at Pickerel Lake, near Antigo, Wis.

(5) 32½ pound Striped Bass taken in Elkhorn Slough, California.

(6) 22 pound Northern Pike taken at Long Lake, near Park Rapids, Minn.

(7) 4 King-fish averaging 8 pounds each taken at mouth of Brazos River, Texas

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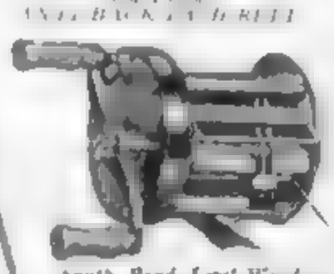
South Bend Anti-Backlash Reel



South Bend Level Winding [illegible]

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right-hand weapon to the rear—a puzzling combination to any student of possibilities. Granted that he was a left-handed man, which hand would first seek a weapon? Or if right-handed, which? That was a question which, lacking time, some half dozen men had never solved to their own success.

A certain red-faced, gray-haired and rather rotund individual active in the office of the treasurer of the commonwealth of Texas, sitting before a low-topped desk in a room of the building which served as state capitol, looked up as the newcomer entered.

"Good evening, sir," said McMasters pleasantly. "Do I find Mr. Rudabaugh in?"

The official made no immediate response.

"You do not," said he finally.

"No? I infer that he is out of town?"

"Yes," rejoined the other.

McMasters smiled innocently.

"In such case he is no longer in jail?"

At this the official displayed feeling.

"What business is it of yours?" he demanded. "And how do you know he is in jail? He didn't stay there longer than it took to call court. There are not people enough in Texas to keep Mr. Rudabaugh in jail."

"I heard that a deputy United States marshal took him and his party the other day, below the Colorado, and sent him in with a force of Rangers. As you say, it might have been supposed that no court in this town would hold him."

The red-faced official abated somewhat of his pompousness.

"From what I've heard in description, I believe you are Mr. McMasters, sheriff of Gonzales," said he presently.

"I am that same, sir," replied McMasters smilingly. "If I needed to quote Davy Crockett, I might say that I have the closest shooting rifle and the best coon dog in the whole state of Texas. Yes, I'm McMasters, of Gonzales."

"Well," began the other, "it's only right to tell you that at the preliminary hearing all those men were discharged."

"That is why I called. I wanted to talk things over with Mr. Rudabaugh. I thought I might be able to explain one or two things to him. I thought maybe I might be of some use to him."

Silence of the other, now afraid to speak.

"Where can I find Mr. Rudabaugh?" The quiet voice took a new note.

"That I can't answer. He left town again yesterday morning, with some other gentlemen. They headed west."

"It looks as though Mr. Rudabaugh thinks I still am after him. Perhaps he has been mistaken about my motives and purposes with him. Perhaps he forgets that my father voted and worked against slavery, the same as the gentlemen of your party did. Why antagonize Gonzales? Why fight the Rangers?

"Now, what I want to tell Mr. Rudabaugh is this: I know where that trunk of Texas land scrip is today. I am ready to tell him where it is."

The official coughed, embarrassed.

"That was what he wanted to get hold of at Del Sol. Well, I got hold of it myself. I know where it is today. I can take him to it at any time he likes. Does that sound interesting?"

The red-faced man sat up.

"It sounds strange, coming from you!"

"Well, there are times when it's hard to get the truth. I never found much use in showing all my own hand in public. A peace officer has to be careful. Perhaps the state treasurer has misunderstood me. Perhaps I am willing to work with him for a little time, and not against him. How then?"

"Mr. Rudabaugh and his associates, too, have been very much misunderstood by the people of Texas," began the state official. "He is a man of large ideas, a man of vision. Our friends of the other party prefer to see Texas remain as she always has been—remote, impoverished, with no commercial outlook, no hope on earth. Mr. Rudabaugh sees a wider future for Texas. We all do here."

"Precisely! Well, I'm one of a growing number of Texans who'd agree with him on that last. We don't deny that there are chances in land and cows such as we never dreamed of. The men who work fast in Texas now will be rich—as rich as they like. But we can't always climb up on the housetop and tell all the world about the means and methods. Of course, that means that some may misunderstand such men as Mr. Rudabaugh. You know that?"

"Why, yes, of course; I know the way Mr. Rudabaugh himself works—always decisive, never telling much of his plans. His friends deplore the criticism he has received in certain quarters."

"Yes; he has occasion to be cautious. Still, if Mr. Rudabaugh, not as state treasurer but as president of a certain land-and-cattle company, has any wish to confer with the man who saw him arrested the other day, when he was inquiring about a certain block of additional land scrip, that man is willing to talk with him now. We might find something of mutual interest. You-all here in Austin might do worse than make friends down Gonzales way."

McMasters smilingly waved a hand at either gun.

"I'm not quite alone. We will both have to come under a white flag. If he wants to be *amigo*, maybe I can be of service to him."

His gray eyes, now narrowed, were fixed without wavering upon those of this other man.

"Tell me, where is Sim Rudabaugh!" he demanded suddenly. The man behind the desk started as though under an immediate menace.

"Well, since you seem to offer your aid, Mr. McMasters, in a misunderstanding a very deplorable misunderstanding—I presume I may tell you. He's gone north, up the trail, toward the Brazos. He's on some private business of his own."

"Yes? He's in camp, waiting for the big Del Sol herd? Where is his camp?"

The desk man grew very uneasy, but at length he replied hesitantly: "Well, I'd take the trail that runs due north from San Marcos if I had to find him. I would say he might be camped a ride of a day and a half north of here—say, thirty to fifty miles north, on the general road to Fort Worth village.

"You don't know where that herd is, do you?" he added. "Mr. Rudabaugh regards its going north as a very grave mistake; indeed, a risky and ruinous thing for the state at just this time. You don't know where the herd is now?"

"Yes, I do know. I've just come from it. It's been held up a few days in west of here. They may get over the Colorado by today. I ought to be able to find Mr. Rudabaugh well in advance of the herd itself, then, you think?"

"But you didn't tell me where the scrip is." The other man flushed at seeing his eagerness noted.

"Well," said McMasters slowly, "you yourself and I myself are not supposed to know a damned thing about that chest of papers, are we? But we do, eh? Well, when we find the T. L. cows we will come pretty near finding that scrip. And scrip is going up, eh?

"Oh, I'll tell you this much, my friend. I know all about the moves of Mr. Rudabaugh's big company to get holdings west toward the edge of the Staked Plains on the Double Mountain Fork and above there. You see? Well, I don't see why you and I should beat about the bush. I know all about the operations that have driven almost all the central range's holdings on out farther west.

"There are a lot of things I know. Well, do you think I am safe to trust? And don't you think the administration might do worse than be friendly to Gonzales and Uvalde?"

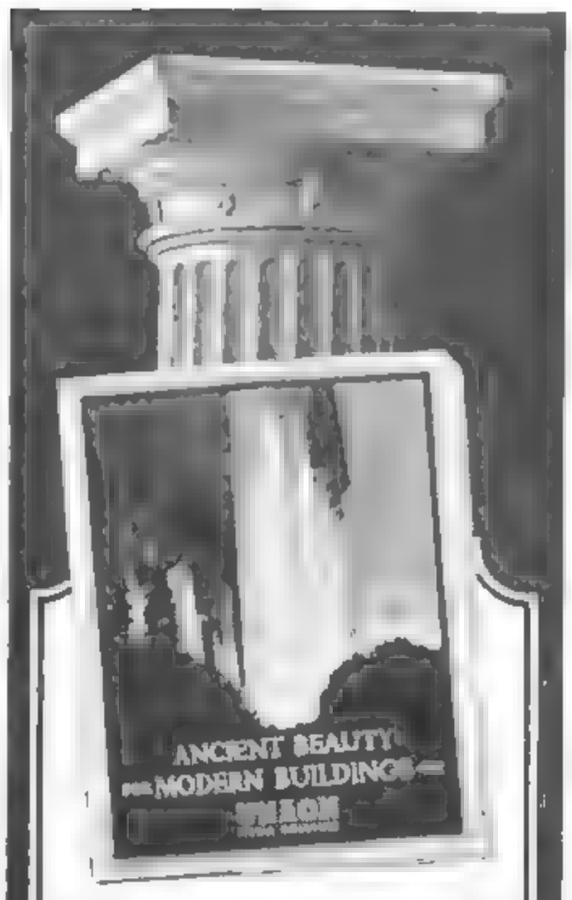
The other man drew himself up with a long sigh of doubt, apprehension, but made an attempt at merriment.

"Well," said he, "of course, this is the first time we've met. I don't know that I'd trust you to take care of me, but I believe I'd trust you to take care of yourself."

"I always have," said McMasters simply. "That's why I'm here now. Suppose you and I have a little war council, eh?"

When McMasters walked his horse down the long street of Austin town, rifle under leg, he looked neither to the right nor to the left, though well aware of the scrutiny which followed him from more than one door and window. The reputation of the mysterious, always restless sheriff of Gonzales, captain of the newly revived state constabulary, was one that reached beyond the confines of his own county. No one had looked for him in Austin—to the contrary. But then, as one man said to a neighbor, McMasters, of Gonzales, could always be counted on to be doing some unaccountable thing.

THE reconstructed and augmented Del Sol herd passed on northward steadily, as though impelled by some cosmic force.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It had required well-nigh a week to cut the two herds and blend them into one, for handling heavy beeves in the open is vastly different from the work of the corral and branding chute on light cattle. At the end of the work the remuda was dragged and drooping, the men yet more taciturn. But they could look out with pride over well-nigh four thousand head of longhorns such as would make any cowman's eye brighten even in that day.

Now, daily more accustomed to the trail, the cattle shook down to the daily march. At dawn they did not feed at first; but, never urged to speed, in an hour or two would graze along, halting in the march, advancing, the concourse at times stretched out over more than a mile, perhaps a quarter that distance in width. At midday, thrown off the trail—if trail it could be called which as yet had never known a herd—they grazed well, and in that portion of the country could find water two or three times a day; so that they took on or held flesh rather than lost it.

"Did ary one of you-all ever hear how far it is to Aberlene?" asked Nabours of his new man, Dalhart, whom he had put on point in view of his obvious education as a cowman.

"Must be e'en around about a plumb thousand miles," replied the latter. "Hope hit's thisaway all the ways—plenty of grass and the rivers full enough fer water right along. We ain't had to hunt water yet. You'd orto see the Llano! We've driv two days, out yan, with their tongues hangin' out.

"Water! When we hit the Colorado I thought we got plenty water. She'll swim a horse in a dry year, and she swum us for more'n a hundred fifty yards! I was mighty glad to ferry them carts.

"Uh-huh. Ner that ain't all—the Brazos'll do the same, and only luck'll save us from swimmin' a quarter mile, maybe, on the Red. Then beyond that's the Washita, narrer but deep. I never talked with no man that ever was north of the Chickasaws. We'll wet our saddles plenty, shore. What cows we don't drownd and the Injuns don't steal, or that don't get lost in night runs—why, that's what we'll have to sell. Four thousand's a big herd to han'le—too big—but I've gethered cows long enough to know a feller better git plenty when the chancet comes."

North of the first unbridged river—the Colorado—the advance was over a country practically new, although now subdivided into organized counties. The main thrust of the early population was from the south and lower east, so that now the farther north they got the sparser grew the infrequent settlements. All North and Northwest Texas remained *terra incognita* even for Texans, and no map of it ever had been made, let alone of the wild Indian territory that lay north of it. The thousands of longhorns, the first herd ever to go north from a point so far south in Texas, plodded along, never turning a backward foot, but hourly finding a new land. Austin was a county-seat town rather than a capital city. Such communities as Temple, Waco, Cleburne, Fort Worth—all close to the ninety-eighth meridian, along which lay the general course of the first of the cattle drives before the trails moved west—were cities in embryo; Fort Worth, through which bodily the trail ran, had then not over one hundred inhabitants; enough for a metropolis in a state that had not a hundred miles of rails and no trace of a lasting market for the one great commodity—cows.

Across half a dozen counties, a dozen lesser streams, the singular procession passed onward, epochal, in an abysmal ignorance and a childlike self-confidence. Its course was due north; and since now the grass was good and water courses full, it needed to make no digressions. The herd left a trail a hundred yards wide, two hundred, half a mile; but the main road remained written plainly for any who might follow.

Nabours was cowman enough not to crowd his cattle on a march of such indefinite duration, but continually he fretted over the necessary slowness of the journey.

"It's good country," he admitted to Del Williams; "can't complain; grass all right; high enough, but not washed out; and a good creek every forty rod almost. But I never did know Texas was so big. Here we are into May, and when we make the Brazos we'll be only maybe a hundred and fifty mile north of where we started at. It'll be anyways a hundred years afore we make Aberlene, ef there is any such place, which I doubt, me. Not one of us knows nothing, and nary one has ever been even up here afore. We'll just about hit the Red when she's up full."

"We ain't there yit," rejoined his new point man cheerfully. "We may all git drownded in the Brazos; an' ef we do we won't need worry none about the Red."

They had not yet lost all touch with the settlements; indeed, continually crossed the great pastures of men who under range custom held their own river fronts and range. Now and again a sort of trace led them north—the compass finger of fate always pointed north and not west for the state of the Lone Star. But of actual road there was none, fences were undreamed and bridges never yet had been held needful for traveling man. When, therefore, they struck the great Brazos, coming down as did all these upper rivers from the east rim of the mysterious Llano Estacado, it was relief to Nabours to find a pair of rough boats which he fancied he could lash together into ferriage for his troublesome carts and their timid passengers. For the herd a swimming crossing once more was necessary, and demand was made once more on the native generalship of the foreman.

"Put 'em in warm, men," he said to his men at the camp fire in a great arm of the river. "Ef a cow's warm and the sun's shining he'll take the water easy. Ef he's chilly he begins to think of home and mother. We'll rest 'em here till late tomorrer morning. The bank's highest on the south side and we can throw 'em in easy. I don't think there's more'n a hundred yards or so of swimming, no ways."

His judgment proved good for an amateur—as all trail drovers then were. Well warmed, the herd strung into the ford amiably enough, led by the point men and pushed by the swings. The horse herd already had been crossed, for horses swim better than cattle, and have more courage at a wide crossing; and this laid down the line for the herd leaders, who went in readily enough.

The long line of the cattle, as it reached the swimming channel, was swept down stream in a deep U, but when they caught footing and made up the farther bank the line was established and the crossing went on steadily, the line never broken and not a head lost out of the great total. It went forward as though in an accustomed routine; and this first successful essay in crossing big water gave confidence to all.

All the saddle horses, including Blancocito, had to swim, and so did the yoke oxen of the carts. The owner of the herd patiently waited her turn. Old Anita crossed herself for two solid hours, sure her end had come. Milly found her relief in loud and tearful lamentations.

"What ever brung us-all 'way up yere?" she exclaimed. "My folks wuz Baptists, and so'm me; but what I says is, I done been baptized oncet and dat's plenty. I'm a notion to walk back home."

"No you won't," said the trail boss, who with his best man had come back to see to this last work. "You and Anita set right on yore cart seats. Miss Taisie'll take care of you. Ef you drownd we can get plenty better cooks, so don't you worry. Ef you did float off, you couldn't sink noways. Anita's the one in danger—she's all bones. You set in the middle and say yore prayers like Anita does.

"Don't you worry none, ma'am," he added, addressing Taisie. "I'm going to take them two John boats somebody has left here and make a raft that's safer than a bridge."

His process gave proof of the Texan's strange distrust in all boats and confidence in all horses, although it showed no less the resourcefulness of the real explorer, crossing country with such means as lay at hand.

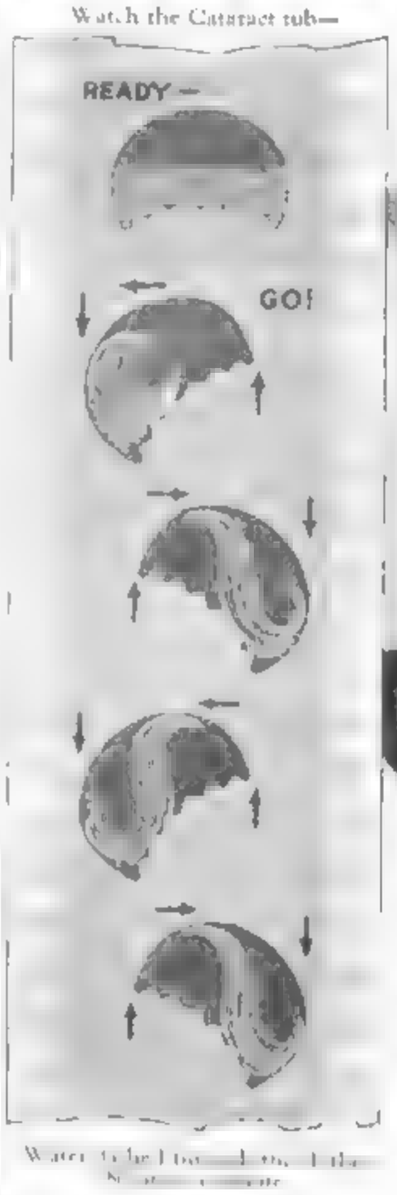
It was no great matter to rope the two broad-horn scows together side and side, and to lay a pole platform across to receive the carts, which were run on by hand. Remained the question of propulsion, and none of these knew aught of sail or pole or oars. This meant falling back on the *vade mecum*—the horse, without which in his day the railroads and bridges might as well never have been.

Nabours lashed his cart wheels fast to his craft, so that he could risk strain on them. Then he got a long pole, some thirty feet in length. All the time singing and whistling to himself, and vouchsafing no answer to any, he passed this across the body of the

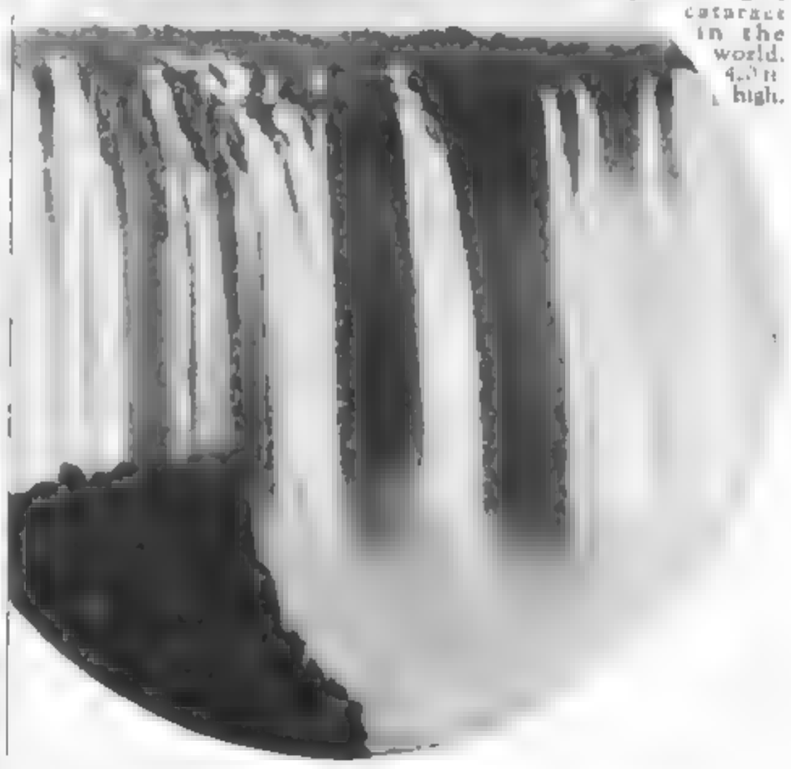
(Continued on Page 120)

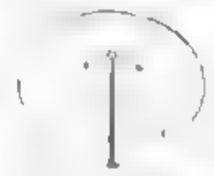

# cataraction

Watch the Cataract tub—




Victoria Falls, Zambesi River, South Africa, the largest cataract in the world. 400 ft. high.





Some swing back and forth—like this

The 1900 Cataract is the only washer that combines these motions—double action

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Cataraction forces the *most* soapy water through the clothes in the *least* time, gently tumbling the garments so that every thread is exposed to the cleansing waterfall. And all this effective cleansing is done inside a perfectly smooth tub, which surely means least wear and strain on the clothes. Cataraction washes thoroughly and safely!

Since 1898, more than a million "1900" washers have been saving clothes, time, labor and backaches. We built and tested every type of washer to find the "one best." The result is the Cataract, the only way to get cataraction (the original figure-8 movement). And it costs but 2c an hour to run. Send for the booklet, "Which Washer?", before you buy *any* washer.

Send for this book whether you buy a washer now or not. It contains much useful information on laundering.

1900 WASHER COMPANY, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

*Incorporated 1898*

Beatty Bros. Ltd., Fergus, Ontario, Distributor of the 1900 Washer Co.'s Products in Canada

**DEALERS**—We know it will take an exceptional offer to interest the kind of dealer we want. So we have made the terms of our new franchise policy attractive enough to appeal even to the man who thinks he now has the best proposition in our industry. Giving us an opportunity to explain our new plans to you in detail involves no obligation and will prove very worth-while, if for the purpose of comparison only.

**SALESMEN**—We also have some unusually attractive openings for men with re-sale experience.

1900 CATARACT ELECTRIC WASHER

Cleans by Cataraction

# *Economical service, permanent good looks, QUALITY—proved by the maker's test*

Immense quantities of America's best materials—

Brought together in the largest single clothing plant in the world—

Where they are so carefully prepared and scientifically assembled—

that Clothcraft Clothes will stand the famous Clothcraft Water Test

Soaked dried and repressed—all the different materials retain their original condition without having been harmed

Made by the JOSEPH & FEISS CO. at 2171 W. 53rd. St., Cleveland, Ohio

# CLOTHCRAFT

## AMERICA'S STANDARD SUIT

# *So 200,000 men will pay only $27 for their new Clothcraft suits*

CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES are made in a great variety of beautifully patterned worsted and cassimere fabrics. There are many models from conservative to sport styles—priced from $25 to $40.

"5130" Standard Serge is the largest selling suit in America. In blue, gray or brown—regular models, $27—sport models, $30.

The heavier weight De Luxe Serge, "4130," at $33.

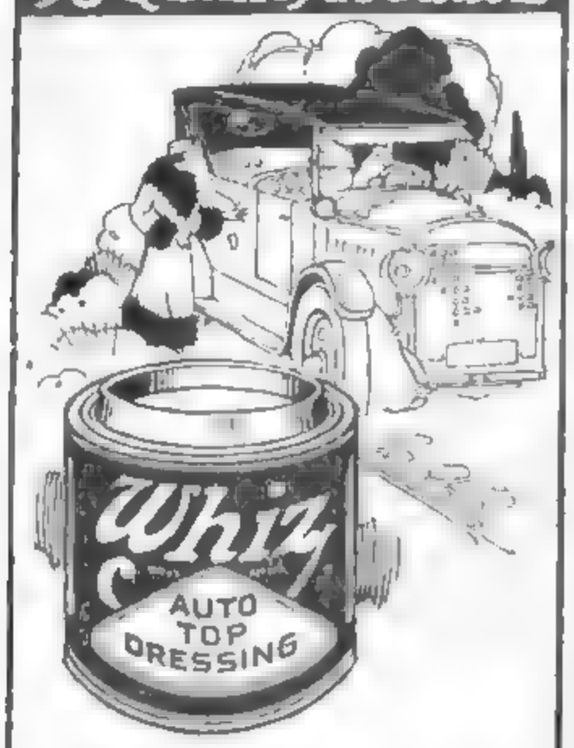
JOSEPH & FEISS COMPANY, 2171 WEST 53d STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO

AT THE CLOTHCRAFT STORE in your town

# "5130" SERGE

## FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

98 Quality Products




Adds to the Looks and Life of any Top

There is no longer any excuse for a shabby, faded, leaking top that mars the appearance of your whole car - Whiz Auto Top Dressing not only makes old tops look new but water-proofs them and tends to add years to their usefulness - preserves them against the elements of wear and weather.

It is easily applied - dries thoroughly over night - a kind for leather, pantasote, or other imitation leathers, and a kind for mohair.

There are 98 Whiz Quality Products to make cars look better and run better - your dealer knows about them - ask him.

Send for this Handy Manual

It contains helps, suggestions and information of greatest value to every motorist - tells in the simplest manner how to find motor troubles and fix them - Just say on a post card - "Send your book 24."

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO.
Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.
*Branches in 18 Principal Cities*

Serve and Save

(Continued from Page 117)

foremost cart and lashed it fast. The ends projected widely at each side

"I got a steamboat now," said he to his followers, "but I ain't got no side paddle wheels. Ride in there, you points—Dalhart, and you, Del you're side wheels. When you get under the ends each of you reach up and tie yore saddle horn to the end of the pole. Then swim back yoreselfs

"The horses couldn't sink ef they wanted to, and I don't reckon there's only one way they can swim, and that's acrost."

There's not to reason why, the two men obeyed, managing to get into the boat, which still lay aground, the side-wheel horses standing not over belly deep, each encouraged by its rider, who lay along the gunwale anxiously. But when at length the thing was put to the test by bodily pushing the clumsy contrivance into the current, the unique experiment proved a success. The horses, finding themselves carried off their feet, began to swim vigorously, their instinct or their intelligence leading them to head angling upstream. The result was that the craft, even thus heavily loaded, made astonishing headway, indeed, finding a landing just below the ford end established by the herd. With shouts and laughter the remaining men once more swam their horses over in the wake.

The crossing, so novel that even Taisie forgot her fears, was made with expedition and in perfect safety.

"It's easy," said Jim Nabours, modestly answering the compliments of his men. "Of course, ef 'twasn't for the womenfolks we wouldn't have to bother. A feller couldn't keep house without a horse, could he? Ain't nothing a horse and a rope can't do. My horse swum me over twicet, and didn't hardly wet the saddle to the tops of the rosaderos. There ain't nothing safe as a horse, ma'am.

"Now you men go on and string 'em out"—he turned to his well-wetted associates. "They're all over and all ready to move. It's a dandy crossing. We'll bed three or four miles on, if it looks good. Feed 'em slow and get 'em full. A full belly's the best way to handle a cow. I'll push on ahead right soon."

Just now he rode over to the moody figure that sat her reclaimed horse at the upper side of the fording trail. His face was frowning.

"Miss Taisie," said he, "one thing I've got to tell you. There ain't going to be two trail bosses on this herd. It's you or me. Now I want to say that we can't be over about thirty or forty mile from Fort Worth. I reckon you and Del can get married there, huh? Then you still could ride back home to Del Sol. I don't know what there is ahead. We ain't more'n started. I can take chances for myself, and men and my cows—but not for you!"

"Jim! Why, Jim!" She laid a hand on his soaked sleeve. "You don't think I'm a quitter, do you?"

"Lord knows I don't, ma'am! I wisht you was."

"Jim! The lone herd of Del Sol, the first out of Texas. Something big, Jim! I don't think I'll be scared any more. It wouldn't be playing square with you-all to get married and go back home. . . . Home?"

He turned quickly. Tears again were on the girl's cheeks. With a savage groan he caught the cheek strap of Blancocito and led her to the vehicles.

"You Milly, damn yore black hide, quit yore shouting and build a fire! Make some coffee for Miss Taisie. I'll tell Sinker to hold the remuda back, Miss Taisie. You-all come on up then."

Presently Cinquo Centavos rode up, shy and grinning, abashed yet happy at being appointed personal guardian of his deity. Thin, burned brown, ragged, his hat almost no hat at all, boots and saddle alone marked him worthy to join these other men—these and his instinctive mastery of horseflesh. At sight of Milly clambering down over the cart wheel—indeed a dismaying spectacle—his mount began to plunge and pitch. The boy sat him, annoyed. Taisie waved a hand.

"Fine, Cinquo!" she called. "I like to see you ride."

The boy smiled as he jerked up the head of the horse

"I don't make him pitch, ma'am," said he. "He's jest done that hisself. I reckon it was the sight o' Milly's laigs. He's all right now." He dismounted.

"How are you coming on Cinquo?" inquired his mistress. "Getting to be a regular trail man?"

"I ain't lost a head yit, ma'am," said the youth simply. "One D Slash hawse turned back this mornin', but I crossed him. I got my hull bunch. Now we're over two-three rivers; they won't turn back now. Hawses is a heap reasonabler than cows."

"Jim says you work too hard. You don't need to be up all night on a remuda, he says – horses stick together. You don't have to watch them every minute."

"Shore they do, ma'am. You don't bed 'em and tuck 'em in like you do cows. I wouldn't be no cowman," superiorly. "Gimme two-three weeks on the trail," he added eagerly, "I wouldn't hatter watch so hard, like now. They feed against the wind, ma'am. I got the bell on that big white Del Sol mare. I allus listen which way the bell is soundin', and so I allus know where they're at. Why, sleep? I slep' most a hour last night. When I don't hear the bell I wake up. It's easy if you savvy hawses. I ain't gwine to lose nary head, to Aberlene, ma'am."

He colored deeply.

"I—well, I ain't, now!"

"I've got all good men, Cinquo," said his deity. "They savvy cows and savvy horses."

"Yes, ma'am." The boy's throat gulped.

"Have some coffee, Cinquo," said Taisie. "Milly, give Cinquo something to eat. He hasn't lost a head."

Seated comfortably on the ground, Cinquo grew more confident.

"Ma'am, ain't the nights han'some?" he ventured. "So bright, quiet-like. Times, I lay on the groun' by my hawse; come midnight, I kin hear the bell, and hear my hawses blow, nighest ones; er sometimes hear the cows grunt and blow, too, bellies full and right contented. So all the world's kind o' happy-like. And the stars is so fine, ma'am! Don't you think so? Like glass, they air. Seems like God must 'a' busted a winderpane and slammed the pieces right up agin the sky, and they stuck there, ahinin' like they was wet."

"Yes, Cinquo. So you've noticed the stars too?"

"Then we both do!" he exulted. His young, shy eyes shone. Indeed, he was her knight, ready to risk all in her honor. So were his nights borne, sleepless in ardor and reverence.

"Stahs!" broke in Milly. "Stahs! They's common! I know whaffur I go Nawth—I gwine to git me a apple! Onliest apple I ever done et," she explained, "were what Sher'f McMasters gimme. He taken it out'n his saddle pocket and said would I eat it. 'Mister Sher'f,' says I, 'what setch a thing like disher cost now?' says I. 'Oh, it mout 'a' costed fifty cents,' says he, ''cludin' of freight.' 'Huh,' says I, 'ef it cost fifty cent, I reckon Ah gwine to stahve on, stahve on!' But some time, ef ever I git Nawth, and ever I git whar apples is at, an' ain't nobody a-lookin'—u-m-m—huh! Now, Mr. Dan McMasters, he sayed ——"

"Go get my horse, Cinquo!" broke in Taisie Lockhart imperatively. "Milly, pack the dishes. Come, we must get on!"

XVI

THAT night the stars, indeed, almost tallied with Cinquo's description in their pointed brilliances. The wind was nothing now, the silence, save for a few quavering coyotes, was deep and full of peace.

Contentment sat on the wild bivouac. On a gentle slope well-nigh four thousand cattle were lying close packed in a vast oval, less than a fifth of a mile in extent, half that distance across on the lesser axis. Bedded on high, dry grass, in the path of the breeze, themselves full of grass and water, they lay, heads high, level with their cover, blowing and chewing, eyes closed and happy.

The fire points of the cook's evening meal now barely showed. Afar came the faint sound of men's voices, singing—the night watch riding slowly, two men in one direction, two in the opposite, fifty feet or so back from the bedded animals. These latter in some vague way knew they were protected. They lay and grunted dully, having ended one more day of their march toward fate.

"Ain't that enough to make a cowman happy?" said Nabours to Del Williams,

(Continued on Page 123)

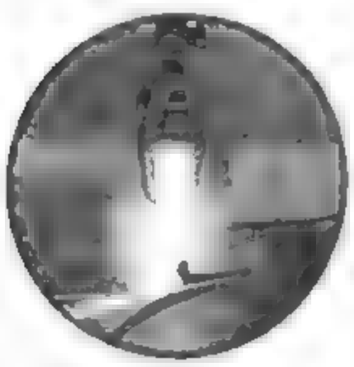
"Everything I Own I've Got With Me, and All My Friends. No, Jim, I'm Going Through"

# *This sign says:* "No Trespassing, Rust"

*You will profit by knowing how and why to identify commercially pure iron*

WHEN you buy silver you look for the word *sterling* on it, because the law of the land requires that silver so marked must be of a certain fineness (925-1000).

It is of far greater importance to you, whether you be business man or housewife, to recognize iron of purity, for on the purity of iron depends its resistance to rust, the scourge that takes its yearly toll of every industry and every home.



*A white-hot ingot of* Armco *Ingot Iron ready for rolling into bars or slabs.*

### *What the Ancients taught Us*

Certain objects of iron, like the Pillar of Delhi and the hand-wrought nails of olden times, have come down through the years in almost as good condition as when they were new. Studying these things, chemists and metallurgists found that it was the impurities in steel that caused rust, yet no way was known of producing practically pure iron in commercial quantities.

We set ourselves to the task, a short generation ago, of finding a way to remove from metal such foreign substances as sulphur, silicon, carbon, manganese, the impurities that upon exposure to air and moisture cause electrolytic action, corrosion, and decay.

After extended research, a revolution in manufacturing methods and the investment of millions of dollars in mills and mines, we won the battle and produced Armco Ingot Iron, a product which today is known all over the world for its unprecedented purity. (It contains less than 1-6 of 1% of rust-promoting impurities.)

*The Municipal Building, New York City, in which Herringbone-Armco Metal Lath is used throughout.*

### *How it Affects You*

Whether you are aware of it or not, Armco Ingot Iron is playing a noteworthy part in your daily life. On railroads, in the culverts under roads, the huge tanks that hold gas, wire fences, in hospitals, ventilating systems, not to speak of the scores of places where this iron is used in the modern home, its resistance to the ravages of time is saving the nation millions of dollars.

*You will find the Armco label in household equipment sold by progressive stores*

Read the list on this page of some of the commoner uses of Armco Ingot Iron in industry and in the home. You are living in the Iron Age and you can save dollars every year by asking for and identifying Armco Ingot Iron when you need anything made of sheet metal.

### WHERE TO LOOK FOR ARMCO *Ingot Iron*

Here are some of the everyday uses of Armco Ingot Iron

| Within the House | In Industry | |
|---|---|---|
| Stoves | Welding | Culverts |
| Washing Machines | Smoke Stacks | Flumes |
| Garbage Cans | Oil & Water Tanks | Farm Equipment |
| Ash Cans—Pails | Freight Car Roofs | **In Building** |
| Refrigerators | Drainage Systems | Coping |
| Furnace Drums | Gasoline Tanks | Roofing |
| Hot Water Tanks | Wire Fencing | Siding |
| Table Tops | Grave Vaults & Caskets | Flashing |
| Tub Covers | Safety Treads | Eaves Trough |
| Electric Light Reflectors | Street Cars | Down Spouting |
| | Gas Tanks | Skylights |
| | Mine Cars | Ventilating Systems |
| | Guy Wire | Window Frames |
| | Street Signs | Metal Lath |

### ARMCO STEEL FOR MANUFACTURERS

Armco chemists and metallurgists, working in the most complete laboratory of its kind in America, have developed not only Armco Ingot Iron, but also Armco steel sheet specialties for the automobile, electrical and other industries. Leading automobile manufacturers use Armco steel sheets on account of their exceptional bending and drawing qualities. Armco steel electrical sheets are widely used because of their high permeability, low core loss, and non-aging qualities. The American Rolling Mill Company are makers of high-grade special sheets to meet the demands of exacting manufacturers. Technical information will be supplied to any manufacturer as to Armco products and their adaptability to any particular need

### *Enamel at its Best*

Not only is Armco Ingot Iron practically free from all impurities, but it is close-grained and even, with a soft velvety surface that takes a perfect and permanent coating of enamel, without lumps or blisters. There are no little hidden gas pockets to erupt, like tiny volcanoes, and break the surface of the enamel. Bear this in mind when buying such things as refrigerators, tub covers, and stoves.

### *When coated with Zinc*

Zinc coating is put on Armco Ingot Iron as an extra protection against rust when used for building purposes, ash cans, refrigerator parts, etc. The fine surface of this special iron holds its coating of zinc without its cracking or chipping, and as Armco Ingot Iron is easily "workable" it is particularly appreciated by sheet metal men and builders.

The Armco triangle is stencilled on the ingot iron at the mill so you can identify it in sheet form for building and other purposes. Manufacturers of Stoves, Refrigerators, Enameled Table Tops, and other household articles put the blue and gold Armco label, shown on the left, on their wares so you will appreciate the fact that they are using the very finest material.

The Armco mark is our word of honor to the public. It is your assurance of the long-lasting quality that means economy. It will pay you always to ask for Armco Ingot Iron by name and to look for the trademark.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, Ohio

**ARMCO**
TRADE MARK
**INGOT IRON**
**Resists Rust**

# Warm-Air Heating Gives You

WARM-AIR HEATING SYSTEM CIRCULATES HEALTH AND COMFORT THROUGHOUT THE HOME

FRESH MOIST AIR RISING FROM THIS WARM-AIR REGISTER

## Economy

### Low First Cost

A warm-air heating system in your home will save you money first, last and all the time. Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating—Pipe or Pipeless—gives you a home-heating plant of utmost efficiency at a *remarkably low first cost*. That's because the Sunbeam System puts no costly or complicated equipment in the basement, in the walls or in the rooms of your house.

### Low Fuel Cost

A warm-air heating system in your home will pay for itself in the fuel it saves year after year. That's because warm-air heating is *direct* heating. The Sunbeam System warms fresh air to the proper temperature and circulates it *directly* to your rooms. You save fuel—you save money because, in the Sunbeam System, there is nothing to heat but the air.

### Low Upkeep

Warm-air heating will give you years of efficient heating service with little or no cost of maintenance. In design, the Sunbeam Warm-Air System is simplicity itself. In construction, it is the last word in durability. Every heating part is made of a special enduring metal. There is practically nothing in the Sunbeam System to get out of order or require repairs.

## Health

***Ventilation***—Warm-air heating does *more* than heat. The Sunbeam System *ventilates* the whole house—constantly circulates fresh, warm air through every room.

***Moisture***—The Sunbeam System moistens all the air that enters your home. To be healthful and comfortable, indoor air must be properly moistened. As the warm air rises from the Sunbeam System, the Sunbeam Vapor Pan adds this essential moisture.

## Floor Space

Warm-air heating will save floor and wall space all over your house. The Sunbeam System puts nothing in your rooms that will interfere with the desired arrangement of furnishings. Practically all the space in your rooms is made useful, for there's nothing to heat but the air.

## Quick Action

Because warm-air heating is *direct* heating, it is *quick-action* heating. The warm air produced by the Sunbeam System goes *straight* up to your rooms. There is no waste of heat and no waste of time in getting the heat where you want it. You get an immediate heating result.

## Control

In the Sunbeam Warm-Air Heated home, a single, convenient upstairs regulator gives quick and positive control of room temperatures all over the house. There's no need of frequent running up and down the basement stairs to regulate drafts and dampers.

## Comfort

Why install just a heating system? Why not insure *complete* winter comfort for years to come by equipping your home with Sunbeam Warm-Air Heating? Remember, that, with all its advantages, the Sunbeam System is lower in first cost and operating cost than many other systems that do nothing but heat.

Get the whole Sunbeam Story—write for a free copy of our new home-heating booklet "June Weather Made to Order." We'll send it by return mail and with it the name of the Sunbeam dealer nearest you.

THE FOX FURNACE COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO

Boston Atlanta Cleveland Chicago Omaha Denver San Francisco

# SUNBEAM

## WARM-AIR HEATING

***Of Interest to Dealers:*** We welcome correspondence with established dealers who are seeking an opportunity to render a better, broader heating service and to build a permanent, growing business. The Sunbeam Proposition Book gives our complete dealer plan in detail. Write for a copy.

(Continued from Page 120)

nodding toward the herd as they lolled by the fading fire. "You couldn't kick 'em up."

"We ain't started yet, Jim," said the young Texan.

"How come we ain't? It couldn't be much over four hunderd mile to Red River Station from Del Sol. Them cows is plumb gentle already.

"I'm going to roll in, Del. You and Dalhart better go on at midnight, I reckon. Watch the Dipper."

Afar, at the established distance from the watchers, the tiny fire at Taisie's tent fell flickering into absorption by the night. Taisie lay, wide eyed, looking out through the tent front at the myriad-pointed sky. She told herself that it was the coffee taken late, but she knew that was not why she did not sleep. Or, if she slept, she wakened always with the picture before her of a ring of men, one facing her, his eyes calm, although he was being tried on the point of honor dearest to any man. It was worse than trying him for his life, she knew that. Had she, Portia, *général*, judge, jury, been just?

Restless, confined by the oppression of the tent, Taisie drew her blankets beyond the flaps and tried the open air. Came the stertorous sounds of Milly's sleep, the cough of the few animals picketed near by. She raised on elbow and looked to the tiny row of brush, piled as windbreak by old Sanchez. He and his wife Anita always slept so, with one scant serape above them. But they slept. She could not sleep.

She raised higher on her elbow, looked up at a sudden sound. Blancocito was standing, ears pointed toward the fringe of mesquite that flanked their little eminence. He had flung up his head, snorting. She turned, would have risen, for she was a fearless soul and reared on the border. Could it be Indians?

At that instant she felt a powerful hand close over her mouth. An arm forced her to the ground. She looked up into the face of a man! He was a tall man, a strong man. Suddenly she ceased struggling. She knew what man this was!

But why, as he crouched beside her, holding her down, stifling her voice, did he, too, look with eyes fixed where those of the plunging horse just had been, toward the edge of the thicket?

"Hush!" She heard his voice, though he kept his head up. "Don't call out! Where is the little trunk? Have you got it?"

She nodded, under his stifling hand, or would have done so.

"You thief!" she tried to say. "Oh, God curse you!" For now she felt her sentence had been just. "Oh, you thief!" she said, or thought she said.

But though again she writhed and tried to call, no sound came save the hard whistling of her nostrils, coveting air.

Then she almost tore free—did tear free. Crouching almost over her, his body above hers, one hand holding her down, suddenly she saw him go to one knee, saw a move of his free arm. Her eardrums were almost shattered by a double explosion just above her head. He had fired at something in the dark.

Came medley of night alarm—horses snorting, men calling. Taisie's senses could give no sequence to all the varied sounds. She caught the rush of hoofs toward the mesquite, thought that her horse had been stolen; heard a man's scream in the night, where she supposed the thief had shot one of her own men.

But concurrently she heard another sound, one which terrified every man who also heard it—the rumble and thunder of four thousand cattle, wakened by vague terror.

The sounds of shots in the night were not usual, not understood by them, hence ominous of ill. Jumping to their feet, addled by the slumber in their eyes, their tails high and rolling, their horns rattling, the herd by instinct turned in the direction opposite the sounds of terror. Then, swayed by the one blind instinct left to them, they broke.

Two of the night watch, caught by the storm of horns, were pushed away, barely keeping ahead in the night. The dreaded run was on. In the night was no peace at all. No, nor peace in this girl's soul.

With the first burst of the herd every man in the camp was on his feet and hurrying for his night horse. Each knew what to do. There was no oriflamme, but the ominous roll and clack ahead made command, guidance. The one thing was to ride.

The first salvation for any man meant leaving everything to the horse. To check or attempt to guide him meant death. Of better night sight than his rider, and no more eager than he to be trampled into a bloody pulp, the horse would put out unasked his limit of speed and care of footing. Trust him, also, to edge ahead or outside of any enveloping part of the herd.

But after a mile of this madness in the dark, the master intelligence began to assert its purpose, to control brute terror. Those at the flank, at the rear, began to see points and streaks of flame. The two men ahead, at last free on the edge of the run, were crowding their horses against the front ranks of the cattle, jostling into them the best they could in a perilous give and take, firing their six-shooters across the faces of the leaders, trying to force them into a mill; such being the proper psychology in cows.

The pistol lightning dwindled to firefly points, ceased. The reports had not been audible over the roar of the run. No one could reload the cap-and-ball revolver, and six shots left the pursuer reduced to quirt and spur. To the few who remained at the encampment, there passed a lessening storm of sound. So at length came silence and suspense.

Thinking that the first two shots had been fired by some of his own men, or possibly by a frightened woman, Nabours left no guard at the camp. The side encampment alone had tenancy.

The two women of Taisie sprang from their sleeping places and ran to the little tent, not to protect their mistress but to seek protection—Sanchez was gone with the others. They saw her, in the dim light, standing close to a tall man. This was certainly not a true man of Del Sol, for he was not riding now. They ran back, undecided; could not see or hear what went on in the gloom.

A voice spoke low to Taisie's ear—a voice she knew.

"The little trunk—is it in your tent?" The hateful question, itself an accusation for the asker, was repeated.

"No!" she got strength to say, clutched by her fears, her anger, her sudden hatred.

"Where is it, then? Quick!"

"I'll not tell you!"

"All right! But watch out for it! They're after it!"

"They were after it!" Who were "they"? And who was this? Under which flag, all along, had been Dan McMasters, sheriff, captain?

She did not hear his voice again. Suddenly, as though he sensed her indecision, she felt herself swept to his body as she stood, her own strong body helpless under strength of his. No hand was on her mouth, but she could not cry out. She felt his cheek laid against her cheek—for one-half instant; heard a sigh, a gasp, felt at her temple then a kiss as light and gentle as the embrace had been ruthless and savage. Then she was free.

She stood alone. He was gone. Yes, he went that way, in the direction the flame of the two shots had lined out. He went lightly, swiftly.

And in the morning, when first they sought why the great buzzards were hopping, they found a man, a dead man, with his hands crossed on his breast and his hat drawn down over his face. It was not Dan McMasters.

None of them knew who it was. But Taisie Lockhart knew that Dan McMasters had killed this man. Why?

It was Sanchez, first back from the run, who first saw this dead man in the daylight, and he knew him.

"*Nombre de Dios!*"

Sanchez crossed himself. He knew the man's feet, his boots, his spurs. Not so long ago he had tied those feet under a horse's belly.

Sanchez coursed like a questing hound for the sign. Many tracks of horses. A loose horse without the Fishhook brand. All of which made mystery enough.

"Miss Taisie," demanded Milly, "you'se all a-trimble, chile! Who dat man? Who him were standin' thah?"

She caught the hand Taisie had against her bosom, the hand that covered her temple.

"No! I don't know!" she heard her mistress say.

But Jim Nabours was harder to satisfy when he came in soon after sunup, his face lined as though he had lost pounds in the night ride. He cursed openly as he snatched

(Continued on Page 125)

Rex
Sanitized
Upholstered
Furniture
Permanently
MOTH and INSECT PROOF
Luxuriously Beautiful · Surprisingly Low in Price
OUR exclusive, patented process, called "Sanitizing," introduces an entirely new principle in upholstery and establishes a new standard of excellence. All material used is so treated, inside and out, as to destroy every vestige of insect life and make it proof against future attack. Leaves not the slightest odor nor injures the finest coverings.
Rex Sanitized Upholstered Furniture
eliminates a danger that menaces every living room and it is unsurpassed in beauty, style and comfort. Yet it costs no more than the ordinary kind.
A Guarantee Bond With Every Suite!
With every piece of genuine Rex Sanitized Upholstered Furniture purchaser receives a Guarantee Certificate backed by The Globe Indemnity Company, a nationally known Bonding Company with assets of over $15,000,000.00. This gives double assurance that the furniture is honestly built and permanently moth proof.
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Another Boon to Housewives
Rex Sanitizing Fluid is now available for domestic use. Sprayed on clothing, furs, draperies, rugs, etc., it protects them against moths and insects. Ask your local dealer
FREE BOOKLET
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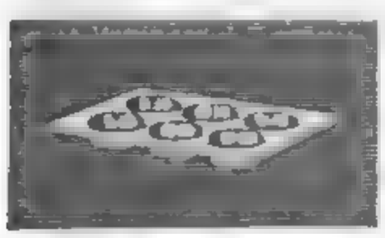
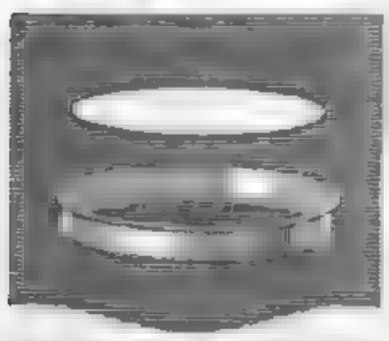
Viko Mountain Cake Pans, 35c

Viko Griddles, very heavy metal of uniform thickness, $2.25 and $3.00



Viko Muffin Pans, 6 or 7 cups



Viko Jelly Cake Pans, solid or loose bottoms, 30c to 45c

*Viko Bread Pans, 40c to 45c. Cookie Pans, 3 sizes, 85c to $1.30. Corn Cake Pans, 6, 9, or 12 cups, 65c to $1.20. Viko Angel Food Pans, $1.30 and $1.35. Pie Plates, 3 sizes, 25c to 35c. (Prices somewhat higher in extreme West and Canada)*

# A Baker's Dozen

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**Confess! Are you one of the thousands of women who are sure they appreciate all the fine points of aluminum but have never tasted the joy of *baking* in good aluminum—like Viko?**

**Viko is ideal! It heats uniformly for thorough, even baking, which does not burn or dry out the food. It insures bread, cakes, or pastry of unusually fine texture and with light, delicate crusts. Its quick heat is wonderful for muffins or pop-overs—the batter puffs up beautifully.**

**Little or no greasing is required, so food is more digestible. Aluminum is not affected by fruit acids; you can leave your rhubarb, cherry, or apple pies in their Viko pans, for several days if you like, and put them on the table in their bright, attractive containers.**

**One more joy of Viko baking—the round corners, the tightly rolled edges, the absence of seams, and the hard, polished surface to which food does not stick, make light work of cleaning up.**

**Let VIKO, The Popular Aluminum, be your standby in *all* your kitchen tasks. It is the guaranteed product of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware. Strongly built of thick, tough metal, it wears long and serves well.**

**Viko is popularly priced. And nearly all good stores sell it. Miniature Viko catalog No. A5 will gladly be sent on request.**

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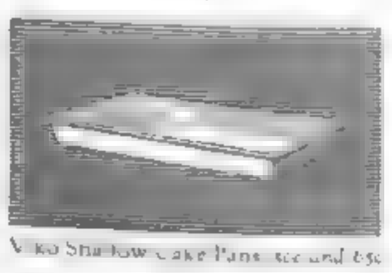
**Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company**

General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.

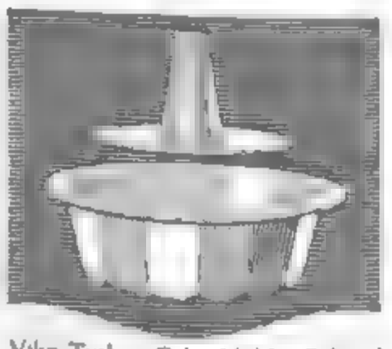
*Makers of Everything in Aluminum*

Viko Square Cake Pans, solid or loose bottoms, 35c to $1.20

Viko Square Jelly Cake Pans, 35c to $1.20



Viko Shallow Cake Pans, 35c and 65c



Viko Turban Cake Molds, Colonial or plain pattern, solid or loose bottoms, 70c to $1.15

# VIKO

## The Popular Aluminum

(Continued from Page 123)

loose his cinches and turned off his trembling and sweat-stained night horse. Then he turned to Taisie, who had come over to the men's camp.

"Who done it?" he demanded. "You a-shooting at some shadow? Look what you done! We get this run, just when they was gentling. I thought you was a cow hand!"

The girl was on the point of saying that, yes, she had shot; that she was sorry. She put a hand to her temple. . . . He had kissed her there.

"Jim, I did not shoot."

"Who did, then? That fool nigger woman? You—Milly?"

"Me? I never didn't. My gun only shoots oncet. Two shoots come, right at Miss Taisie's tent. So help me on my Bible, Mr. Jim, I never did shoot not none. No, sah!"

"Who was it, Taisie?" He used her as a child now, but his voice was sad. "The shots was right at this place. Who was it—one of our men?"

"No, Jim, no!"

"Who was he? Tell me now! You're hiding him? You know who he was?"

A very long silence. The man's face was fronting her, streaked with the dust. He was a loyal man.

At last, "Yes!"

And now she faced him. Nabours guessed.

"McMasters! You know why he came? Ah, Taisie, girl!"

"I don't know! I think it was the trunk. He said something about it. I don't know."

"It's the scrip, Taisie." He's following that scrip? What did I say? Ask where it was?"

"Yes. But he said to look out for it, to watch it. I don't understand — "

"I understand that that renegade McMasters is a thief and a scoundrel. We never orto of let him go!"

She could not make reply. The world was getting too much for her, overcoming

"Sanchez!" she said, pointing.

An exclamation broke from Nabours when he saw Sanchez fling an arm, heard his faint call. He got on a horse, galloped over to where Sanchez stood, dismounted. Then he also saw the dead man.

"I know-a dis-a *hombre*, Señor Jeem!" Sanchez was excited. "We send-a heem to jail. I tie-a da foot. How come-a heem here while he's in jail? *Nombre de Dios!*"

"But who killed him, Sanchez?"

Nabours saw the two wounds, an inch apart.

"*Quien sabe, Señor?*" replied Sanchez gravely. "I just find-a heem now."

But the tired brain of Jim Nabours, up all night and strained to his limit over the scattered herd, only grew more muddled.

"Let him lay!" he ordered savagely. "That's one more, anyhow, no odds who got him. Buzzards is too good for him!"

"Miss Taisie," he began again as he found her at the cook fire, "that's one of the Rudabaugh gang, all right. If it was Dan McMasters killed him he done it by mistake; he thought it was one of our men. Afore he went, he folds this corp's hands and covers up his face with his hat. What more could he do?"

The girl sat silent, her face cold as some cameo in ice.

"Taisie Lockhart"—the old foreman's voice was hard now—"one thing at least—you don't need no more proof now! That's over anyhow!"

XVII

"ON OUR way, Sanchez!" commanded Nabours, breaking the tense silence of the disheartened camp. "We've got to get back. The boys are holding three or four bunches over that away."

"*Seguro*, Señor Jeem," replied the old man. He nodded. Yet another rider was coming in.

"That's Dalhart. He ought to know something. We've got to have fresh horses."

"*Poco tiempo!*"

The keen ear of the old Mexican again served. Afar they heard a tinkling. From behind a screening mesquite fringe showed the head of the remuda, following a gray bell mare at a stiff trot. Back of the horses rode Cinquo, his clothing stripped, his face bloody and pale. He got no word of praise, nor asked one. The black bruises on his legs showed through his ripped jeans.

"Well?" The trail boss turned to Dalhart, grimed and dust covered, who had brought a tin cup to the fire.

"We've got around a thousand head, maybe twelve hunderd. Del and two boys are holding 'em on a flat this side the pecan Bottoms - three mile, I reckon. Ain't it hell? They scattered like pa'tridges. I ain't seen no one else."

"*Yo*, me an' *dos hombres!*" began Sanchez, excited, pointing.

"Damn it, talk English, Sanchez!" interrupted Nabours savagely.

"*Seguro; muy bien, Señor Corporal*," rejoined Sanchez. "I say, two man and me, we got plenty *vacas* round up. They send-a me for tobac'. We got h'eight, seven hoonderd head. Most half-a da herd."

"Not half yet. Well, Dalhart, I've got to ride the fan. Stay here and watch things. We'll make the gethering to this bed ground."

"But who done that shooting anyway?" demanded Dalhart suddenly. "That's what started 'em."

Nabours looked over his shoulder to where Taisie sat.

"Dalhart," said he, "there's funny business. The Rudabaugh gang is follering us, nigh as I can tell. They allowed to stampede the herd and then jump what was left of the camp."

"But who shot?"

"I'd take my oath it was Dan McMasters, the man we sent out of our camp. Well, he killed one of his own men."

"The hell!"

"Yes, he did. Look yon!" The great birds now made a black blot on the grass. "That's one of the Rudabaugh men. McMasters killed him by mistake. He was right in Miss Taisie's camp."

"Jim," said the cow hunter at last, "that Austin gang don't never mean for no Del Sol herd never to leave this country. Why?"

"For the same reason they want that Burleson Lockhart scrip. For the same reason they killed Burleson Lockhart. Dalhart, them carpetbuggers have got a big game on. All the state of Texas to steal—and they're going to steal it!

"And McMasters got away again! I thought he was our friend. We're riding his horses and drinking his coffee now. She don't know that. Dalhart, ef ever a girl needed a man to take care of her, yon's one that does. One man's better'n twenty, with a woman. She needs just one—and she ain't got one.

"Well, I got to go back. Come Sanchez," he concluded. "You'll have to stay here and look out for the camp, Dalhart. They might come back. Shoot first!"

Left in charge, Mr. Dalhart employed his own methods. First he inquired of the cook for hot water, got a tin pan of water on the base of the wagon tongue and found a bit of yellow soap. Cleaning his dusty face and hands the best he could, he employed the very catholic beneficences of a split meal sack which the cook also used as a towel. Then he prowled among the bed rolls. After certain rummagings, he presently emerged clad in a brand-new pair of the light-colored trousers, with heavy stripes of black, which then made Texan apotheosis of male splendor. He even added a brilliant tie, which in good sooth represented the heart hunger of Cinquo Centavos, and almost his last dime. Dalhart was a ruthless man. What he found to his notion in the several war bags he took, trusting to be able to explain.

Oiled and curled as best might be in a cow camp, with a final sweep into better order of this strong sunburned beard, Mr. Dalhart at last walked straight across to Taisie's bivouac, whither she had withdrawn. Without so much as by your leave, he ordered Taisie's women to go on away.

"I'm top rod here just now, Miss Lockhart," said he, "and I want to talk with you a little while. This is my first chance."

The girl looked at him. She had been in tears. Her nerves were going. She was no longer the daring Taisie Lockhart.

"Drive them away!" Her glance was toward the distant row of solemn black birds, advancing, hopping, staring.

Dalhart dropped her tent flap into a screen. He found a bundle and seated himself, not invited.

"Miss Lockhart," said he directly, "one way, I'm only one of your hands. In Uvalde you could find out who I am."

"I suppose so. You're on point? That means my foreman thinks you know cows?"

"Yes. Now Mr. Nabours and I been talking. We think we've been jumped by the Sim Rudabaugh bunch, of Austin. They don't ever aim to let this herd get north, Miss Lockhart. They aim to break it up and get it headed west.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"They've got their own surveyors out away west We seen four camps of surveyors in west there this spring, where we was hunting strays They're locating range by the hundreds of sections waste land nobody has wanted They're scrippin' it, ma'am. They want all the scrip they can git, and they done got it most all."

He spoke of certain things. In his mind were certain other things. His bold eyes, virile, assertive, demanding, never left the alluring picture that Taisie Lockhart made for any man. She remained languid, indifferent

"My father said Texas lands would go up. He was laughed at. You knew him — my father?"

"No'm; I didn't know him personal. But all Texas knowed Col. Burleson Lockhart for a square man and a big man. This state needs him now; it shore does. We've got to clean up Austin, or Austin's going to take all Texas away from the Texans.

"Them folks don't want you to git the first herd north, ma'am. They'll drive that theirselves when they git things all fixed fer hit."

The girl buried her face in her hands again. Her shoulders trembled. The night had left her much unnerved.

"Yes, Miss Taisie," said the man's voice, now gentle. "Yore paw didn't come back from up north. Sim Rudabaugh did. He ain't like us. He's a heap smarter'n us Texans. He's seed more and been around more. No telling who's in his gang. It takes a lot of big men to swing as big a deal as he's got in mind. Now, there was Sher'f McMasters ——"

"Don't! Please don't! And—what is it that brings you over here?"

"All right, I won't. I was only going to say, it all works out fer to prove the general scheme Jim Nabours and me both has told you about—Rudabaugh! That man made his boast in Austin, ma'am, last year, after he come back from up north, he'd have the last Del Sol cow. More! He said he was going to ride up to Del Sol and knock on yore front door!

"What!" She flashed a sudden glance of wrath

"That's all Rudabaugh played to break you first. Then, when you hadn't a way to turn well

"Miss Taisie Lockhart" his voice now rang rather true, very humble "it's bad, your lookout. You've got all of us, yes; but like Jim said, twenty men ain't the pertection of one, fer a woman."

"But what is it that you mean?"

"Now, I got to talk straight. Would you choose to look up at me, please?"

She did not raise her face.

"Well, I throwed in with this trail herd because I'd saw you! I couldn't turn back from going. I did allow that when we'd made your stake for you and put you on your feet independent, with all Del Sol and every Texan back of you, why, then—when I couldn't take no advantage at all then I was going to tell you I was going to marry you. I thought by then you'd be more used to seeing me around."

Silence. The ruddy crown of hair covered her hid face, reddened with outraged blushes She rose, started away. He was at her side.

"Miss Taisie, this raid has changed the whole world in one night. It's left you in danger. You don't need twenty men! You need one! The trail's no place for you, even married. But there's a church at Fort Worth, and a Methodist preacher. We'll be there afore long. That's time for you to think it over."

Anastasie Lockhart broke into a sudden hysterical laughter.

"Is it so funny, ma'am?"

"Yes!" she rejoined. "Fort Worth—that's what Jim advised too. But first he said Austin. And it—it was another man!"

"It was Del Williams! Did you tell him ——"

"I've told him nothing! He has asked me nothing! That's nothing to be discussed by you or me at any time! That will do!"

"Well, I couldn't help it—me lovin' you the minute I saw you, and follerin' in because I couldn't no ways help it; and you needin' just one such a man like me, and all —and all ——"

His voice broke a bit under the blow his astonishing male vanity had received. And who was she, an orphan, to hold herself so high, when here was an honest man, a Texan like himself?

Suddenly he reached out a lean brown hand. Her beauty was too much for him. The girl shrank, caught a cupped hand against her temple, where lay still the illicit kiss of the dark.

"No! No! You must not! No! I need someone, yes. I do! But I can't ——"

"I kin wait, Miss Taisie. I allowed to wait till we'd sold your cows. I just thought things had broke so maybe it'd be best if I didn't wait."

"Wait!" was all she could say.

Torn and unhappy, she bent her bright head once more. He was man enough to go away.

When he was gone she reflected that he had been man enough to come.

And thereafter, in yet more wretched self-searching, she reasoned that, after all, her fate now had cast her into a world where a woman's range of choice was very narrow. After all, who was she, to ask the fulfillment of the old dream of human happiness? She sought comfort in philosophy. It is poor comfort for a woman.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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KOVERFLOR is supplied in attractive colors for wood and cement floors of kitchens, porches, bathrooms, laundries, cellars, garages, dairies, factories, hospitals, schools, and public buildings,—also for steamship and boat decks exposed to either fresh or salt water, and for linoleum.

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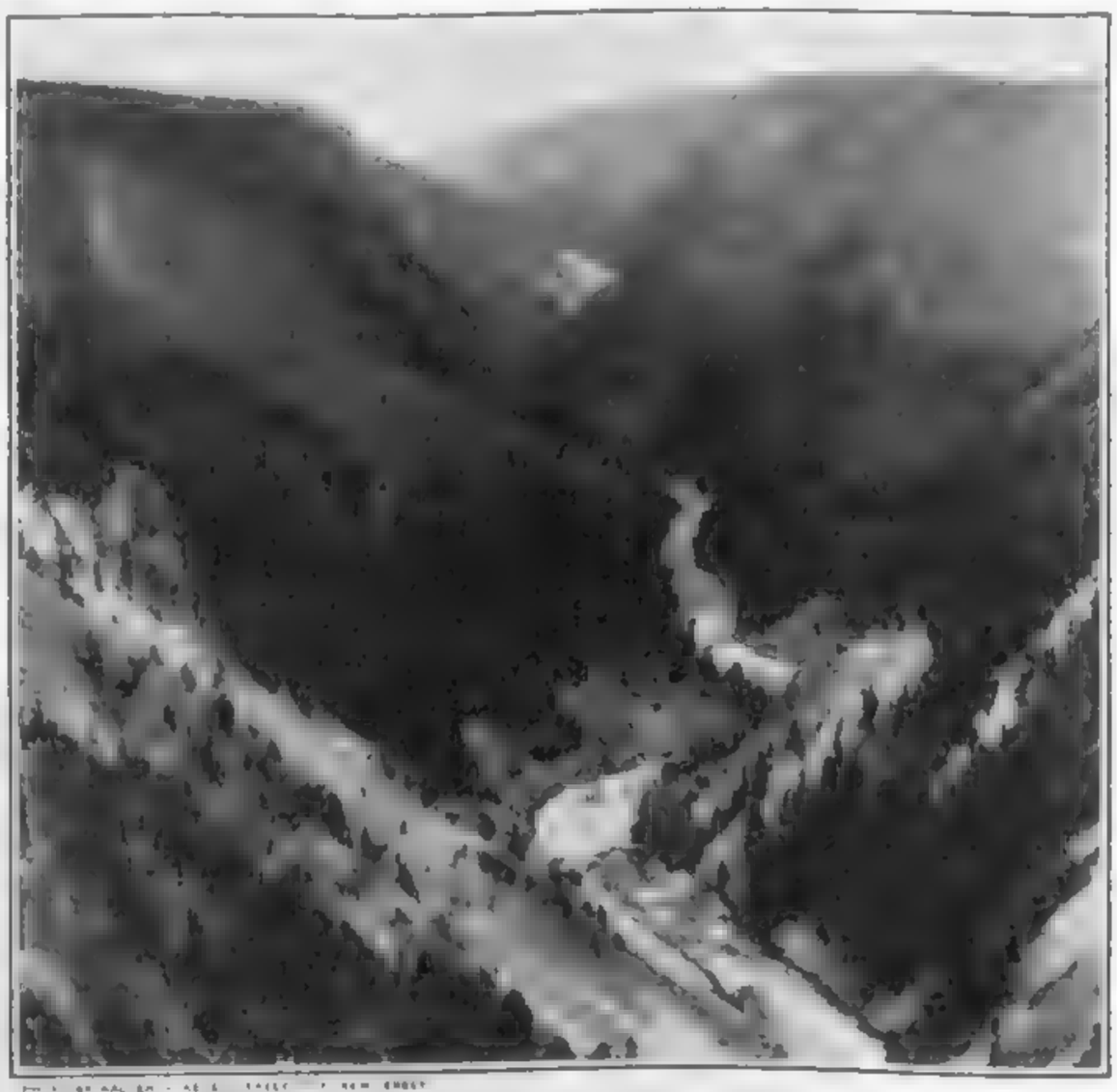
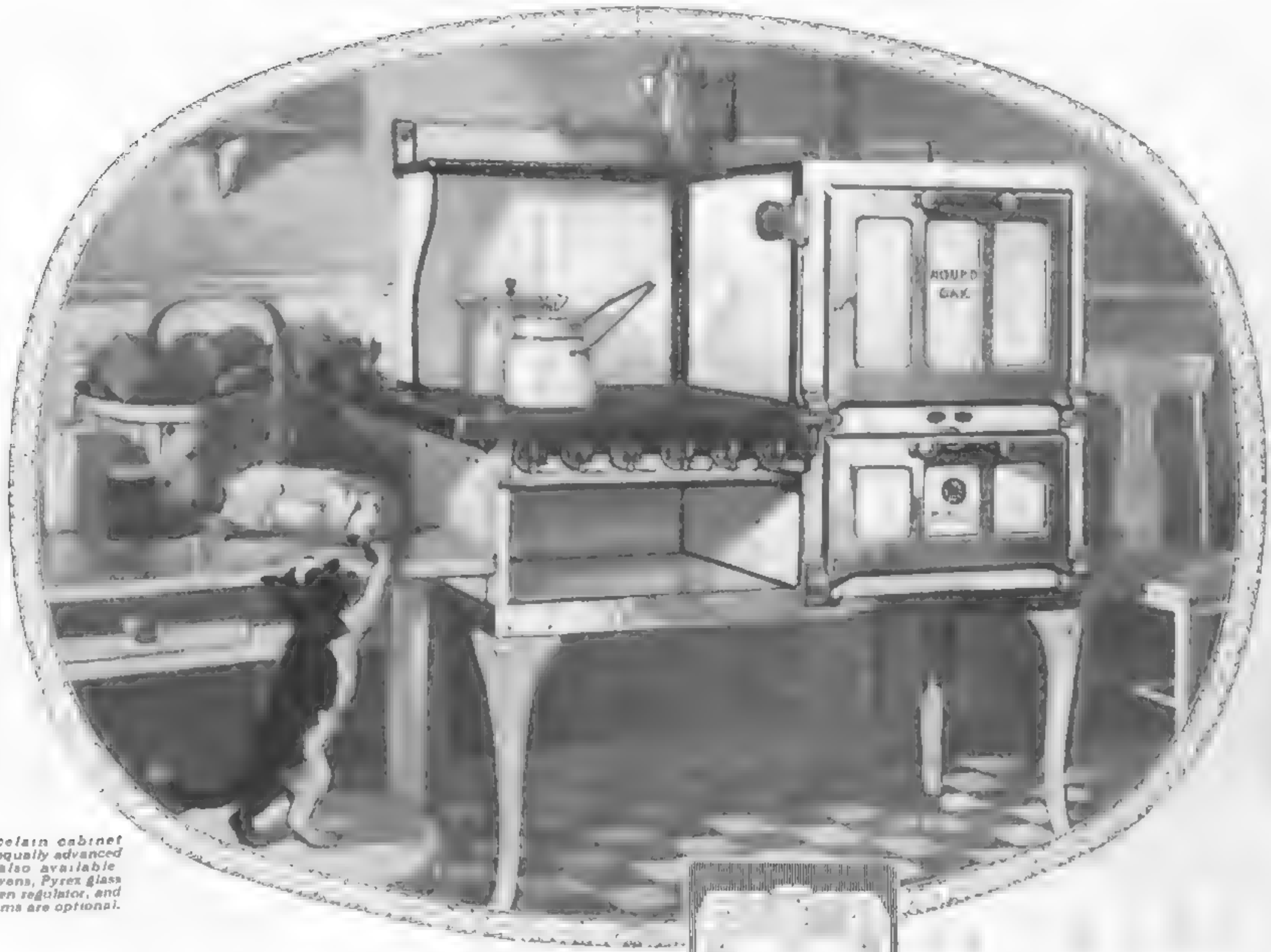


*Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River, Yellowstone Park*



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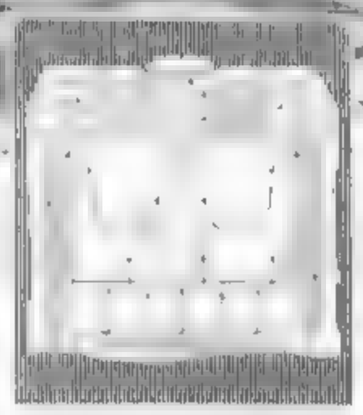

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*James Oliver Curwood, with his car and his dog "on location" in the snow country, directing the filming of one of his famous novels* *Posed by Fred Mizen*

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*By* JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

"A car must be absolutely fool-proof to suit me. One of the pleasurable thrills of life for me is the driving of my own car.

"I would not trade my Marmon for any other make of car in the country. It is absolutely as reliable as my dog. I undertake long journeys into the rough country of woods and mountains with entire assurance and faith. I have run a Marmon for three years and never in that time has it balked on me once.

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"I am entirely satisfied with my Marmon and probably will never drive anything else."

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Creative thinkers, such as Mr. Curwood, are not the only ones who appreciate uninterrupted service. Marmon owners everywhere have come to know the supreme satisfaction of being able to rely on their cars absolutely. The satisfaction derived from this freedom from care can only be compared to the pride in ownership of such a beautiful and sturdy machine.

The easy riding qualities of Marmon, the restful luxury of the beautifully upholstered tonneau and seats, are due alike to the vibrationless motor and the chassis and body construction.

Unlike most motor cars, Marmon's bodies are designed and built to the chassis by Marmon's own master craftsmen, into a perfect unit.

Such an efficient machine naturally is low in upkeep and slow in depreciation. To own a Marmon is to enjoy the finest form of transportation at the lowest cost per mile.

MARMON

*The Foremost Fine Car*

# GRANDFATHER GOES TO THE BALL

Continued from Page 15

sorry when they've had time to think it over. And, of course, young ladies are privileged to be peppery if they're good-looking enough."

"Meaning me?" inquired Riesa. "Because if I were peppery I'd empty that pitcher right out on the ground this minute and see to it that you only got what was good for you in future."

"This is good for me," said old Mr. Wickham, removing the pitcher from the table and nursing it on his lap. "What I was thinking of with particular disgust, my dear child, was the contemptible puerile conduct of people like Ned Cheever, who get miffed for no reason whatever—some imagined slight or unworthy jealousy—and go off with a grouch and hold it, forgetting all former kindness and rudely rejecting all overtures toward reconciliation. I hate a guy like that."

"I don't know just what you are driving at, granddads," said Riesa, "but if you infer or assume that Mr. Cheever didn't get plentifully ample reason to go and stay went from here, you've got little sister wrong; and your inferrer certainly needs looking into very badly if it has led you into the notion that I've been making overtures. I can make good fudge, darling, but I'm poor at overtures."

"Then what ——"

"And another thing, granddaddy, it makes poor little sister very sad to see you dislike Mr. Woodbury so when she likes him so very, very much."

She met the old man's keen humorous look with a defiant smile, and then, jumping up suddenly, imprinted a light kiss on the sparsest spot of his head and hurried off and into the house. The old gentleman, as he looked after her, raised his hand and delicately touched the place where the caress and something else had fallen. Then he sighed, and then gave a short laugh.

"I suppose, after all, one is just about as good as another," he muttered, "but just the same, this is damned uncomfortable."

He threw away his cigar and taking a fresh one from a handsome case of morocco and silver lit it and poured himself another glass of tea.

Little Johnny Wickham came quietly around the other side of the house. So nice to see a boy walking quietly instead of clumping and clattering out, whooping and disturbing elderly people, who might be dozing! But grandpa didn't happen to be dozing, and called to him. Johnny, apparently, failed to hear, and made for the front gate, rather quickening his pace if anything. Upon this, grandpa raised his voice and there was something peremptory in its quality that had the desired effect.

"Why shun me, child?" queried old Mr. Wickham when his grandson, registering apprehension, stood before him. "Am I a pariah or a pestilence?"

"No, ma'am," replied Johnny, and then, correcting himself, "No, sir, granper."

"That's good!" said the old gentleman, with a benevolent smile. "I rather fancied that you'd been dodging me lately, even avoiding my eye; but it was a mere fancy, no doubt. Am I keeping you from any important engagement or could you spare me a moment or two?"

"Yes, sir," the boy answered. "I mean, no, sir."

"Fine!" said old Mr. Wickham. "It seems ages since we had one of our chummy little chats. Come a little closer and let me fondle you. Don't want to be fondled? Well, I suppose you are getting a little too big for that now. You don't care if I feel your muscle, do you? Hard as nails! Don't squirm; it isn't any use. Tell me how your band is getting along."

Johnny was understood to say that he didn't understand.

"Your robber band," the old gentleman explained. "You and Dare-Devil Dicky Drew and Bloody Wayne Peters and Sure-Shot Sammy Winter and Harold the Hard Case and Eugene ——"

"'Gene isn't in it any more," Johnny interrupted, and, at once realizing his fatal error, made an effort to withdraw.

His grandfather tightened his clutch on the biceps he had been admiring.

"Oh, you tipped him the black spot, did you? Well, perhaps 'Gene isn't exactly suited to a life of crime. If it came to gore, I believe 'Gene would blench. But here's the point, Johnny. I don't want to have a posse raiding your cave or anything like that—understand."

Johnny nodded miserably.

"There is a cave, then? I was pretty sure of it, but I like to have you confirm me. The idea is that your mother's grass rug isn't exactly the sort of thing for it. You want rich Turkey carpet and rare tapestries to fix it up according to Hoyle; so you just sneak that rug quietly back to the porch. Do you get me?"

"Y-yes," Johnny stammered.

"And I want that buckhorn-handled sheath knife of mine restored, also my reading glass, and you can tell Dicky Drew to restitute the double barrels of his father's shotgun. Harold will have to take back that aluminum skillet to Mrs. Benton. I'm a good fellow, you understand, and an ex-pirate, myself, and I don't want to blow the gaff on any of you, but you've got to come across with all of the plunder—all of it, you understand, and we'll have an understanding that there are to be no more depredations by your band in the United States. If you want to cross the Rio Grande in a body you've got my free consent. But, mark me, Jack Wickham; the swag must be restored ere the morrow's sun sinks in the west. R-remember."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny meekly, and then with sudden eagerness, "Was you really a pirate once?"

"I've been called one," the old gentleman admitted. "But don't lose sight of the main issue. You fellows bring back the things you stole."

"We only borrowed them, really," Johnny explained, obviously relieved. "We just played we robbed. Can I go now?"

"One minute," said his grandfather. "What's Ned Cheever mad at you about? He doesn't come to see you any more, I notice."

Johnny was silent. He hated to go into this thing again. It was one of those things that a fellow would prefer to forget. Then, of all the family, grandfather was the hardest to fool, and he had a way of screwing damaging admissions from one. If he got sore about Ned Cheever he might tell about the robber band, and all kinds of trouble might ensue.

"Well?" queried old Mr. Wickham.

"He's mad at Riesa and Mr. Woodbury," said Johnny. "They kidded him one night he was here, and he got sore and beat it over to Robinson's."

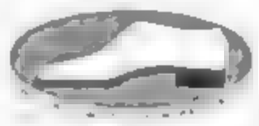
There was a perfectly truthful statement with all the plausibility of fiction and nothing of its appearance.

"H'm!" said the old gentleman. "Well, if that's so I seem to have done you an injustice, Johnny. Of course it's quite possible for something unpleasant to happen in the family or the community without you being at the bottom of it, and I must try to hold that thought. I think that I have a dime somewhere in my pocket."

Johnny was wrong. On the tragical evening alluded to, Ned Cheever did not beat it over to Robinson's. The fact that he turned down the street where the Robinsons were domiciled was entirely fortuitous. It might have led to Rome or to Mandalay or Dublin or Jericho so far as Cheever was concerned. All roads were alike to him, rocky, and, metaphorically, strewn with thorns and beset with pitfall and with snare. He passed the Robinsons' house without a glance at or a thought of the blobs of white that, glimmering through the gloom, were evidence of Hazel Robinson and her porch guests of the evening. Their voices, joyously raised in song to the accompaniment of a ukulele, were by him unheard. He was preoccupied. Now and then he talked to himself in short sentences. It was, in his opinion, the dickens of a world, to put it mildly; a world full of long-necked, pin-headed excrescences that needed killing; of snub-nosed, mischief-making, freckled little liars; of venom-tongued, bad-tempered, unreasoning and fickle female girls that a man was in darn big luck to have found out in time. Darn big luck! A mighty good thing that it had happened!

Speed up your work

*on the shoes with a real chassis*



IF you want to swing into your work with a real zest; if you want to get genuine satisfaction out of your fight for success—then you must give your feet a chance to do what Nature intended them to do.

Of course, you know the outer side of the bottom of your foot from heel to ball is a finely built weight-carrying structure. Give it a proper foundation so it can do its work without strain and your feet will put joy into the brisk walk, and enable you to "stand and wait" patiently.

The Arch Preserver Shoe, with its real "chassis," provides such a foundation—and keeps your feet vigorous and eager to help you. Not the slightest little ache or pain, not even a touch of discomfort, no matter if you have to walk clear across the town. The concealed built-in anchored bridge gives the needed support, yet there is no stiffness. The Arch Preserver Shoe bends freely at the ball, the only place your foot bends.

Health, vigor and "go"—yet the Arch Preserver Shoe is made in the smartest styles, and of the finest leathers.

*Send for booklet, "A Man and His Feet"*

R. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC., Dept. S-4, Rockland, Mass.

*Makers of the "Just Wright" Men's Fine Shoes since 1876*

(The Talbot Shoe Co., St. Thomas, Ont., are licensed by us to make men's Arch Preserver Shoes for Canada)

This Trade-Mark is found on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. There are seven patents embodied in Arch Preserver Shoe construction. These are vested solely with R. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass., for the making of men's and boys' shoes, and with The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio, for the making of women's and misses' shoes.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

# Why Your Wife Buys You Sealpax!

WHEN a woman goes shopping, she looks for *value!* Details that generally escape the eyes of the average male citizen—*she never fails to notice and appreciate!*

Sealpax *quality* appeals to a woman's shopping instinct. She invariably buys Sealpax because of its *visibly better* construction and the cleaner way in which it is sold.

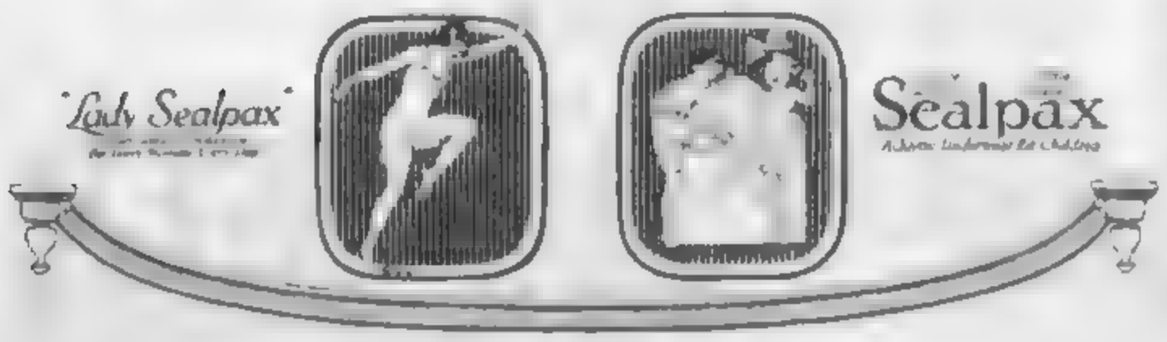
And when you *wear* Sealpax, its exclusive features, generous cut, and unrestricted freedom make you duly grateful! Its *coolness* brings you ease of mind and satisfaction.

The long wearing service of a Sealpax garment is due to Sealpax quality. The enormous sale of Sealpax is due to its popular price. *Today—get Sealpax at your dealer's.*

THE SEALPAX COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

# Sealpax

## The Better Athletic UNDERWEAR Sold in a Cleaner way




Yes, on the whole, Cheever considered that he was to be congratulated. Of course it gave a man a poor opinion of women, and all that sort of thing, but it was better to be undeceived in time. He might have gone on thinking that Miss Wickham was a sweet and lovely girl with a heart of gold and a nature conforming in every way with her goodly outside; he might have fallen in love with the little termagant, married her and been unhappy ever after. Yes, he was lucky. He had a good notion to go back and wait for Mr. Woodbury around the corner—just to see him safely home. Ha, ha! But if he did that, people might get the idea that the motive of the homicide was jealousy instead of a strong public spirit. No, the best thing to do would be to dismiss the whole matter from his mind—calling himself lucky and letting it go at that.

Accordingly Cheever continued his walk, and in the days and weeks that followed he continued in the same sensible determination. Eventually he did call on Hazel Robinson, but, then, he also called on Marian Keble and Sally Lingard and Rhoda Hiller and one or two others. He did not call on Riesa Wickham, but once or twice he met members of her family. He met little Johnny Wickham in the village and greeted him much as usual, but Johnny merely responded by a derisive contortion of his visage and passed on. He met Mrs. Wickham, and Mrs. Wickham smiled and remarked on the beauty of the weather, but her manner was constrained, and she, too, passed on. Mr. Wickham, encountering him one afternoon at the country club, just nodded and continued his conversation with the chairman of the greens committee. That was not so remarkable, as Mr. Wickham used nods a great deal in the interest of economy of speech, and had never been effusive. As a matter of fact he rather liked Cheever, but he still considered his daughter to be a mere child and regarded the young men who came to see her in the light of little playmates. The discontinuance of Ned's visits had not been brought to his attention. But Ned took it in high dudgeon and again assured himself that he was in luck, escaping a connection with such a family.

This thought was still in his mind an hour or two after when he saw old Mr. Wickham approaching him on the other side of the street. Resolving not to give this doddering old brute a chance to snub him, he averted his head and strode on.

"Hey!"

It was old Mr. Wickham's voice, but Cheever was not supposed to know that it was he who was being shouted at in that peremptory tone.

"Hey, you! Ned Cheever!"

Cheever paused irresolutely, and then, forcing a smile and waving his hand, was about to proceed when he was again checked.

"Come over here, damn you," called Mr. Wickham irritably. "Want me to play tag with you?"

Reluctantly Cheever crossed the road and shook the hand that the old gentleman offered him.

"I'd like to know what the devil is the matter with you, young fellow," said old Mr. Wickham sternly. "Making me stand here yelling my day and night lights out, and not so much as turn your head!"

"I was in a hurry, sir," Cheever answered, somewhat abashed.

"Hurry, my foot! What have you got to hurry about? You don't seem to be in any hurry to come over to the house, I notice."

"To tell you the honest truth, I've a habit of not going where I'm not wanted," said Cheever.

"Poppycock! Who said you weren't wanted? I want you; ain't that enough?"

Cheever grinned. "It's a good deal," he said.

"And my dear little grandson wants you," old Mr. Wickham continued. "He hasn't been the same child the last few weeks, he misses you so. Goes off by himself and cries. No appetite to speak of. Pathetic! Makes me sad to see him."

"I saw him, myself, the day before yesterday," said Cheever dryly.

"H-m-m! Well, spit it out. What's the trouble with you and Riesa? I might help to straighten things, there's no telling. Little pepper box! Stiff-necked young ass! I'm not such a fool as I look. I told a hack driver that once when he was trying to soak me on the fare, and he told me that he didn't have no idea that I was or he'd have charged me twice as much. Well, how about it?"

Cheever was really touched by his kind interest, and intimated as much. "I'm afraid there's nothing to straighten, I assure you," he continued. "I've got it straight enough. How's the sciatica? It doesn't seem to be troubling you much. Well, I must be on my way."

"Here, wait a moment, confound you!" called the old gentleman.

"Sorry, sir, but I can't stop now. See you later. Good-by."

He sprinted off, leaving old Mr. Wickham standing and glaring after him with the liveliest indignation. "You can go plumb to!" he snarled viciously. "You're a mule-headed moron, you're an ungrateful pup; you haven't got the sense of a setting hen or the manners of a blighted Barbary ape, and I hope that silly, smart-Aleck Woodbury —— No, I don't, either; but ——"

He faced about and continued on his way home, muttering, and now and then slashing off the innocent head of a wayside weed with a spiteful cut of his Malacca cane.

But the angry mood soon passed and was succeeded by one of gentle melancholy. He was an old fool to concern himself with the imaginary troubles of these young fools. That's what they were—imaginary; brain maggots. He had had them in his time, as his father before him had had them and got bravely over it. Men have died and worms have eaten them; but not for love. A hundred years hence and who would know or care a whoop? A quarter of that and what memory would remain of all this supposedly intolerable anguish, this delirious joy or Cimmerian profundity of despair? A gentle smile and half sigh from a fat elderly matron: "Dear me! How silly we were!" A gray-headed old codger, grinning cynically at the reënactment of the tragic comedy in which he played juvenile lead—how long ago? "Lemme see! . . . And I'm alive and kicking—about the cooking of my lamb chops and prohibition!"

But while it lasted it wasn't exactly a joke. Ned, for instance: When the mere mention of Riesa's name made the boy turn pale and set a-twitch the usually well-controlled muscles about his mouth—a lad like him! And Riesa: Crying! Pretty fair bluffers, both, but—still you couldn't always tell.

And so in the days that followed, Cheever, bumping along in the same old rut, attended various and sundry social functions in Deepdene, and at some of them he saw Riesa again and at all of them he had news of her. And, as before, when they met, Miss Riesa's nose went up in the air, in a manner of speaking, or, as one might say, surveyed him with cold queenly dignity, and when she spoke at all it was the merest commonplace, nipping the intention that Cheever had half formed of making some little friendly, only friendly advance. And the news of her that he received almost inevitably coupled her name with that of Albert Woodbury, until all that he had to expect was the announcement of their definite engagement.

It was currently rumored that Mr. Albert Woodbury's family being one of the wealthy families of Deepdene, and Mr. Woodbury himself a rising young man in the banking business—already an assistant cashier with a presumably good salary—Mrs. Wickham regarded her daughter's new suitor with favor. In the past she had regarded Ned Cheever with favor, but she had an idea that Mr. Cheever had not been very nice to Riesa. Riesa always refused to discuss the subject, but Mrs. Wickham certainly had that idea. And dear little Johnny had taken a dislike to the young man, and when a sweet-natured, innocent child dislikes and distrusts a person you may be sure that there is something wrong about him. And then Mr. Cheever had only ordinary prospects and had been, she had heard, something of a spendthrift. Careless about money, at least. But, as she informed Mr. Wickham, the thing was that Riesa wouldn't encourage Mr. Woodbury if she didn't like him. Altogether he was a very nice young fellow and Johnny simply adored him.

Well, it was only natural that Ned Cheever under the circumstances should accord Riesa the treatment due to a venom-tongued, bad-tempered, unreasoning and fickle female to whom he was perfectly indifferent. Also that, having certain news of her, he took care that she should have certain news of him. You can do that if you confide in the right person.

(Continued on Page 133)

# Telephone today for 10 weeks vacation

At your elbow—as near as the nearest telephone—lies a vacation that in a year amounts to weeks.

And it costs you nothing.

For women, according to students of home economics, give 10 to 20 hours of every week to doing or supervising the family washing.

An average of 75 days a year wasted in tiring, tedious work; consumed by this one inheritance from a by-gone day!

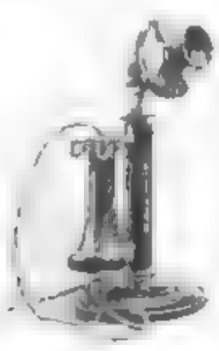
And it can be vacation! For these new services that modern laundries offer give back to women the wasted days; they make it just as easy to send the family washing to the laundry as to have the baker make the family bread.

Today, right in your home community, you can secure from modern laundryowners any one of a number of these new services. You can bundle up the family linen and have the washing over within a short fifteen minutes; you can have everything daintily washed and ironed, complete in every detail, or you can have any part of this work cared for, as you prefer.

A few of these services—Prim-Prest, Ho-mestic, Rough Dry, Float-Ironed, Thrift-T-service, and Wet Wash—are described on this page. Of these six, some laundries give all. All laundries give some—or equivalent services which you will find every bit as helpful and satisfactory.

Moreover, you will find these services costing no more than washday at home—with the additional vast advantage that you are completely relieved from all this arduous, wearing work.

Try one of these new helps with your next washing. A telephone call to any one of the modern laundries in your city will bring the service you desire.



### Prim-Prest

A finer laundry service. Everything washed in the purest of rain soft water and mild suds; everything beautifully ironed ready to use or put away - a dainty service, complete in every detail.

### Ho-mestic

A most acceptable medium priced ironed service. Flat work is tastefully ironed and folded. All wearing apparel is ironed, but because of the moderate cost of this service for [illegible] of Merrylaundries however starch [illegible] apparel at a most reasonable cost.

### Rough Dry

Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels, are ready to use dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

### Float-Ironed

A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel starched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists, and house dresses will require some re-ironing at home.

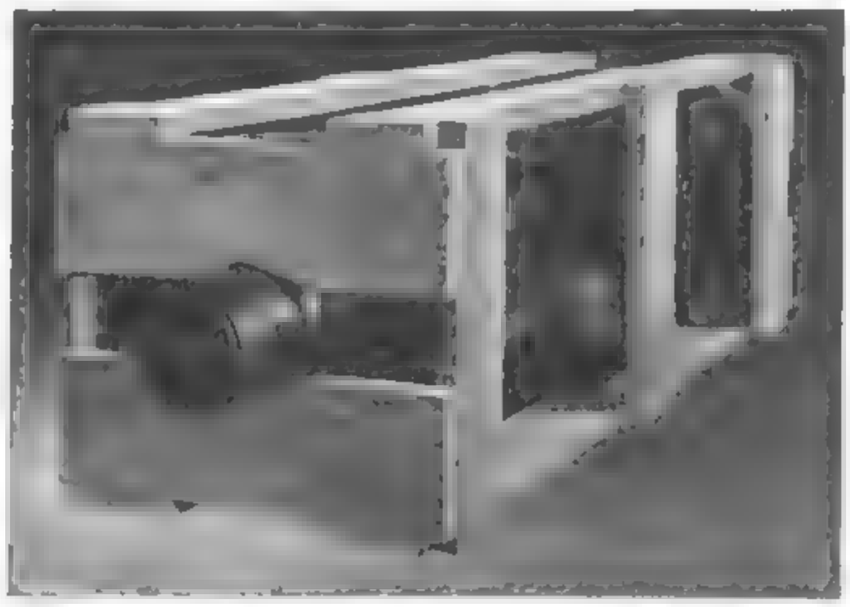
### Thrift T service

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in [illegible] water. The [illegible] water is removed. All flat work is ironed. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

### Wet Wash

Everything washed in mild suds, and rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed and the bundle is returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or hang up to dry.

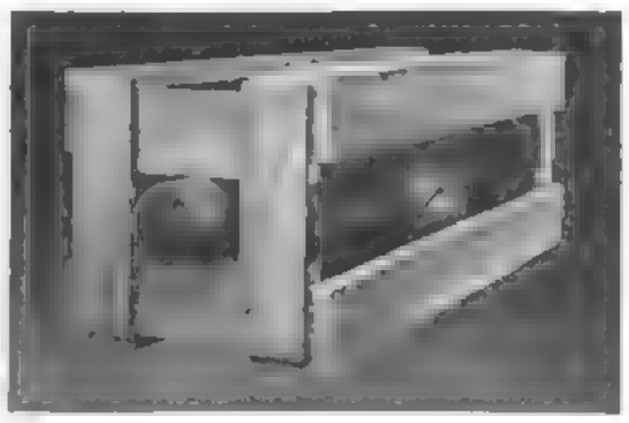
THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI



*The crate on the left is one of several crates designed for a manufacturer of automotive axles. It takes the place of the crate shown on the right.*

*The advantages of the new crate are: a marked saving in lumber; a considerable decrease in weight; more rigid construction; prevention of side play; better protection for the drum, lessened labor cost.*

*A further instance of what Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are doing for shippers every day.*



# Better Crates with Less Lumber

A YEAR'S experience with our special Crating Service has brought out one very significant fact.

It doesn't pay a concern to be too sure that its crating practices cannot be improved.

Some of the most startling savings our Crating Engineers have effected, have been made for concerns who were entirely satisfied with the containers they were using.

A year's work among many industries in many parts of the country has proved that in the great majority of cases our Crating Engineers have been able to build better crates with less lumber. And where savings in lumber have not been possible they have built stronger crates and effected other savings of equal importance.

HERE in brief is the story of the two crates pictured above:

The new crate, designed to carry a 3-ton truck axle requires 36.3 feet less lumber—a saving of 52%.

It weighs 112 pounds less than the old crate.

These two items represent a saving of $2.02 per crate.

Labor cost is reduced approximately 50%.

The structural advantages of the new crate over the old one can readily be seen: the lock corner construction makes it stronger and more rigid; the notches in the end members prevent the side play which often weakened the old crate in transit; redesigning of the side members affords better protection to the brake drum.

Shippers who have adopted scientific crating report other advantages—of perhaps even greater importance than factory savings. It eliminates damage claims and speeds up collections. It decreases sales resistance and so gives the salesman a new selling tool. Safe packing builds good will.

THE services of Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are offered to executives of business concerns—by appointment on request.

There is no charge for this service. This organization feels that the position of lumber as the standard material for shipping containers imposes the obligation to deliver 100% value with every foot of lumber we sell.

For crating purposes, this organization supplies from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of crating lumber, of uniform quality and in quantities ample for any shipper's needs.

A booklet, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of Weyerhaeuser Engineers, will be sent on request to any manufacturer who uses crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Building, Baltimore; and 2694 University Ave., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

## WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
### SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

*Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.*

(Continued from Page 130)

The diagonal path worn by Ned Cheever across the vacant lot between Holliston and Acacia was becoming obliterated by the restorative efforts of kindly Nature, while the wild strawberry, rag, milk and other weeds between Brockley and Holliston were being trodden into another diagonal line by the glad feet of Mr. Albert Woodbury. Mr. Woodbury, traversing this trail, considered this a passably good sort of world, with some tolerably nice families in it. But there were in his matured opinion some drawbacks to everything—big drawbacks or little drawbacks. One of the little drawbacks was even then running to meet him, and, seeing this, Mr. Woodbury muttered a bitter curse.

But as Johnny Wickham with a happy shout of greeting flung himself forward and embraced Mr. Woodbury's leg, Mr. Woodbury smiled and said quite amiably, "Why, hello, Johnny!" He even allowed the little fellow to remain attached to his limb while he advanced several steps so encumbered. Then he stopped and begged to be released.

"Gimme a ride on your back then," Johnny proposed.

Conscious of a spotless collar and a nicely adjusted tie, Mr. Woodbury made a counterproposition that they two should walk hand in hand together as far as Acacia and then separate, he, Woodbury, to proceed to Johnny's house and Johnny to go on to the village, where he could buy twenty-five cents' worth of candy, Woodbury to finance the operation.

"And see how long you can be gone," Mr. Woodbury suggested when they came to the parting of the ways.

"You mean how quick I can go, don't you?" asked Johnny, rather puzzled.

"I do not," replied Mr. Woodbury. Then he added, "Count a hundred every time you take a step, all the way. But maybe you can't count as high as that?"

"I can too," Johnny declared.

"Once or twice, perhaps, but not all the way to the village and back. I'll bet you can't."

"How much will you bet?" the child inquired shrewdly.

"Ten cents."

Mr. Woodbury was not as a rule reckless in money matters, and he felt that he had already been rather too liberal. Johnny looked a little disappointed; but then, ten cents was ten cents, and the thing had rather a sporting aspect.

"All right," he said, and began to count.

Ten minutes later he was simplifying the matter by counting by tens and had got as far as the corner when he met his grandfather.

"Hello!" said old Mr. Wickham, observing the unusual mode of his progression. "What kind of a performance is this, buddy? Imitation of a well-known tragedian? Hard going through the gumbo? What's the big idea?"

"Sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, hunnerd—it's a bet," Johnny explained; and, on pressure, explained at length.

"He was just poking fun at you," said his grandfather. "He didn't really mean that. He couldn't have meant it. Why, it would take you all the afternoon and he wouldn't have any chance of a little romp with you. It isn't reasonable. Do you think he wants to stick there all afternoon with nobody but your sister to entertain him?" pursued the old gentleman. "How long since you started? Well, I'll bet he's wondering right now why his little friend doesn't come back and get up in the chair behind him and rumple his hair and straddle his neck and have some real fun."

Johnny looked as if he thought there might be something in that, but a doubt occurred to him. "Mother said I was to keep out of the room," he said.

"H'm! Perhaps she thinks Mr. Woodbury doesn't love you," old Mr. Wickham observed thoughtfully. "She may be afraid he'll break out foaming at the mouth and bite you. But I don't think so. No, I don't think so at all. Do you?"

"Naw!" replied little Johnny, with deep conviction. "He lets me do anything to him."

"Of course he does," agreed the old gentleman. "That's because he loves you and he likes to have you ask him questions—especially the personal ones."

"What's personal?" Johnny asked.

"Well, if you asked him if he didn't think his neck would look better if feathers grew on it, like an ostrich's neck, that would be a personal question. But you're wasting time. You scoot down and get your candy and hurry back to Mr. Woodbury. I'll bet you a quarter you can't make it in ten minutes."

Johnny considered that for the merest fraction of time and then set off as fast as his short legs could carry him, which was no mean rate of speed. Old Mr. Wickham grinned fiendishly as he set his face homeward. "There's one thing," he soliloquized—"you may get her, my lad, but your path of true love won't run any smoother than I can help with Johnny's able assistance. I'll bet Johnny springs the feathers on you before you're an hour older. I could see that the idea took root."

Another hour elapsed and Mr. Woodbury descended the steps of the porch and turned to raise his hat in farewell to Riesa, who stood by the door with her little brother at her side.

"At eight o'clock then?" called Mr. Woodbury, with a dazzling smile.

"At eight o'clock," Riesa assented. "Off winder-sign!"

"Can't I go, too?" Johnny asked.

Mr. Woodbury laughed pleasantly. "Afraid not, Johnny, old chap," he replied kindly, and then departed.

It was really remarkable how quickly the smile left his face as he struck into the trail across the lots and how viciously his straight black eyebrows came together and his jaws clamped. He smote the palm of one hand with the fist of the other.

"I've just about got to the end of my string with that little beast," he told himself savagely. "How anybody, even a mother, can tolerate him, is beyond me! And it's beyond me how Riesa stands him," he resumed after considering the mystery. "Honestly you'd think—under the circumstances, at least —— I'll be hanged if I don't sometimes think that she encourages him. How does it always happen that every time ——" He turned this idea over in his mind and finally rejected it. "I suppose that, being his sister, she's used to him; but if ever a kid needed taking in hand—well, it's got to come to a showdown, and tonight there won't be any chance of the little whelp butting in. I guess she understands that I'm not going to be played fast and loose with. Well, if she turns me down after—but she won't."

The smile began to come back. His fond fancy pictured a nook, sheltered and obscured. He knew the exact nook in an angle of the clubhouse porch. He and Riesa occupied it, and her golden head was reposing on the silken breast of his doublet while his arm embraced her yielding form.

"Yes, I love you, Albert," she was whispering. "I feel that the time for subterfuge or concealment is past. From the first I was strangely attracted by you and the strength of that feeling frightened me and I strove to resist it, as a girl will. Cheever was a girl's infatuation, but I am now a woman, and my woman's heart is yours, yours, my darling, and yours alone."

Fancy, like Nature, is wonderful!

As Riesa reëntered the house she encountered her grandfather in the hall.

"What's this going to break loose at eight o'clock, sister?" the old gentleman inquired.

"Costume dance at the country club, granddads," she told him. "All the beauty and chivalry of Deepdene, and I'm going to go as a cynosure. How are you going?"

"I was thinking I might go as a nice Victorian gentleman," said Mr. Wickham, quite seriously.

"Poor granddads!" sighed Riesa pityingly. "It must be awful to"—she hesitated—"to have rheumatism and things!"

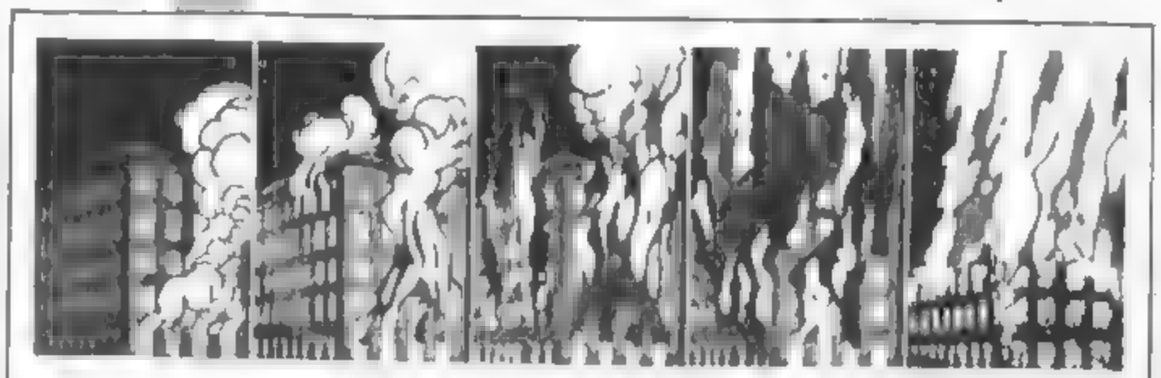
"To be a tottering old back-number and have to stick by the inglenook and avoid the night air," suggested old Mr. Wickham. "Well, have a good time, honey. You'll only be young once."

"I'll bet you were a regular devil when you were young," Riesa called after him. "Shook a wicked foot in the Virginia reel too."

"Don't make a racket when you come in, and wake me up," cautioned the old gentleman as he toiled painfully upstairs to his room.

At the appointed time Mr. Albert Woodbury drove his smart runabout up to the curb before the front gate and properly, instead of rudely honking, got out and made his arrival known *vive voce*. Twenty minutes after that, Riesa took her seat beside Mr. Woodbury and was driven off in the direction of the country club. Ten minutes


# The Heat that Destroys




AS a fire progresses it becomes more destructive—a greater menace to your records. Consider, then, a safe so good that it will afford reliable protection for more than an hour after the ordinary standard protection is exhausted!

In the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., Chicago, the New Herring-Hall-Marvin Class A Safe withstood a temperature ranging up to 2100 degrees Fahrenheit over a period of 5¼ hours—1¼ hours more than is necessary for the A Label.

This last hour and a quarter is extra protection that you get in this better safe; it is the margin that will preserve your records. This last hour of safety is worth more to you than the preceding four hours!

THE NEW
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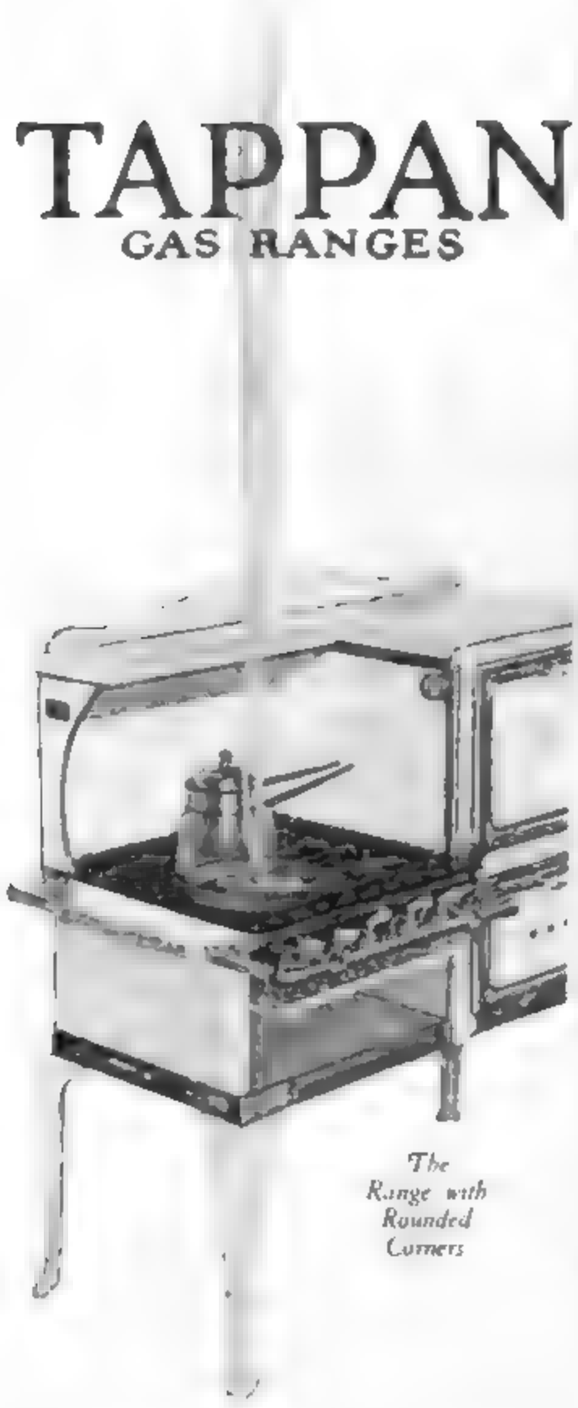
CLEAR THROUGH THE FIRE

TAPPAN
GAS RANGES



The Range with Rounded Corners

*Done to a Turn!*

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For this beautiful range is perfectly equipped for roasting meats. The oven bottom, for instance, is of cast iron—a material that becomes heated uniformly and so gives every part of the oven an *equal* roasting heat. The Wilco-Tappan Oven Heat Regulator and the oven's triple-walls also assist in giving the most gratifying results with the least effort on the cook's part.

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*Dealers: The Tappan franchise in your community offers some unusual opportunities.*

THE TAPPAN STOVE CO.
MANSFIELD OHIO
ESTABLISHED 1881

TAPPAN

more and Mrs. Wickham caught Beulah, the parlor maid, sneaking upstairs with some clothes over her arm, and requested an explanation.

Beulah seemed a little disconcerted. "It's Mr. Wickham's dress suit, ma'am," she stammered. "I'm taking it up to him. He's been having it pressed."

Mrs. Wickham was amazed. Her husband had firmly and flatly refused to attend the evening function, and was, at the moment, in the library; and for that matter his evening clothes had been in no need of pressing.

"Old Mr. Wickham, ma'am," explained Beulah.

"Well, for goodness'—I'll take them up to him," said Mrs. Wickham, and presently rapped at her father-in-law's door and, at his invitation, opened it and entered. Mr. Wickham was in his dressing gown, but there was a particularly spruce air about him. His silver locks, smoothly brushed, looked more silvery than ever. His feet were incased in black silk socks and glistening pumps; he exuded an odor of cologne; a shirt of fine linen, its bosom already studded with pearls, was laid out on the bed with a high collar and a white tie. A pair of white kid gloves that looked as if they had just been tried on, lay beside them with a white silk muffler and a collapsed hat.

"For goodness' sake, father!" Mrs. Wickham ejaculated, staring at him. "What does all this mean?"

"Let me relieve you of the rorty togs," said the old gentleman, taking the garments from her. "Thank you, my dear, but you needn't have troubled. Beulah would have brought them. What does all this mean? It means that I'm going to trip the light fantastic toe at the club, my love. You and Richard can stick by the fire and lapse into the torpor of old age if you want to, but I'm going out among 'em. I'll excuse you now, Emily, my dear."

"But, father ——"

"But, my dear Emily, I'm about to change my clothes and the first things ——"

He picked up his trousers, and Mrs. Wickham went out. As the door closed she heard him singing:

*"I mean to give the girls a treat*
*As down the street I stray,*
*And as they gaze in blank amaze,*
*I hear the darlings sa-ay:*
*"'He's got 'em on! He's got 'em on ——.'"*

Mrs. Wickham waited to hear no more, but ran downstairs and burst into the library. "Richard," she cried, "your poor father's going crazy!"

"Keep both hands on the wheel and your eye on the road," admonished the Empress Josephine. "This is no petting party."

Mr. Woodbury, as Romeo, with a jauntily feathered scarlet pudding-basin cap on his sleek head and a dressing gown modestly concealing doublet and trunk hose, had in fact dropped his right hand carelessly on his right knee and was edging it toward Riesa.

"I can drive with one hand just as well as ——"

"Keep off the sidewalk, if you don't mind. I know it's smoother than the road, but it seems eccentric to drive a car on it."

Mr. Woodbury corrected the slight deviation toward the curb. The flash of a street light on his face showed Riesa that he looked annoyed.

"What a heavenly night!" she sighed. "What a duck of a little car this is!"

"And isn't it wonderful to be alone, for once!" exclaimed the young man, a little mollified.

"You aren't exactly alone."

"No; that makes it better. We are alone, and that, to me, means happiness. Oh, Riesa, you ——"

"Look out for the little dog!" Riesa cried.

"What little dog? I don't see any little dog."

"Perhaps I imagined it," said Riesa. "I think I'm a little nervous tonight, but it may be the way you don't pay attention to your driving makes me jumpy. Suppose you just drive and let me do the talking."

"I've got something to say that you can't very well say for me."

"Damn," said Riesa. "There you are!"

"Not that," Mr. Woodbury protested. "Riesa, you know ——"

"Listen, Romeo," said Riesa. "I want you to understand that I'd like to dance a little tonight and I can't do that with a broken leg or a broken neck. We only just missed that hydrant."

"We weren't within a mile of it," Woodbury declared indignantly. "However — "

They were out of the village limits by this time and on the macadamized stretch that led to the club. Woodbury grasped the wheel firmly with both hands and stepped on the gas emphatically. The duck of a little car made a falcon swoop forward and the figures on the speedometer began to move along their slot under the tiny bulbed light until well into the roaring forties. There Woodbury held steadily until the lights of the clubhouse rushed at them.

"Don't stop," said Riesa. "You really can drive when you give your whole mind to it."

The fox-trotting pack was in full cry when Josephine and Romeo made their appearance and were duly announced in stentorian tones by Jimmy Reagan, who, masked and appropriately clad as a yeoman of the guard, acted as doorkeeper. Jimmy was in fine form that night. A Friar of Orders Gray had passed in a minute or two before. "Excuse me," Jimmy had stage-whispered, "did you say you were a friar or a broiler?" And "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" he asked Woodbury.

"Why not?" Woodbury demanded incautiously.

"Because, me boy, you haven't the legs for it."

And Josephine laughed heartlessly. Woodbury was glad of the vizard that hid the crimson witness of his anger and embarrassment. He was not in his very best humor to begin with. The little extra spin that he had taken at Riesa's suggestion had, contrary to his sudden hope and expectation, permitted no philandering. Riesa had insisted on continuous speed, and speed demanded concentration of care and attention on the going. So it had been a ride and nothing more. "But," Mr. Woodbury told himself, "she isn't going to hold me off much longer, by George! I'll give her an hour or two to dance the devil out of herself and then—we'll see!"

Sometime later his inadequate party-colored legs were moving over the floor cleverly enough in company with Josephine's ribbon-laced ankles and a burly ruffian in sea boots and petticoats whose cocked hat was decorated with skull and crossbones, fingered the hilt of his cutlass and scowled malevolently. Esmeralda, dragging a toy goat behind her with a string, pressed the pirate's arm.

"Don't they make a lovely couple!" she exclaimed with an excess of enthusiasm, and then laughed, pleasantly malicious at the flash of the pirate's eyes through the holes in his mask. "Don't be peeved about a little thing like that, Ned," she continued. "Go up and ask her to tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine."

"Nothing doing," replied the pirate. "Treading measures is the one thing I don't do well. If I could measure my tread it might be different."

"Ain't you the witty thing!" remarked Esmeralda, alias Hazel Robinson. "It seems to be catching, tonight. Bonnie Dawson told me I ought to have worn a steeple hat and a broom and come as Witch Hazel. Don't ask me if that got my goat, because Sam Peet was there first with that quip. But isn't this masking silly when everybody knows everybody? Isn't Mrs. Henry Hutt wonderful as Mary Queen of Scots! They'd need heavy timbers on any scaffold they led her to. Art thinks he's fooling me with that Ku Klux rig—yes, that's Art. He's got something in his mouth to disguise his voice, too, but he hasn't done anything to his hands. The only one I'm puzzled about is the old man with the young feet. It couldn't be ——"

"By ginger, I believe it is!" said the pirate, looking earnestly at the person indicated. "It seems incredible, but there isn't another nose like that in the wide world. His mask hardly reaches around it; but he never goes anywhere! Look at him flirting with Mrs. Todman!"

"You scoot and talk to some other lady awhile," Miss Robinson suggested. "You're making trouble for both of us. My Grand Kleagle is watching us with a jaundiced eye, and so's the Empress Josephine. She doesn't like it a little bit."

"If I thought that," said Cheever, "I'd ——"

But Esmeralda left him, tucking her goat under her arm as she went, and he took her advice so far as to accost a Castilian señorita, whose patronymic was Higgs, and with her essayed a twostep which, between his sea boots and his congenital inaptitude for the dance, was a painful ordeal to both. Relinquishing his partner to Jerry Tisdale, as Siegfried, he retired to a window recess and considered his resolution to settle this rotten business with Riesa definitely and finally. Of course it was already settled, but perhaps he had not been sufficiently explicit with her; too peremptory, perhaps. Not patient enough. Standing too much on his own dignity. He would, he decided, throw pride to the winds and—and get the thing settled anyway. Of course if she preferred that limber-legged, smirking skipjack, that was strictly her privilege; but ——

A hand fell smartly on his shoulder and looking up he saw at his side a gaunt but distinguished figure in evening dress with a broad ribbon of blue watered silk across the bosom of his shirt and an opera hat of ancient vintage, set rakishly on one side of his head. Looking closer he perfectly identified a pointed gray beard below the mask, which was bulged by an unusual nose.

"Captain Kidd, I presume?" said the gentleman elaborately.

"Quit your kidding," responded the pirate, rising as he spoke. "Excuse me, Mr. Wickham, but aren't you ——"

"I may be," answered the other, drawing himself up with dignity, "and then again, I may not be. If you refer to the punch, I resent the implication and repel it. The punch, sir, is criminally weak, and if it had not been for the forethought, kindness and liberality of my friend, the Akhoond of Swat ——"

"Freddy Watts," said the pirate. "I'll have to talk to Freddy."

"Say nothing to Mr. Watts but words of kindness and appreciation," said the mask. "He's m' friend. But we waste time and I've a word for your ear. Which ear is immaterial. Hist! Capt'n, twice this night have I foiled the base knave. He lured the girl to the porch, but Old Sleuth was on his track. Listen! I drew a chair near them and sat down and lit a cigarette, and when that had burned out I lit another, and the conversation between the two was what the whole world might have heard—necessarily. At the lighting of the second smoke Piebald Pants allowed that they might as well go back; so they went."

Cheever was sufficiently acute to gather the sense of this farrago, but there was little comfort in it for him. A fool proceeding! Age, or the punch, had certainly weakened old Mr. Wickham's mind. Old Mr. Wickham seemed to read his thought.

"Can't stave him off forever, though. He's a persistent son-of-a-gun and it's up to you to get into action, Captain. Tell her how come, and implore her forgiveness. You don't deserve it, treating her like a rational creature, but she's got a magnanimous streak and she may overlook that. And keep away from Hazel Robinson. Then, once aboard the lugger ——"

"I don't see her now," said Cheever, looking about him.

The other started at this remark and made a rapid survey of the room. "Dammit!" he cried. "He's sneaked her off again."

It was only too true. The persistent son-of-a-gun was, at the moment, in the identical recess of the porch that he had previously decided upon as suitable for his purpose. He had injudiciously tried two other spots during the evening, and each time some unknown buttinsky had deliberately and wantonly intruded. If that buttinsky repeated his offense there would be trouble, Mr. Woodbury told himself. Riesa had accompanied him this time without demur. That seemed favorable, or at least he thought so, for she must have divined his purpose.

Unquestionably Riesa had. She was not altogether lacking in power of divination. She had also divined that a certain pirate impersonator had been edging around her all the evening with the purpose of speaking with her alone, and she had more than once caught a wistful expression in the pirate's eye that inclined her to think that she might as well hear what he had to say. On the other hand, if he thought he could go pirating about with that Esmeralda thing and expect —— Well, the whole thing was that she was not going to be pestered and hurried and badgered and bothered, and if some people couldn't take a hint—admitting their many good qualities, their devotion, their good dancing, their car, and all

(Continued on Page 137)

# MICHELIN

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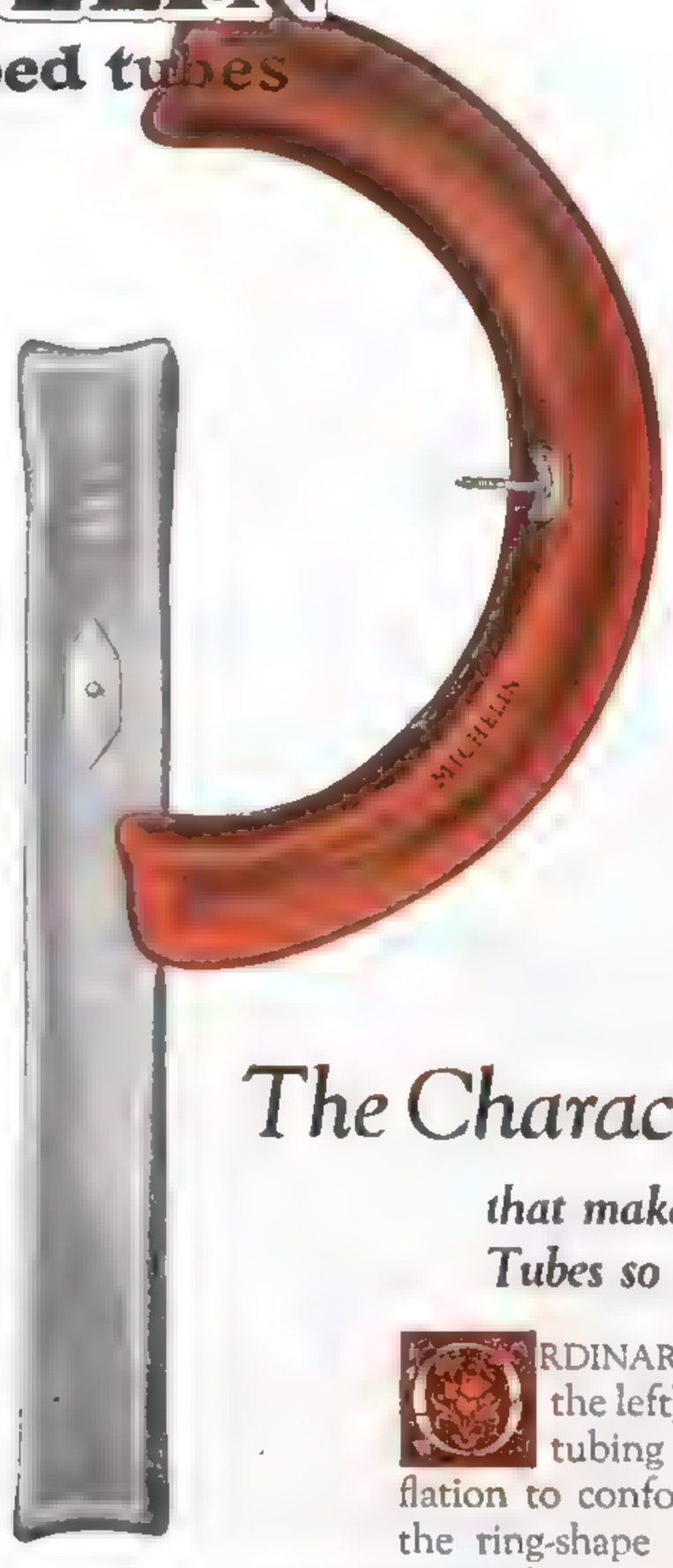


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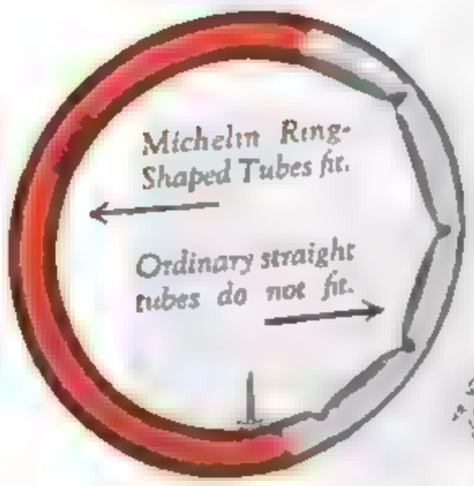


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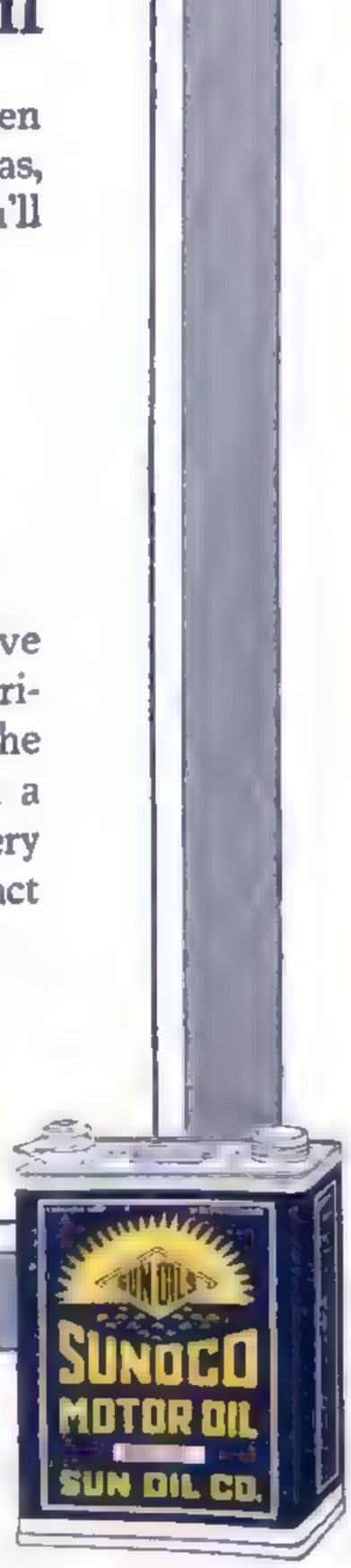


SUNOCO
THE DISTILLED OIL

(Continued from Page 134)

the rest of it—why, they would have to be shown the error of their ways, and the sooner the better.

But, not to make the thing too abrupt, she allowed Mr. Woodbury to hold her hand, and with this encouragement the young man made his proposal with such eloquence and so elegant a choice of words as to suggest that he had his little speech by heart if it did not actually come from it.

"I am sorry," said Riesa sadly.

"Sorry!" he echoed.

"Yes. I was really learning to like you, and now you've spil—I mean spoiled everything. Why can't you be sensible?"

"I might ask you that question with better reason," said Mr. Woodbury with spirit. "It would be absurd to suppose that I have had any other intention in my continued visits to your home or that I would be content to allow our relations to remain indefinitely as they have been. I don't think I've been precipitate, but on the other hand it isn't my way to dilly-dally over anything I've decided upon; so you see there's no occasion for you to be sorry and I'm sure that you never will be if you will consent ——"

He stopped because Riesa was slowly shaking her head.

"You mean that you're refusing me?"

Riesa nodded. "If you put it that way, I suppose I am. But I'd much rather you'd be sensible."

"If you think that you're going to keep me ——"

Again he stopped, but this time as a portentous cough broke the surrounding silence and a tall figure in conventional black with his hat unconventionally tilted approached them with a somewhat limping movement.

"I hope I am not intruding," said old Mr. Wickham, addressing Woodbury. "The fact is I find myself matchless, and if you have such a thing as a pocket in your clothes, fair sir, and that pocket should contain matches, I'd be mighty grateful for a light."

"Why, granddads!" exclaimed Riesa, in tones of amazement.

"My dear little granddaughter!" cried old Mr. Wickham. "Who would have thought it! Well, well! And roaming with Romeo! Dear me! But really, you'll catch cold out here, my love. Let's go in and perhaps you can spare me a dance."

"He seems peeved," remarked old Mr. Wickham as Woodbury, with a muttered excuse, left them at the door. "I hope I haven't unintentionally offended him. Was he, perchance, saying anything particular to you?"

"Never mind him just now," said Riesa. "Granddads, you're wonderful! Of course I recognized you the moment I first laid eyes on you, but I thought I'd see what you would do incognito. I never did see anything so giddy as your conduct, with Mrs. Todman especially; and where on earth did you learn to dance so beautifully?"

"Pooh!" said her relative. "Ask anybody in Chicago who was the knee plush ultra cotillon leader in the '90's. Why, gal, this generation doesn't know what dancing is. All I had to do was to watch your simple evolutions for a moment or two and then step out."

"You certainly stepped out," said Riesa. "Out of time, most of the time, but never mind, darling, I'll give you a few private lessons. Anyway, I'm proud of you; or I would be if you wore your hat more decorously. Where are you taking me?"

"I wish to present my friend, Captain Kidd," replied old Mr. Wickham, stopping by a recessed window. "Cap'n, shake hands with the Empress Josephine, and pardon me if I leave you for a moment or two."

On what trifles do the most momentous events depend! And how the human race continually stultifies itself out of mere perversity! Did you ever think of it? Here—to abandon all attempts at mystification—were two people who, entertaining the tenderest of sentiments one toward the other, had resolved to forget and forgive each conceived injury, who even confessed such a resolution in the eloquent language of the eye, at the moment that they were brought face to face, and who yet at a movement, a word, a tone, again slipped back into the slough of estrangement from which they had seemed about to emerge.

Cheever had started from the seat by the window where they had found him, and seeing the kindness of Riesa's look he had advanced toward her, but she noting his rapturous and ardent expression feared a public demonstration that would have been distinctly embarrassing—an absurd apprehension, of course!—and the consequent chill of her "Mr. Cheever!" was perhaps overdone.

At all events, it stopped Cheever's rush, and his responsive "I beg your pardon, Miss Wickham," was not much warmer in tone than her reproof. He saw instantly that he must have been mistaken about that kind look. It was really the same old scorn and resentment. Impossible to beg forgiveness of anybody who looked at a fellow like that!

"I'm but a rough sea rover, d'ye see, mistress," he went on, with a hard smile. "Shiver my tarry toplights if I hadn't clean forgot you was an empress."

His smile or his tone offended Riesa. "You mistook me for a dancing girl, I suppose," she observed disdainfully. "Perhaps you thought my name was Esmeralda." She said that rather nastily.

"It's a pretty name, Esmeralda," said Cheever reflectively. "But what's in a name? A rose, f'rinstance, or Romeo."

"What have you got to say about Romeo?" she asked indignantly.

"Oh, nothing. He's a blood-curdling scream, of course, in that get-up, but otherwise I should think he would be considered very likable by people who liked him very much. I don't, you know."

"You wouldn't—naturally. But he has friends, I assure you."

"And you are one of them? Well, speaking of friends, I don't discard mine without rime or reason. If anybody told me anything rotten about a friend of mine I'd give him all the chance in the world to square himself before I turned him down. I'd listen to him. You're likely to hear some fine morning that Romeo has slugged a blind cripple and picked his pockets. Curtains for Romeo then. I shouldn't be surprised any time to see Romeo going about Deepdene a blighted being."

"Oh, wouldn't you?" said the empress; but she was addressing the pirate's broad back as he strode away.

She bit her lip and rapidly blinked her eyes as she watched his departing figure until it disappeared in the entrance hall.

"I'll show you about that," she said.

The Akhoond of Swat, turbaned and in flowing Oriental robes, accompanied by the dean of the diplomatic corps, stood by a duck of a little car at the end of the parked line behind the clubhouse and conversed in low tones.

"How about letting the air out of the tires, Freddy?" asked the diplomat. "Isn't there a dooflicker or a dingus of some sort that you unscrew?"

"Sure—a valve," replied the Oriental, "but it makes too much noise; and then, he could pump 'em up again. I might disconnect the battery, but there you are again; he'd locate the trouble."

"Well, do something, boy, and do it quick. I've got to get back before a sort of contretemps occurs, if you know what that is."

The Eastern potentate after a moment's thought carefully raised the hood of the car and a beam from a flashlight danced over the engine and rested on the timer. He fumbled at this a few seconds and then showed his companion a small crooked bit of metal.

"That ought to do the trick," he said. "Now remember, Mr. Wickham, you've promised to put in a good word for me."

"Freddy, my dear lad," said the old gentleman, "I'll say more good words than that silly clown will think bad ones when he tries to start this bus, and I can't say no fairer than that."

So it came that Mr. Albert Woodbury in the highest of spirits presently ran down the porch steps and almost danced over to his car, while Riesa, in her wraps, waited for him to back out. Happy Mr. Woodbury! Exultant Mr. Woodbury! For Riesa had, as he really might have expected, soon realized that he was not to be trifled with and that the time for subterfuge and concealment had passed. In brief, her woman's heart was his. He had, since his unfinished rejection, borne himself with an aloof dignity, as one who accepted his dismissal as final and washed his hands of the matter. Then—to his amazement, it must be confessed—Riesa had bestowed upon him a smile absolutely dazzling in its radiance, a smile so disarming, so appealing that he had found it hard to be gloomily unresponsive. Other smiles had succeeded at intervals, the appeal in them dominant. Once, as she passed him with Sam Peet, she had leaned toward him and whispered, "Not really mad at me, are you, Bert?" And finally, after he had thawed a little, she had come to him and laid a hand on his arm.

"Bert, I want you to take me home—now. Or don't you want to?"

Did Bert want to!

Well, old Mr. Wickham, who was standing close by, inferred that he did, and at once faded from the scene. In a little while, carefully calculated, he slipped into his overcoat and sought out Henry, the Wickham chauffeur and handy man, and Henry brought around the limousine, and old Mr. Wickham got in.

"Somebody having trouble, sounds like, Henry," he observed. "Stop as we go by and ask if we can help 'em."

They stopped. In the glare of their headlights the gallant Romeo showed with a face that was absolutely ashen with strong emotion where it was not black with smears of engine grease. Riesa stood near him, silently looking on, as he began to attack the spark plugs. She had already offered a few suggestions that had not been well received.

"Can I be of any assistance?" inquired the old gentleman.

Woodbury took time to give him a malevolent look. "You can go ——" he began; and then: "Thank you, but I don't believe you can."

The old gentleman turned to Riesa. "If there's likely to be delay I think you'd better come along with me, my dear," he suggested.

Riesa hesitated. "We'll wait until he's tried the plugs," she said doubtfully. "Hello, Freddy!"

"What seems to be the difficulty?" inquired the Akhoond of Swat, who, accompanied by the club caretaker, had just arrived on the scene. "Won't she start? Maybe you're out of gas, Albertus."

Woodbury answered by a snort, which was succeeded by a low inarticulate rumbling as his wrench slipped out of his hand and clattered into the grease tray.

"You better leave that to me, Mr. Woodbury, sir," said the caretaker. "I'm a shark at engine trouble and I could go over it the first thing in the morning and probably have it at your house before breakfast." He winked surreptitiously at the Akhoond.

"A very good idea indeed," said old Mr. Wickham approvingly. "Get in with us, Woodbury, and we'll be delighted to drop you at your house."

But Woodbury declined this ambiguous invitation. He was going to stay if it took the remainder of the summer, and get the thing started. In the meantime he allowed the caretaker to take a look.

"My guess is it's the timer," opined that expert. "Point's prob'ly wore off. They go all of a sudden sometimes."

"Well, we'll be getting on," Mr. Wickham cheerfully announced, and handing his granddaughter into the limousine he followed her. "Good night, folks!"

"Good night, all," cried Riesa. "Good night, Bert. I shall expect you tomorrow afternoon. Don't forget."

Bert's grease-grimed face relaxed a little. "I won't forget," he called. "Good night."

Old Mr. Wickham slumped back in a corner of the car. He had discarded his mask and his face in the faint light looked pale and drawn. He seemed suddenly to have lost all his jauntiness and vigor and become frail and feeble, as if succumbing to an added weight of years.

"Granddads," said Riesa, taking his hand tenderly, "I'm afraid you've overdone."

He made no reply and his hand remained limp in her clasp while his eyes were half closed. The girl regarded him anxiously.

"Are you ill, darling?" she inquired after a moment.

The old gentleman raised his eyelids as if with an effort. "I'm sick," he replied wearily. "I'm damn sick."

"Granddads!"

"Sick of fools!" he went on with something of a snarl in his voice and a slight revival of energy. "Sick of trying to help 'em. Sick of blundering, stiff-necked, bone-headed young asses; and most particularly sick of silly, shallow, vain, egotistical girls who haven't any more sense than to fly off the handle about nothing and bite off their freckled noses to spite their fool faces.

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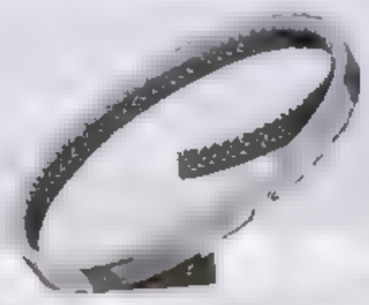

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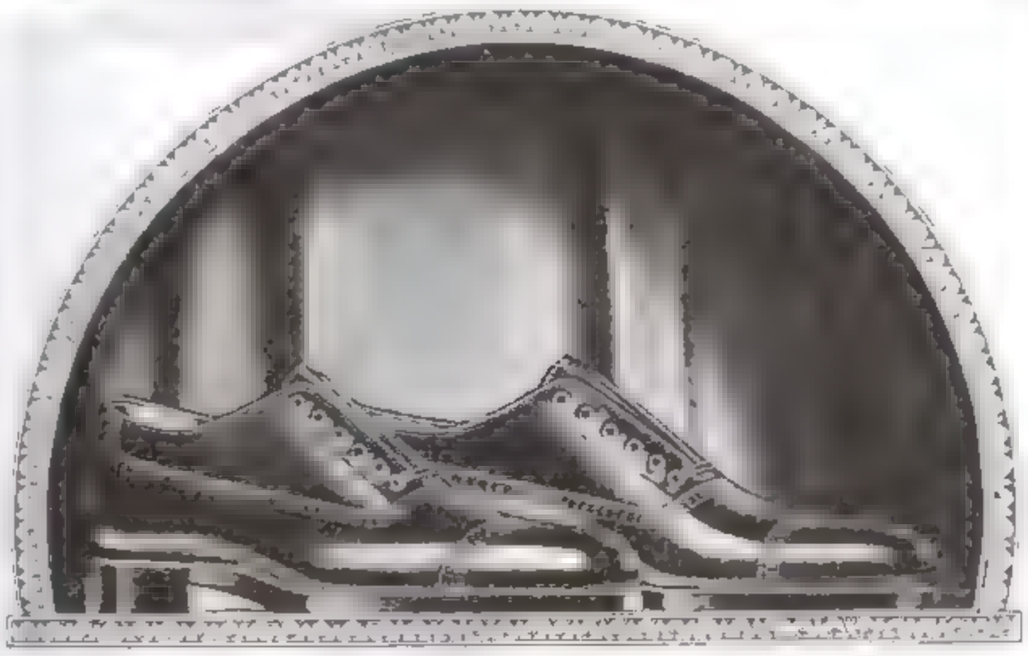

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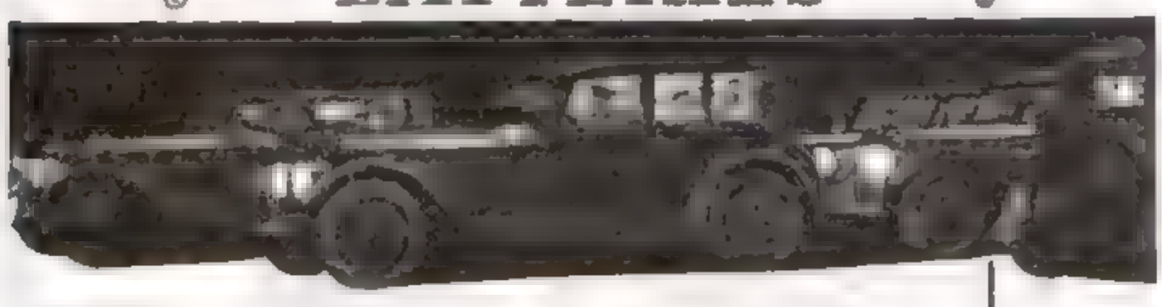

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That's what's the matter with me, if you want to know, and in case you think I'm beating about the bush I'll say that I'm talking about you and Ned Cheever."

"Oh!"

"Yes, oh. I gave you a chance to square yourself with him tonight, and what did you do? I can guess. I saw him walking away from you."

"Square myself?"

"Oh, I know all about it. Johnny spilled the whole thing to me this afternoon. He was sore at Ned and gave you a song and dance about him that you swallowed right down. All Ned did was risk hydrophobia to please you."

"He was brutal, granddads."

"Brutal, my foot! Ask Brown's delivery boy. He saw the whole thing and told me about it. Not half as brutal as you were to him if I got the truth out of Johnny, and I guess I did. If Ned had any spirit or sense, that would finish you with him. But he hasn't. He's crazy about you, the chump! And he comes back for more and finds you cooing with that grinning spindleshanks, Woodbury, and you give him the gate. Well, it's your own business. I suppose I'll be congratulating you and young Gooseneck tomorrow afternoon. Fine! Well, why don't you say something? You've generally got something to say."

"You don't give me a chance," said Riesa, with surprising meekness and a little catch in her voice. "As far as Mr. Woodbury is concerned—I'm not so sure. He wasn't very amiable tonight about the car. And Ned doesn't care. He and Hazel——"

"Great suffering cats!" ejaculated the old man. "Here's Ned just eating out his fool heart for you and you sniveling about Ned every day, or I miss my guess. Here's Hazel engaged to Art Collins and you have about as much use for Woodbury as I have, come right down to it; but sooner than be sport enough to own yourself in the wrong you'd tie up with a grinning galoot who'd make your life a misery to you. All right! Fly to it."

"You're very unkind to me," quavered Riesa. "I may be wrong—well, even if I was wrong, I—I—if you don't mind I think I'll c-cry a little, granddads."

Mr. Woodbury, appearing at the Wickhams' front door the following afternoon, was shown into the library and informed by Beulah that Miss Riesa would be down in a minute or two; but eight minutes had been ticked off by the massive marble clock over the fireplace, and still Miss Riesa had not made the proper descent. Mr. Woodbury began to grow nervous. Of course there was nothing to get nervous about, but when a man is all keyed up to stride forward and clasp a girl masterfully in his arms, a protracted delay seriously threatens his poise. A footstep sounded outside the door, and the door itself began slowly to open. Mr. Woodbury took one of his strides forward with his arms extended—and then stopped as little Johnny Wickham entered the room, holding in one hand the stalk or stem of what is known as an all-day sucker.

"Hello," said Johnny, with a cheerful grin that displayed the gap in his front teeth.

Mr. Woodbury made no immediate reply, but eyed the boy with an expression that should have sent him from the room shrieking with terror, but which only made Johnny giggle.

"I can do that," Johnny said, and forthwith contorted his own visage in a grotesque imitation. "Whyn't you sit down?" he invited. "What makes you breathe so hard?"

"Who sent you in here?" Woodbury demanded, trying to speak calmly. "Your grandfather?"

"No, gramper's gone out for a walk. I came myself," replied Johnny. "Say, what makes your neck so long? Whyn't you have feathers on it?"

"I'll explain that to you some day," Woodbury told him. "I'll show you just exactly how they stretch necks." The Adam's apple in his own made a rapid up-and-down movement. "Listen, Johnny," he went on, "I've got something for you—a ticket for the picture show this afternoon."

He produced the ticket that he had thoughtfully provided for such an emergency, but Johnny looked at it without enthusiasm. "It's one of those edjacashnal fillums," he said. "I saw the posters."

"It's a girl tied on a railroad track and the express going to run over her and a cowboy racing the train to rescue her," said Woodbury.

"No, sir, it's pussy willows. Eugene's mother's going to take him to it. I don't want to see that."

"What is it you don't want to see, Johnny?" Riesa asked. She had come in so quietly that neither of the two had observed her. "How do you do, Mr. Woodbury?"

She gave her visitor a hand that was icily cold and he noticed at once her pallor and the swollen condition of her eyes. He saw, too, that her usually self-possessed air was distinctly lacking.

He smiled at her meaningly. "I was suggesting to Johnny here that there is a good picture show in the village. I happen to have a ticket and——"

"It's rotten," said Johnny bluntly. "I don't wanna go. I'd sooner stay here." He sidled toward Woodbury.

"You keep away from Mr. Woodbury with that sticky candy," his sister admonished. "If I let you stay here you've got to behave. Do you understand?"

This was simply and absolutely outrageous! Was the girl crazy; or did she, after all, intend to try to put him off again? If so, she would find herself mistaken. Woodbury did some quick thinking, and then came a flash of real inspiration. He turned to Johnny, his white teeth displayed in his most winning smile.

"Johnny, my boy," he said, "do you think you could find me a four-leaf clover out in the lawn? I need something to bring me a little luck and I'd be glad to pay you a dollar for every one you can get."

"Oh, Mr. Woodbury!" Riesa protested. "Johnny wouldn't think of——"

"Is it a go?" inquired Woodbury, smilingly disregarding her. "Then scoot, old chap."

"You betcher!" said Johnny, and scooted.

Joyfully and with the most agreeable anticipation Johnny began his search among the tender green of the lawn. His confidence of success was by no means unjustified, for he had the peculiar faculty granted to some people of finding the fortunate herb wherever it happened to be, and the quatrefoil is really not so uncommon as is generally supposed. He counted himself pretty certain of some easy money, and that is a pleasant thing. Also he was rather relieved by Mr. Woodbury's genial manner. For just one fleeting instant the idea had occurred to him that Mr. Woodbury almost disliked him.

But that part of it was all right.

For several minutes Johnny pawed over the lawn, but unsuccessfully. Then he remembered that he had recently picked over the ground for the benefit of some little girls who had a poor idea of the relative value of four-leaf clover and Jonathan apples; so he moved down about half a block to the Millers' parkway, and there, almost directly, he found a four-leaved spray. It occurred to him that Mr. Woodbury would be rejoiced to hear at once of his success, and he got up from his hands and knees to return to the house. As he did this he observed his grandfather in company with Cheever approaching along the diagonal path. They walked slowly and seemed to be conversing earnestly. Almost at the same moment he saw Mr. Woodbury hastily emerging from the house with his hat pulled down low on his brow. The young man strode down the walk and opened the front gate with a movement whose energy seemed excessive for a mere opening. The gate sagged back with a broken hinge.

"I got one!" cried Johnny triumphantly, running toward his friend. "Gimme a dollar."

Mr. Woodbury surprised him by passing on as though he had not seen him. Mr. Woodbury's face was very red, and he was muttering to himself. Johnny caught the words "Little jilt!" but could make nothing of that. Recovering from his surprise he ran after the red-faced mutterer, jumped and attached himself to his leg with the purpose of impeding further progress.

He succeeded. Woodbury stopped at once and cuffed the child's ears soundly, so that Johnny instantly abandoned the leg and uttered a far-reaching yell. This, instead of exciting Woodbury's remorse, seemed only to urge him to further outrage. Glaring diabolically he seized the little fellow and jerking him into a convenient posture across his knee, laid on with vindictive force, slap after resounding slap.

"Hey, you!"

The hoarse shout was followed by a shrill scream from the Wickham house, and it

became evident to Mr. Woodbury that little Johnny's cries had not fallen on deaf ears exclusively. In front of him and followed at a short distance by old Mr. Wickham, Ned Cheever was coming up at top speed with a brutal purpose apparent in his every forward bound. Old Mr. Wickham, though slower, was making good time and brandishing his cane. A glance backward showed Mrs. Wickham just past the broken gate and Riesa hurriedly descending the front steps.

Mr. Woodbury had just time to drop his victim and put himself in a posture of defense before he hit a very dusty spot near the middle of the road with great suddenness and violence. The arrival of the rest of the party was coincident with his raising himself to a sitting posture facing his assailant, who stood over him with clenched fists.

"Get up and spank me for a change, Albertus," Cheever invited, with a battle-smiling face.

"Go back into the house, you women!" snapped old Mr. Wickham. "We'll handle this."

He staggered as he said it and nearly lost his balance and joined Mr. Woodbury in the dust. A tawny shape had shot through the animated circle with the directness and almost the velocity of a well-aimed projectile, brushing against the old gentleman's leg and finding its mark on Woodbury's body, knocking him over again. It was Razzer, and it was lucky for Woodbury that the very force of the attack carried Razzer a yard or two over and beyond its object.

Cheever shouted as he jumped for Razzer's collar; Woodbury shouted also with alarm that was really justified. Old Mr. Wickham swore, Razzer snarled furiously, Mrs. Wickham screamed again, and Johnny took up the howl that he had momentarily suspended. As for Riesa, she, too, made a dash for Razzer, who was struggling madly for freedom.

"Keep away!" Ned told her sharply. "Woodbury, you'd better beat it."

Woodbury, who had scrambled to his feet, evidently thought the advice sound and only paused to inform Cheever that he would see him later.

"I'm easy to see quite approachable," Cheever answered with some difficulty. "You, Razzer, behave!" He shook Razzer vigorously and smote him ungently on the side of the head.

"Hit him harder!" cried Riesa. "That's right!"

In a few moments Razzer seemed fairly subdued, and Mrs. Wickham, greatly distracted between her wailing offspring, the dog and the departing figure of Mr. Woodbury, turned to the others.

"Well, what on earth ——"

Her father-in-law interrupted: "Johnny, if you don't quit howling I'll give you something more to howl for. Here, let's go into the house, people. Ned, you come too. You can turn Razzer loose."

"Yes, do, Mr. Cheever," urged Mrs. Wickham. "I want to thank you. Tell me where it hurts most, darling."

Turned loose, Razzer at once leaped about and on the young man with every doggy demonstration of joy and affection.

"He must be glad to see you back again," said Riesa in a low voice. She was walking at Cheever's side as the procession started.

Cheever looked at her quickly, but her eyes were downcast. He wondered just how he was to take that remark. A sudden depression of spirits seized him and he determined to go no farther than the gate.

They were within a step of the gate when something soft and warm came gently into contact with his hand. Accidental? No, for it occurred again, and then little fingers slipped into his clasp and out again so quickly that but for the lingering impression that they left—the memory of nerves. Cheever would not have believed that the thing had happened. As it was, he looked for confirmation and found it in tear-bright eyes now raised to his quite as though their owner realized that the time for subterfuge and concealment had passed. "I am, too," Riesa whispered, "but I don't deserve it."

Little Johnny Wickham was sitting on the porch in the morning sunshine picking sand burs out of Razzer's ears when his grandfather came out of the house and stopped near him to light his pipe.

"How is it I find you sitting down already, bud?" the old gentleman asked pleasantly. "Is it Spartan fortitude or doesn't it hurt now?"

Johnny grinned in an embarrassed way, but made no reply to this gibe.

"I owe you an apology, bud," old Mr. Wickham continued. "I didn't do you justice. I see now how your sagacity and self-sacrificing spirit have reunited two loving and divided hearts and added Ned Cheever to our family circle. Did you know that Ned's cherished ambition to be your big brother is about to be fulfilled? I can't sufficiently admire the skillful manner in which you goaded that scaly scoundrel, Woodbury, to drop his mask; but I told you he would bite if goaded, didn't I?"

"You didn't," Johnny answered. "You said he wouldn't bite. But it was him got bit. Razzer tore his pants in one place I saw his skin."

"Very gratifying, I'm sure," said his grandfather. "What's this I hear about Mr. Woodbury bulking you out of a dollar for a four-leaf clover to bring him luck?"

"I sold one to Ned last night," Johnny told him. "He gave me two dollars for it. I'm going out this afternoon to see if I can't find some more."

"Do so, bud; do so," said the old man. "Everything is perfectly lovely just now. I never saw anything lovelier; but if Ned's going to marry Riesa it won't hurt him to have a few four-leaf clovers in reserve. He may not need 'em, and yet again, there's no telling."

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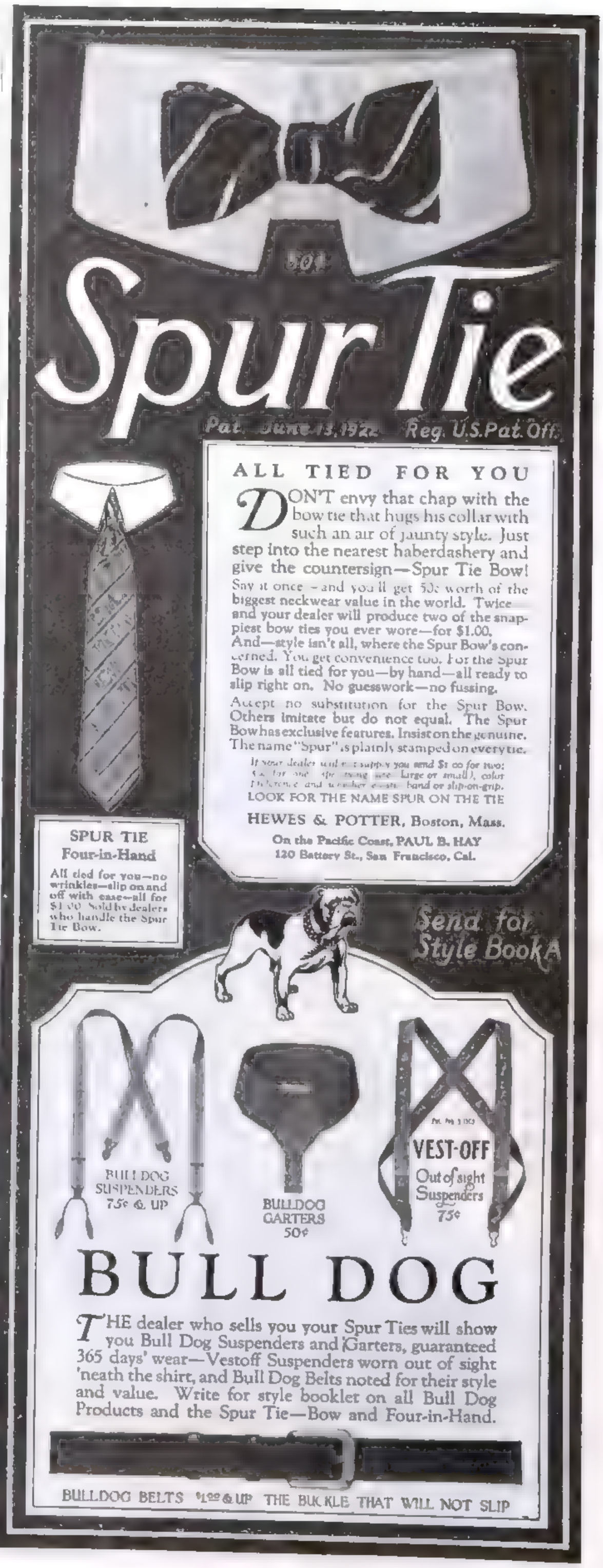
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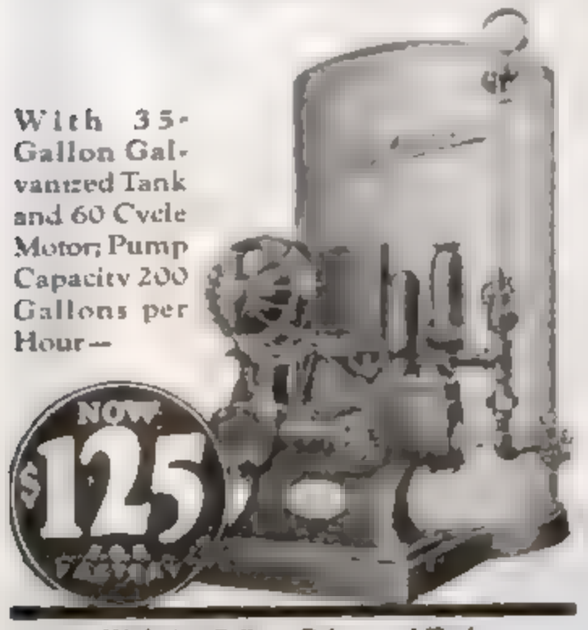


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# A NEW YORK KNIGHT

(Continued from Page 19)

"Where to, sir?" said Henry Denry coaxingly.

"South America," said the portly gentleman.

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I," announced the portly gentleman, beginning in a dramatic whisper and ending in a burst of song, "am a dickey bird, and I live in the mountains, and though I am an outlaw, yet I've a kingdom beneath my sway."

"Very good, sir. Shall we drive up Fifth Avenue, sir?"

The portly gentleman looked searchingly at Eleanor.

"Can she fly?" he inquired anxiously.

"No, sir."

The portly gentleman looked disappointed.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp or what's a heaven for?" said the portly gentleman as he climbed into the cab, which groaned beneath him. "'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!' hollered the dying what's-his-name."

Eleanor started away as if attacked by a spasm. The portly gentleman poked his head out of the side and addressed Henry.

"Do you know, cabby," he asked, "why, out of a city of six million people, I pick your cab?"

"No, sir."

"Because your horse makes me laugh," said the portly gentleman, and he did laugh till the wheels of the rented vehicle were almost shaken loose. "You see"—he became suddenly serious, and even wept a little—"I'm a bank president and I can laugh only once a year. This is the day. Oh, that horse, that horse—or is it a horse? Cabby, if you can drive past the zoo without the keeper's running out and claiming that animal there's a ten-spot in it for you."

With the ten dollars Henry Denry bought himself a used beaver hat, and for Eleanor much oats. Next day he had two fares; his new calling began to interest him.

After the first few weeks he decided to give up day work; he could not bear to have people laugh at Eleanor; she was sensitive about it. He became a nighthawk, and every evening he and Eleanor issued forth from the stable on Barrow Street and prowled up and down Fifth Avenue till one in the morning, or later if the night was fair and business brisk. Business was moderately good in those days. Old ladies liked him because he carried no whip and said such pleasant things to his horse; intoxicated gentlemen picked him out from a hundred hacks because, apparently, they liked to sit and watch with fascinated eyes the centrifugal motion of Eleanor's hips. His success did not turn Henry Denry's head; he bought new harness and a greatcoat.

"'Bout time I settled down, anyway, kid," he said to Eleanor. "Do you realize that eight out of every ten men are broke at sixty? Well, we won't be, eh, kid?"

He lived in a small furnished room in Bedford Street, just around the corner from the stable where Eleanor boarded. Every day he curried her, rubbed her down, joked with her about how plump she was getting, and gave her a lump of sugar purloined from the lunch cart where he took his meals. The other cabmen wondered where Henry Denry disappeared to when off duty; Eleanor knew; she was his only confidante.

He had long talks with her as they made their nightly way up and down the Avenue. They didn't miss a night. Some nights, when it was cold, Henry did not fancy going out, but when he saw that Eleanor was restless he would bundle himself into his coat, saying, "A good horse must have plenty of exercise, eh, Eleanor?" Out they would go. Eleanor atoned for her lack of beauty by her business acumen. She came to have an uncanny ability to spot fares; as she ambled and skipped and humped along she studied passing faces, her greenish eyes seeming to read their thoughts, for she would hesitate and point, like a setter, at some person on the sidewalk.

"Keb, sir?" Henry Denry would call, smiling his most engaging smile at the person pointed to, and almost always that person would climb into the cab. Then Eleanor would look over her shoulder with a triumphant leer, and Henry would wink at her, and off they'd trot.

As Eleanor soon learned to know every lamp-post, traffic cop, crossing, shop, hotel and manhole on Fifth Avenue, Henry Denry was able to keep his mind comparatively free for thought and reflection as they bowled along. He had come to think of his life as divided into three parts: The first, which he tried to remember, but which was very indistinct, was the golden part, when he was a boy; he could remember, dimly, riding a pony of his own through green fields; he could remember a big white house with pillars, and gracious ladies who patted him on the head and called him Master Henry. Then came the second period, which he did not try to remember—a blotted, hazy period of drifting and drinking and forgetting; then, finally, the third, or Eleanor period, of hard work and a measure of respectability that sometimes alarmed Henry Denry.

Henry had dreams too. As, with his fare tucked safely into the proper niche, he and Eleanor moved toward their destination, perhaps far up Fifth Avenue past the castles of the gold and the gilded folk, he indulged his vagrant fancy. He needed to keep but one-eighth of an eye on his work, for Eleanor was so competent that the rest of his eyes he could use to gaze into a rosy future. He saw himself rich; not so rich perhaps as the dwellers in the castles he was passing, but tolerably well off; rich enough, anyhow, to have a small farm out in New Jersey somewhere, and a good comfortable house with a man to keep the furnace red-hot, for Henry suffered particularly from the cold. But the possession around which most of his dreams were spun was a little rural paradise for Eleanor—a stable and a green meadow where she could romp and roll. She must have a pasture all her own; on that he was resolved. It would be a rare treat for her, he knew, for she was a city horse, a flower of the asphalt, sprung from Second Avenue, and she had never rolled in the grass in her life.

It was only when candor forced him to see how far he was from attaining this dream that Henry Denry sighed. He could dream of what he would do with a fortune, but he could think of no practical way of attaining one. He was saving a little, of course, but only a little. Stable rent and the cost of feed were always going up, and Eleanor was always needing new harness or new shoes, so, although his own living habits were Spartan in their simplicity, and although he hadn't bought a drink in so long he'd forgotten to want to buy one, his progress toward his golden goal was that of a turtle climbing the Alps. But he clung to his dream; and of course he shared it with Eleanor.

"Just you wait, kid," he'd say to Eleanor as they jingled along in the evening, and orange-yellow streams of soft light came from the windows of the big houses, and, perhaps, from his lofty seat Henry Denry caught a glimpse of a table set with silver and crystal or of an open fire with a deep divan before it. "Just you wait, old girl. One of these days Henry Denry will be toasting his toes before a fire while you're down in your big stall, eating oats till you almost bust. And say, when you're rolling in the grass you'll forget all about that dingy hole you live in now, old kid."

Eleanor shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I'm not kidding. Just stick to Henry. Anything can happen," he would tell her

Something did happen to Henry Denry and Eleanor. A horde of yellow, brown, white, checkered insects swooped down upon New York—taxicabs. They were many times more swift than Eleanor, cheaper and more fashionable. One by one the old Fifth Avenue hansom cabs gave up the unequal struggle, and horses that had once stepped proudly on Fifth Avenue now drudged along Tenth, pulling fish wagons. But not Eleanor. Henry Denry stuck. He stuck although each year his income decreased and his expenses mounted. He had been a Fifth Avenue cabman for twenty years, and both he and Eleanor were too elderly now to change. His back began to creak and to come apart at embarrassing moments, but he could not afford to get a new one or even repair the old properly. His greatcoat began to show shiny spots and here and there to admit the weather; he repaired it as best he could with a needle held in stiff inexpert fingers. His landlady raised the rent on his small room with little heat, so he moved to a smaller room with no heat. He didn't tell Eleanor this; it wasn't her fault; she still was optimistic about the cabbing business. He was afraid, however, that she would notice that they were not carrying so many passengers as of yore, so he told her that he was now so affluent that he could afford to pick and choose, and that for her sake he chose only light passengers whose faces he liked. He even joked with her about how surprised she'd be at her pasture in the country, and how she might be a little scared at first of the bees and the trees and the flowers. He economized desperately; he cut his habitual second cup of coffee; he worked longer hours, and invented new blandishments to try to win fares. Despite all his efforts, lower and lower sank his receipts, higher and higher mounted his costs. His landlady began to give him hard looks; then peremptory words.

One night when he brought Eleanor back to her stall he said to her, "Old lady, I guess I'll stay here with you tonight. You act kind of lonesome. It's nice and warm here in the straw. Now be careful, don't step on me." He settled himself down, trying to make his coat cover him. "It's not at all bad here," he said. "Pleasant dreams, kid. Perhaps I'll sleep here every night." After that he did.

One noon Mr. Pestalozzi entered the stall. Mr. Pestalozzi owned the stable; he was grumbling.

"Is it not bad enough," he inquired in aggrieved Sicilian-American, "that I have to stable that monster of yours? Do not my friends ask me, 'Ah, Benedetto, why do you say you keep a livery stable? It is a museum or a menagerie you keep.' And now you must come and sleep here; this is no hotel. But I could bear it all if you would pay me what you owe me. For seven weeks you have not paid me. That great creature of yours has an appetite like all the goats of Capri. I cannot go on pouring feed into her. You must pay."

"Oh, I'll pay," said Henry Denry airily. "You'll get your money, all right. I've had a little hard luck lately. Give me time. Business will pick up, and then I'll pay."

Mr. Pestalozzi looked dubious; but he was no more dubious than Henry Denry was at heart. That night he and Eleanor stayed out all night; they searched the Avenue and even the side streets, although it was a bitter night and a blizzard was brewing. When they reached the stable Eleanor's knees were clicking together from fatigue, and Henry Denry could hardly hold up his head. Mr. Pestalozzi waked him at noon with a fresh demand that he pay up. The stable keeper was in no merry mood.

"I want my money," he said numerous times.

"Not so loud," said Henry Denry. "She's tired."

"I've got to be paid today," said Mr. Pestalozzi darkly as he stalked out, muttering.

Henry Denry tried to go to sleep again; he pillowed his white head on his beaver hat, settled his coat around his shoulders, buried his feet under the straw; he did manage to fall asleep.

He woke with a start. He thought he was in the midst of some horrible dream. But he wasn't; he was awake, and the two men who were untying the rope that fastened Eleanor to her manger were real enough; apparently they had not noticed Henry, all but submerged beneath the straw.

He leaped up.

"Hey, what the devil?" he cried. "You're in the wrong stall. That's my horse."

"Oh, no, it ain't," said one of the men, who was thick and wide of chest.

"But I tell you she is. Why, this is Eleanor."

"Listen, old-timer," the man said pugnaciously, "this here horse may be Eleanor, or Mamie or Gertie, but we're goin' take her, see?"

"Take her? Take Eleanor?"

A cold fear hit Henry Denry in the stomach.

"Sure," said the big man. "You owe Pestalozzi forty-one bucks, don't you? Well, we're from the sheriff's office, see, and we're going to sell this skate to a bone yard so Pestalozzi can get his money."

"You can't! You've got no right!"

Henry Denry was quivering in every nerve. (Continued on Page 142)

# SELZ $SIX

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Here is a Selz shoe for $6—the Selz $Six.

It's a great value—style, character, long wear, all leather—six dollars.

See it at the dealer's in your district known for greatest value giving, the merchant who does business on short margin to make volume sales.

That is the kind of merchant who sells Selz Shoes—stores like Gimbel's in New York, Kennedy's in Boston, Berberich's in Washington, the Nebraska Clothing Co. in Omaha, The H. & S. Pogue Co. in Cincinnati, The W. B. Davis Co. in Cleveland.

The profit per pair, regardless of price $6, or up to $10—is small. You get the benefit.

*Your Selz Dealer*

He is in business to serve you well.
He knows good values and gives them to you.
He voluntarily takes less profit in the interest of greater sales.

1871 SELZ 1923

11 FACTORIES—30,000 DEALERS

*MAKERS OF ALL-LEATHER SHOES, INCLUDING THE FAMOUS "ROYAL BLUE" LINE, FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS*

CHICAGO : PITTSBURGH

*All leather*

*Full grain Cherry Red Calfskin*

*Also other styles and leathers in high and low shoes*

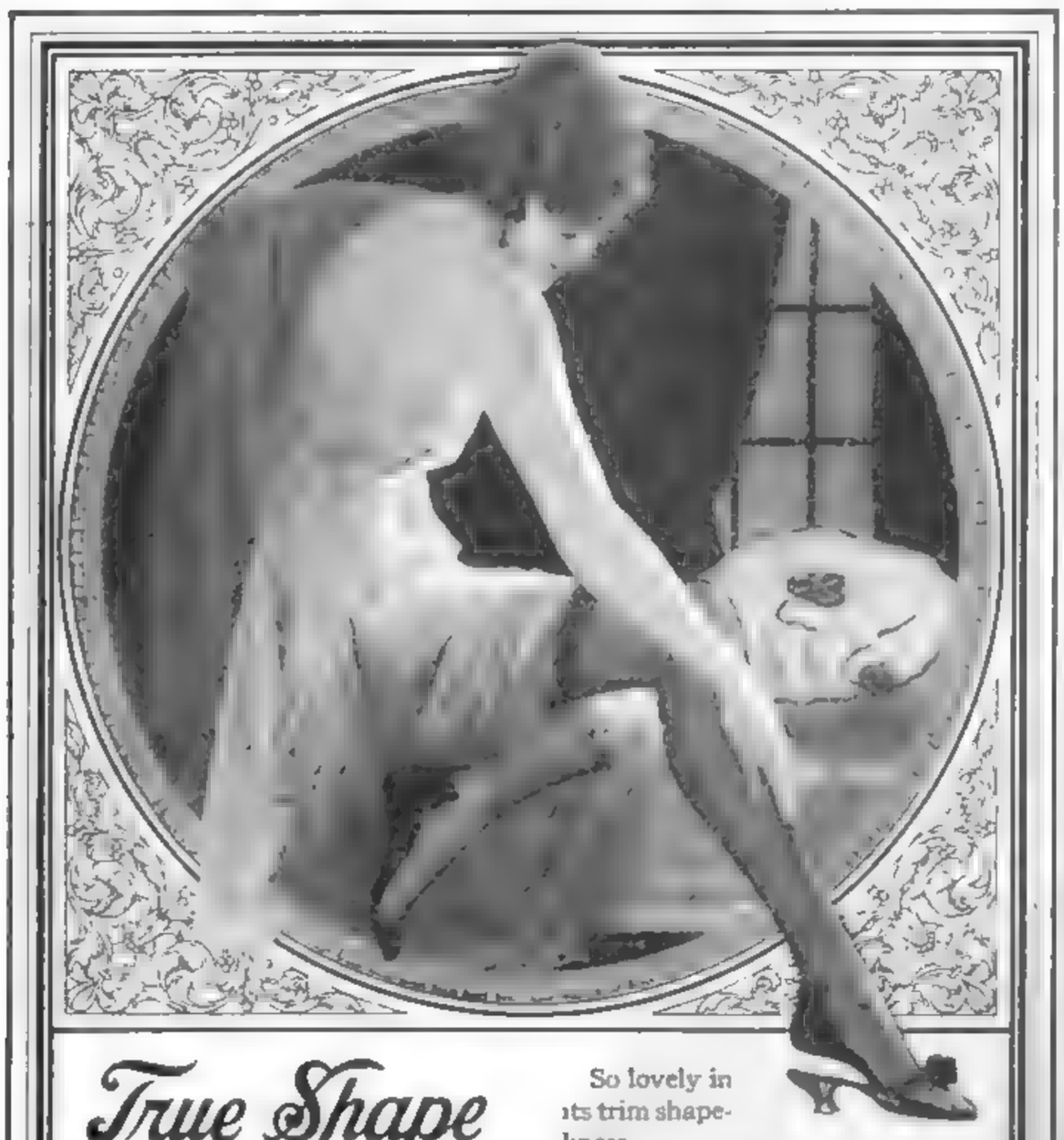
*Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel*

*Goodyear Welt*

*Longer Wearing Oak Sole*

**SELZ $SIX**

Look for the stamp on the sole



True Shape Hosiery

the fitting hose

So lovely in its trim shapeliness.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.

MACGREGOR

One of our men at play on our private golf course

The same man photographed while at work in our shops

Golfers as well as Club Makers

IT is not uncommon to hear golfers speak in most laudatory terms of the results secured with their MACGREGOR clubs. They find keener enjoyment in their game because of the confidence inspired by a "subtle something" about the feel of the clubs in their hands.

This is easily understood when the human element in club construction is considered. The attaining of perfect balance, rhythm and feel requires such delicate and accurate workmanship that it is best accomplished by men who possess a happy blending of the master's skill with an intimate appreciation of what the clubs must do. Such are MACGREGOR craftsmen.

They play golf regularly on our own private course. They accomplish such wonders in club construction because they not only *know how*, but they take that *pride* in their work which only a golfer can feel.

Always say MACGREGOR to your Pro or Dealer for golf clubs and balls. Write us for our General Catalog and either or both of these booklets: 1. "*Golf the Game of Games.*" (An introduction to golf.) 2. *Stepping Stones to a Golf Course.* (Help for suggestions for laying out a new course.)

THE CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY COMPANY
Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio

MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGORS

(Continued from Page 140)

"Can't we, hey? Get out of the way, old-timer."

"Stop, I tell you!" cried Henry Denry.

"Try and stop us," said the big man.

With one gloved hand he shoved Henry aside while the other man led Eleanor out into the street. Bareheaded, and without a coat, Henry Denry ran after them. The blizzard had come and the snow was piled high.

"Stop! Please stop! Come back! Kick 'em, Eleanor, kick 'em! Stop, I tell you! She's mine! I'll call a cop! I'll ——"

He was frantic. The men paid no attention to him. Eleanor heard; she pulled back, refused to budge. One of the men kicked her in the ribs with his heavy work shoe.

The next instant the man was rolling in the snow with Henry, with all the small strength he had, trying to strangle him; it was easy for the man to throw Henry off and scramble to his feet. Henry picked himself up and threw himself at the man again; this time the man was ready for him. He drove his hard square fist into Henry Denry's face, and over backward went Henry Denry into a heap of snow, and there he stayed.

Next morning the New York papers carried a little story tucked away in a corner; it was just a paragraph that didn't even rate a headline. It read:

Henry Denry, 63, address unknown, a cabman for many years on Fifth Avenue, was taken to Bellevue Hospital yesterday, suffering from shock, exhaustion and lack of nourishment. He was found lying in the snow in Barrow Street by Patrolman Francis X. Brennan, of the Charles Street Station. He was able to give no coherent account of how he got there, but he keeps calling for Eleanor. The police are searching for the woman.

In his office on the twenty-seventh floor of the Merchants, Lawyers, Bankers, Engineers and Manufacturers Title and Mortgage Company's building, Mr. Guthrie Chapman, substantial member of the New York bar, and senior partner of Chapman, Chapman & Chapman, was reading his morning paper. Usually a swift glance at the front page, a peep at the political news, a glimpse at the editorials and a few minutes of profound study of the financial page sufficed for Mr. Chapman, but on this morning he felt leisurely; buried under a blizzard, New York seemed less hurried, and this mood was communicated to him. So he read everything, including the shipping news, and came at last to the paragraph about Henry Denry.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Chapman. "By Jove! Henry Denry! It might be. Unusual name. Very." He pushed a button. "Plimpton," he said to his secretary, "bring me the papers in the Meade will case, will you? They're in the old file probably; they're about ten years old."

Mr. Chapman studied the stack of faded papers, nodding to himself.

"Plimpton," he directed, "have my limousine sent round at once to take me to Bellevue Hospital. There's a patient there I must see. Back in an hour."

He found Henry Denry in bed, very weak, and entirely disconsolate. Mr. Chapman was surprised that the little old man received without enthusiasm the news that he was a missing heir, that he was the grandson of Henry Fairfax Meade, of Warren County, Kentucky, and that under the will of his grandfather he would receive the sum of $163,797.14.

"Why, man," exclaimed Mr. Chapman, "it's a fortune! You can live in ease the rest of your life."

"Without Eleanor," said Henry Denry.

A week later Henry Denry, in a new suit and a coat lined with fur, came out of the office of Mr. Chapman. In one pocket was a fat lump of bills, in the other a check book. His right hand was closed on one, his left on the other, but there was no joy in his eyes. He stood outside the skyscraper, uncertain where to go.

He had had a brief and heated interview with Mr. Pestalozzi. It developed that the two men who had borne Eleanor off were not from the sheriff's office, after all; they had been bluffing; they were friends of Mr. Pestalozzi, who had used this simple direct method of collecting a debt for their friend. They were produced, under threat of arrest, but they were unable to tell with any certainty of Eleanor's fate. They had sold her to a stranger of unknown race and habitat, a dirty fat man with a fur cap and a squint, whom they had met somewhere on the lower East Side. They did not know his name or business, but they gathered from his remarks that he was buying Eleanor with a view to speculating in hide, bones and sausages. When he heard this Henry Denry wanted to kill them, but he was still weak from his hospital experience; so all he could do was turn away, sit down on a bench and bury his head in his hands.

He wandered aimlessly about the streets. He ate an expensive lunch, but hardly tasted it. He found himself on Fifth Avenue, and noticed that there were still a few cabmen left. He engaged the oldest, poorest-looking one and told him to drive him up and down till dark, then take him to a hotel. When he got out of the cab he asked, "How much?"

"Four dollars," said the cabman.

"Here you are; never mind the change," said Henry Denry. The old driver decided then and there that the end of the world was at hand; for, lying in the palm of his rein-worn mitt, was a yellow fifty-dollar bill.

In the morning Henry Denry lay in his warm bed—exactly the sort of bed he had dreamed of during those cold nights on the box, and in the straw of Eleanor's stall—a vast, wide, soft bed of shining brass. But in his face was no sign of contentment. His eyes dully studied the wall paper. Then, suddenly resolute, he got up and dressed. He had made up his mind to try to find Eleanor.

He knew it was no use; cold reason told him that. He knew that he alone could appreciate her as a horse; her purchaser would see in her only an old nag, fit only for sausages. But hope is ever stronger than reason; Henry Denry set forth on his quest.

You may have seen him in those days. He was everywhere in New York. His small figure could be seen moving up and down streets, his head at an alert angle. He did not walk easily after so many years of sitting on a cab seat; he stammered in his walk; yet no nook or corner of the scattered metropolis was too remote to escape him.

Foot by foot he covered Park Avenue, where they have strawberries all year round; Washington Heights, where they have strawberries in season; and South Brooklyn, where they never have strawberries at all. He visited every slaughterhouse and bone yard; he was often rebuffed, but he persisted. Had they seen a large white horse? They hadn't. Whenever he saw a horse on the street he quickened his step and hurried, so that he might make sure it was, or was not, Eleanor. He even pursued brown and black horses as if he suspected that by some diabolic sorcery someone had changed her white and speckled complexion to throw him off the track. When he spied a white horse he became very excited, and actually broke into a run. As a stranger in a far city is always seeing faces he thinks he knows, only to find them mirages, so Henry Denry was always seeing Eleanor. He chased one possible Eleanor eleven blocks; his eyesight was no longer of the best, but he was sure it was she; he thought he recognized her ears. He enlisted a hated taxi and sped after her. As the taxi drew abreast of the horse Henry Denry's hope was high and his heart was knocking against his ribs like boiling potatoes in a covered pot. But he had to believe his eyes at last. It was not she. It was a runty, scraggly mongrel of a horse no more like the magnificently proportioned Eleanor than a billboard is like a Rembrandt. He went back to his hotel and pulled the pillow around his head to shut out the world.

Henry had to drag himself out on the hunt next morning. He had been at it three months. In vain had he inserted advertisements in all the papers:

$1000 REWARD

For information concerning whereabouts of large white horse with brownish spots, very tall, unusual shape, about 22 years old, affectionate nature, answers to name of Eleanor. Address, Henry Denry, St. Carl Hotel.

Not that the advertisement didn't bring results; it did—abundant results. Horses were brought in bunches, in coveys, in droves to his hotel. Certain enthusiastic claimants even tried to bring their pretenders up to his room. All sorts of horses were brought—big ones, small ones, old ones, young ones, white, brown, gray, black and variegated. One man brought a Shetland pony that could do tricks, and one optimist brought a dog, a lopsided tan

(Continued on Page 144)

"This is the engine of a fountain pen." Insist that yours bears the name "LIFETIME."

*Unconditionally Guaranteed Forever*

# SHEAFFER'S

## "Propel-Repel-Expel"
### The PENCIL with every Virtue

We are proud of the greatest achievement in fountain Pens—our "LIFETIME." We are also equally proud of our newest achievement; Sheaffer's "Propel-Repel-Expel" Pencil —recognized as the most practical, beautiful and reliable pencil ever produced.

You would not buy an automobile without a self-starter, and if you knew you would not buy a mechanical pencil that did not repel the lead.

The Sheaffer "Propel-Repel-Expel" Pencil with a slight turn to the left draws the lead back, eliminating the soiling of the inside of the pocket, shirt waist, or the inside of the ladies' hand bag. A slight turn to the right expels the lead. In fifteen seconds you can refill this wonderful pencil.

Many are discarding their old type of propel pencil for the Sheaffer "Propel-Repel-Expel," as the time saved and the satisfaction in using it more than repays them.

Nearly One Million in Daily Use. Only 19 returned for repairs in thirty days.

*Sheaffer Patented Bell Shaped Cap*

*"Propel-Repel-Expel" Pencil companion to "LIFETIME"*

*Sheaffer Patented Ball Clip grips firmly — eliminates wear on pocket.*

*"Specially Constructed LIFETIME Band eliminates breaking of caps."*

You can identify this wonderful pencil by its symmetrical bell-shaped cap and clip that holds it firmly in the pocket and does not tear the clothes.

The mechanism of this pencil is constructed and assembled without means of solder. It is inserted in the barrel under 30 pounds pressure and held there by our special Waspalumin block.

Over-size lead that jams, or under-size lead that becomes loose in the ordinary pencil are taken and held firmly with a special Waspalumin Carrier used only in Sheaffer "Propel-Repel-Expel" Pencils. Sheaffer's blue label leads are the world's best. Packages of one dozen 10c—made in all degrees of hardness.

Priced from $1 to $50

Ask your dealer to demonstrate our No. 46 Sheaffer Special, $5.00 pen, the best pen in the world selling for less than $8.75.

*Patented Waspalumin Expansion Block holds mechanism firmly without solder.*

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO.
FORT MADISON IOWA

# SHEAFFER'S
## "LIFETIME" PENS
## AT THE BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

*Branches:*

NEW YORK 370 Seventh Ave. CHICAGO 506 Republic Bldg. SAN FRANCISCO 681 Market Street KANSAS CITY Gateway Station DENVER 502 Jacobson Bldg.

*Patented Waspalumin Carrier Prevents jamming of over-size leads and holds under-size firmly.*

WIDEWEAVE—Double Grip
$1.00
PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
The double grip wideweave PARIS is the latest style in garters. It's tailored to insure complete ease and a most satisfactory service. No binding, plenty of value and socks held securely
"3000 Hours of Solid Comfort."
A. STEIN & COMPANY
MAKERS
Children's HICKORY Garters
Chicago New York

Knapp-Felt Hats *for* Men

THE KNAPP-FELT signature is imprinted in straw hats as an assurance of the high quality characteristic of all KNAPP-FELT headwear.

Knapp-Felt hats are sold by the best dealers everywhere. *Write for* THE HATMAN
*The Crofut & Knapp Company 620 Fifth Avenue New York*

*(Continued from Page 142)*

hound, saying blandly that although he would not attempt to deny that she was not a horse, at least her name was Eleanor, and wouldn't she do just as well? Wearily Henry Denry waved them all away.

He had come to the end of his rope. Hope was very nearly extinct. More from habit than from reason he started out that day for the Bronx; he hadn't visited the outermost rim of New York. As he walked with slow discouraged steps down one of the Bronx streets he saw that a crowd had gathered at a street corner. As, in New York, a crowd gathers for any reason, or none, Henry Denry was not much interested. But he had enough curiosity to turn his steps in the direction of the crowd. As he drew near he heard the crowd giving advice, as crowds do.

"Sit on his head."

"Tickle him in the ribs."

"Spread ashes under him."

"Leave him lay; he's all in."

"Build a fire under him."

"Aw, let him croak in peace."

"Kick him in the ribs; he's just plain lazy."

Henry Denry strode forward more briskly, for he knew from the words, and from the presence of an abandoned junk wagon, that a horse had fallen on the slippery pavement. Apparently the animal's owner had acted on the last counsel, for Henry heard the hollow boom of a boot being driven into the ribs of a horse. His heart grew hot. Then he went cold all over. Through the crowd he could see the face of the kicker, and it was a fat dirty face, with a squint. Henry shoved through the crowd. There on the pavement lay a horse; it was a huge white horse with far too much limb; she was obviously very tired, and underfed—but she was Eleanor.

The fat man with the squint had drawn back his foot to launch another kick. To this day he is wondering how such a frail little old man as Henry Denry could have had the strength to give him such a terrific thump on the nose. Also, how one so obviously elderly and unathletic could have had the agility to climb all over him, like a monkey over a coconut tree, and belabor him black, blue and purple, with the ferocity and precision of a bass drummer playing a grand finale.

"He was like a crazy wildcat," said the squinting man later to friends. "No wonder I run away."

The crowd perceived that this time it had something worth gathering for. They saw the fur-coated little man go down on his knees and imperil two hundred dollars' worth of coat by holding to it very tight the long hammer head of a very dirty, very ugly old horse.

They were perfectly sure he was mentally unbalanced when they heard him saying, quite oblivious of them, "Eleanor, what did I tell you? What did I tell you, old girl? Didn't I say, 'Stick to Henry Denry and you'll have a nice green meadow all your own, with trees and flowers and bees and all the oats in the world'? Well, you're going to have them."

Eyewitnesses have expressed a willingness to take their solemn oaths that the old white horse laughed out loud.

Mr. Guthrie Chapman, of Chapman, Chapman & Chapman, came out of his house in lower Fifth Avenue one night, and said "Damn." It was sleeting, so he couldn't walk up to the Union Club, where he had a dinner engagement. He had sent his wife to the opera in his town car, and he hated taxicabs because the drivers always looked as if they had just eaten a passenger and were ready to bite another. So he whistled for a hansom cab that was moving slowly along past his house.

"Where to, Mr. Chapman?" asked the cabby.

Mr. Chapman looked up, surprised

"Why, by Jove, it's Denry! Henry Denry," he said.

"Right, sir. Where to, sir?" said the cabby, smiling widely.

"Why—er—to the Union Club," directed Mr. Chapman as he got into the cab.

He leaned back; he was puzzled, and his legal mind tried to grapple with this phenomenon. By the time they reached Fourteenth he had reached a solution: The old fool, Denry, had lost his fortune, had dissipated it away; by Jove, now that Mr. Chapman thought of it, he had heard Henry Denry described as the ne'er-do-well of a fine old family. At Twenty-first Street Mr. Chapman felt angry with Henry for being such a waster. At Twenty-ninth Street he began to be sorry for him.

After all, it was tough on the old fellow to have to come back to this hard life. Mr. Chapman remembered how Henry, after his reunion with Eleanor, had spoken so enthusiastically about retirement to a farm. It hadn't taken him long to lose the whole business, reflected Mr. Chapman. They reached the Union Club, and Eleanor, without being told, stopped at precisely the right spot.

Mr. Chapman climbed out.

"Sorry about this, Denry," he said, trying to be gruff. "Here's your fare."

Henry Denry took the money with a loud "Thank you, sir." Then, before Mr. Chapman's astonished eyes, he clambered quickly down from his seat, went round back of the hack and with mysterious winks and motions beckoned Mr. Chapman to come round there too. The lawyer did so. Before he could make out what was happening Henry Denry had pressed the money back into Mr. Chapman's amazed hand.

"But, Denry, what the devil does this mean?"

"Sh-h-h! Not so loud, please, Mr. Chapman," Henry Denry whispered. "I don't want Eleanor to know I don't take money from passengers any more. You see, sir, she's a professional; she's got her pride; it would hurt her if she thought she'd become an amateur."

"You don't take money?" This was beyond even so keen a man as Mr. Chapman.

"Why should I," asked Henry Denry, "when I've got a hundred and fifty thousand dollars safe in the bank?"

"Then you're not broke?"

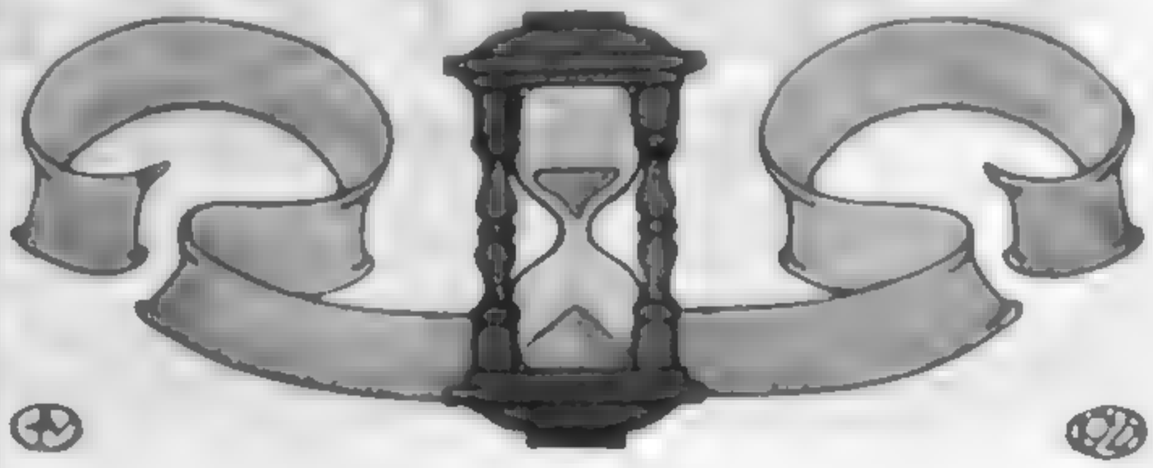
"Not even bent," smiled Henry Denry.

"Then why in the name of common sense aren't you out on your farm, taking it easy, instead of nighthawking again on a vile night like this?"

Again Henry Denry smiled.

"Common sense has got nothing to do with it," he said. "You see, Mr. Chapman, I liked the country, but Eleanor didn't. I was never so comfortable in my life, but Eleanor was miserable out there. You see, she's a city horse. She's been going up and down Fifth Avenue hunting fares so long she just couldn't get used to anything else. The trees and the flowers and the bees frightened her; especially the bees. She began to get homesick for the smell of asphalt, for the passengers and the traffic cops and all the rest of it. I guess cabbying is in her blood. She began to mope and lose weight. So I brought her back here to the old life. She's fine now. I guess the proverb is true: You can't teach an old horse new tricks. Well, good night, Mr. Chapman. Giddap, Eleanor."

Mr. Guthrie Chapman came into the lounge of the Union Club. In the window he saw two men talking. One of them was saying, "Look! There's that old cabman again, and his crazy white horse. You'd think the old fellow would have made enough to knock off for the night. But no—he's a New Yorker; so all he thinks of is money, money, money."



# TRIUMPH

(Continued from Page 36)

broke the splintered glass clean away from the frame. When he could get his other arm safely through he hit at the chauffeur, caught him full on the mouth, and drew his hand in again with blood on the knuckles.

"A-ha!" he yelled. "That'll teach you to stop when I tell you! You madman! Now pull up!"

The chauffeur drove on, but cautiously, and with one arm swung back to hold off Silver. But Silver fought, and the car swerved and swayed.

"You'll kill us both!" Silver screamed.

So at last the car drew up, suddenly, silently, within its own length, and the man in the driving seat turned and caught his opponent's arms. They wrestled across the broken frame. Silver battled like a lunatic, and with about as much skill, for a long minute that seemed an hour before he was hurled back into the car. He fell heavily into the cushiony seat, panting.

"Come quietly," said the chauffeur in a very low voice, which indubitably was not the voice of Jarvis.

"Who are you?" cried Silver, staring.

He saw a pair of keen eyes between the peak of a pulled-down cap and the upturned collar of a coat, fixing him.

"Coming quietly?"

"I'm damned if I am!" cried Silver, his rage boiling over his fears, and he flung himself at the jammed door.

He wrenched and struggled furiously, all his weight on it, and suddenly the door gave way and he fell out on the roadside, cursing. He felt as if all his limbs were doubled helplessly beneath him somehow; but they were not, for he leaped to his feet in an instant; yet almost before that instant had passed the other man was on him.

Silver had an elementary knowledge of fighting. He had done a bit of boxing—rather against his inclinations—at the works boxing club and such institutions; and now, with what speed he could muster, with his overcoat half off him and his muffler twisted into a sort of strangle hold about his neck, he framed up somehow. He danced out to the middle of the road with his fists up, and instinctively guarded his head and middle. The other man jumped in as if he enjoyed it, made a quick feint and got in a quicker blow. Silver broke and ran, suddenly thinking, "I might be able to get away." One of the most side-splitting rounds ever fought was fought in that moonlit road that April night between the half brothers, King and Silver Garnet.

It made King Garnet laugh. He laughed all the time without stopping, except sometimes when he got his punch home and that queer savage thrill of the fighting male choked the laughter in his throat and just expressed itself in a grunt of joy. As a comic spectacle the affair was great; but no one witnessed it. Silver would feint and run; King would follow, round him in and make him fight. Again, breathless, perspiring, Silver would feint and run. He did not want to laugh. He had no wind even to curse, and that he wanted to do badly. Again King would follow, round him in, drive him back towards the car and make him fight. As far as Silver was concerned, there was no infighting; he was for the ropes all the time; and the ropes were the horizon, but he never got there. He was soon so winded that his arms waved and his blows fell as feebly as a baby's. When a right-hander to the chin that had a mere featherweight of King's weight behind it sent him down, he lay there, resting and thankful.

But King Garnet, alert, sound, untouched in mind or limb, undistressed, stood over him, calling the count, "One—two—three—" with the earnest, lilting joy of a small boy playing a fine game; "four—five—six—seven—" Silver wondered dizzily and wrathfully if he were expected to stand up to it again—"eight—nine—ten—time!" Silver raised himself on his elbow, stertorously breathing.

"Stop this mad fooling! I've had enough! Stop it, I say!"

"You've not had enough," came the reply. "Stand up and get to it! Now if we'd only got the gloves this'd be fine!"

Silver was hauled bodily to his reluctant feet. A mere tap on the nose—yet too hard to be pleasant—caused him instantly to frame up again. This time he had to fight without a breakaway. His adversary drove to him close whenever he turned and ducked and dodged, and the hail of blows Silver furiously rained never got through the other's guard. He beat at him like a whirling flail, and never touched him once. That time when he went down he just lay flaccid and let the count go by. He looked up at the big figure in the neat livery.

"Who are you?" he sulked.

The other did not reply. He took a cord from his pockets, suddenly whipped it about Silver before he had regained strength for an effectual struggle, and in three minutes had him propped, trussed like a fowl, on the floor of the car.

They drove again through the moonlit night. Now and again Silver let out a yell, but there was no one to hear, and from his lowly position the yell was almost lost in the rush of the car. The moon disappeared; the intense predawn dark succeeded the white light. They drove on and on, through lane and highroad, sleeping village and sleeping town, till Silver kept crying aloud to himself, "Where in hell's he taking me? You dirty bully! You—you thief! You blackguard! Where're you taking me?"

The blinds of the car were drawn, even over the splintered glass in front; even after dawn came up, pink and cold, it was night within. All about him silence, all about him darkness, Silver Garnet lashed himself into agonies of trepidation and anger.

In the early morning the car stopped. The driver climbed stiffly down, stretched his arms and legs and surveyed mile upon mile of rock and heather, with the pink dawn cold and clear over all. Dartmoor was looking her loveliest and best in the early hours of an early April day. And there was not a soul in sight; not a living thing; not a wild pony, not a sheep, not a shepherd; only, mile upon mile, the rolling moor.

King Garnet pulled his cap down farther, rolled the collar of his coat up farther, opened the car door and felt Silver over, quite kindly. Silver flinched and cursed. King Garnet cut his bonds.

"Take your clothes off," he said, "and hand 'em out to me."

Silver fairly raged.

"If you don't," said King Garnet, "I'll take 'em off you myself. I give you five minutes."

He closed the door, leaned up negligently against the car and lighted a cigarette. In two minutes, listening, he heard no signs of Silver's obedience. He banged upon the door and caught a movement. Then a grunt or two, a groan or two from Silver expressed the reluctance of his bruised body to be undressed. In three minutes more the clothes were flung through the window.

King Garnet returned the courtesy; first his livery cap; next his livery coat; garment after garment was thrust through to the shivering victim within. He stood up without a stitch on him, and rejoiced in the air that ran round and over him, clean and beautiful; and he groaned, looking in ecstasy at the heather, "Oh, Lord, I'd like to roll in it and sleep!"

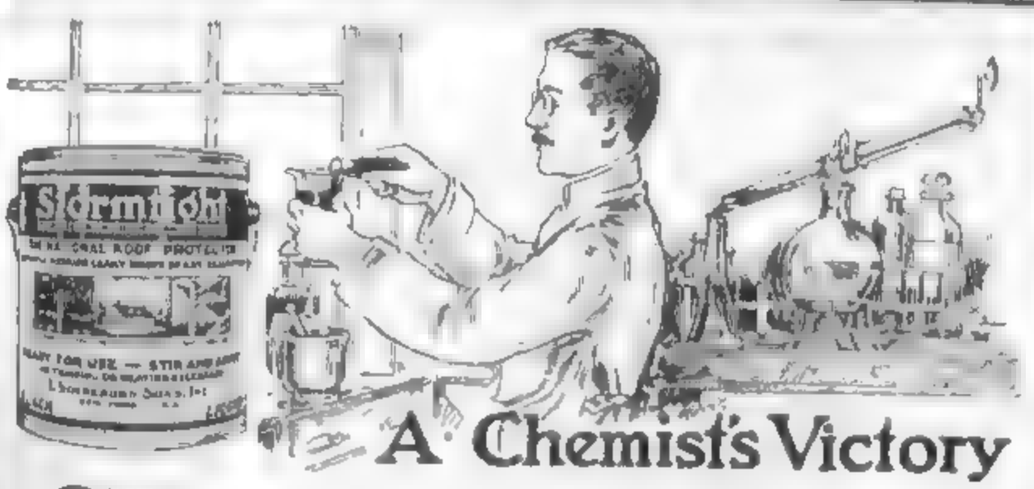
But instead, he dressed swiftly in Silver's evening clothes, filling them out, stretching them to straining point; and when Silver opened the car door with a howl of rage he was confronted by a perfect vision of a young man about town, looking not so much the worse for wear as merely like the morning after the night before. His lack of shaving facilities and the powdering of dust upon him only imparted some pardonable dissipation to his radiance. Silver's silk hat—which had emerged almost scatheless from the fight—placed a little to one side, Silver's exquisitely wrought overcoat adjusted somehow to his brawnier figure, Silver's patent leathers fitting him more or less, Silver's dinner jacket, soft linen shirt finely tucked, white waistcoat and pearl studs adorning him, he stood and smiled a good morning.

Silver Garnet crimsoned to his hair. His eyes were bolting from their sockets. He stared. He stammered. At last he uttered in a great cry, "You—you devil!" And raising his fists he drove uselessly at his half brother.

"What's this?" he shouted. "Where are we?"

"Now, you stand off and listen," said King Garnet. "Where we are doesn't matter. I'm leaving you a flask of brandy, a packet of sandwiches and a compass. Steer northeast for twelve miles and you'll come in sight of some shepherds' huts, and they'll


(SONNEBORN PRODUCTS)

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Stormtight

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protects a good roof—it stops leaks in any roof—it makes an old, leaky roof serviceable for years and thus saves the great cost of a new roof. Apply Plastic Stormtight on bad spots—and brush Liquid Stormtight over all.

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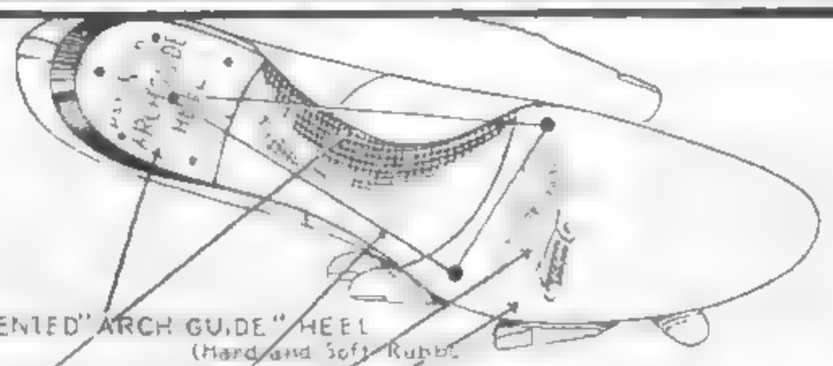
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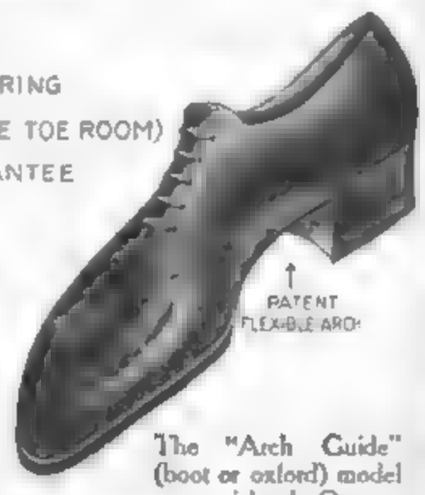


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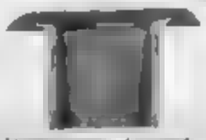

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direct you farther. I don't say you haven't a day's march before you, taking it by and large; but still you can make it. You'll find the car garaged in a certain village for you. You only have to tell the police—when you next communicate with 'em—and they'll find it all right. Good morning, Brother Silver. This is where I laugh, this time."

He moved round to the driving seat. Silver leaped after him.

"You're not going to leave me here!"

"I am going to do precisely that."

"I've got important business in London today."

"Sorry; it'll have to wait."

"It can't wait!" Silver yelled.

"It'll have to. Now see, I've left you the compass and the other stuff there on the ground. Pick it all up. Don't lose it; you'll want it all."

"I'll make you suffer for this! You and your footling insults! Your practical jokes! I'll make you suffer!"

"You may and you mayn't," said King Garnet nonchalantly.

"I'm coming with you, anyway," cried Silver, holding on frantically to the car.

Garnet knocked him off and knocked him down. Silver rose as the car started, and for a moment or two he ran after it like a furious little boy. Like a furious little boy he could have sobbed. And he hated his half brother with a hatred so deep that it seemed to settle into the very roots of him. But all King Garnet was thinking as he drove away was what easy game the fellow seemed to be; how childlike he was; how soft he was; what a poor heart he had. And for some reason, that morning, as he took the wheel and felt the car move under him again, he barely envied Silver any one of his possessions. It was a fine morning; he was a strong man; he had had a spree; he had had a fight; he loved a girl; he had won a gift for her.

He drove over Dartmoor under the mounting sun and heard the larks singing very high, and he extolled everything. With the money he found in Silver's pockets he bought a ready-made suit at the first little country tailor's he passed. He garaged the car, left the evening clothes in it and bought himself a rail ticket up to London. He went straight to his own rooms, changed into his own clothes, went out and sold the new suit.

He went to Maddox—who still received him, but now with frowns and deprecation—and said, "Please recommend me to a nice little lawyer—not your size man at all—who will do what he's told for his money."

Maddox recommended such a man—after having declared in a stately manner knowledge of none such—and King Garnet went on to the Sub-International Bank in King William Street and drew his money.

It was safe! It happened like a fairy tale! Bobby and his confederate had not stopped the check.

Then he went on to the little lawyer, and he spoke to him of Anna Land. He laid the five hundred pounds in a handsome roll before him. They plotted together: King Garnet not to be in this business at all; but an uncle in New Zealand dying without heir, and the next of kin to be a Miss Anna Land.

How would that sort of thing do, asked the little lawyer.

The little lawyer said he would advertise for Miss Land next morning, acting as the representative of a New Zealand firm of lawyers—an Auckland firm, say. Better to be specific—and such firm he could easily look up in the Colonial Law List, he thought.

They settled that his fee should be nearly all the money King had received for the new tweed suit and the rest of the change left from Silver's pockets. The little lawyer, judging cleverly that there was no more, accepted things on this basis.

He suggested, having a certain amount of sympathy still in him, that this young man should hand the money to the lady and save expenses.

But King Garnet replied, "Miss Land is a lady who would object to being under an obligation to anyone; and that, you see, is my difficulty. I wish her to feel free and unhampered entirely."

"Quixotic, my dear fellow, quixotic," remarked the little lawyer with a smile.

He had given up being surprised by good impulses and charming thoughts, just as he remained unsurprised by bad ones, for he found that both came equally unexpectedly.

So there in that rather drab office King Garnet arranged with the little lawyer, who would do whatever he was paid for, the great scheme of Anna's future. And he walked out happy; rich as a prince in that he had royally put the toy she coveted into the lap of the woman he adored. Inasmuch as he could protect her she was protected. No man had done it but him.

He held the foot of her ladder while she climbed. He shook Silver Garnet—and all the Silver Garnets—off her golden stair

He was poor; his inabilities were shameful; friends he had none; he was a waiter at a restaurant where he ought to dine. But he had done this! Yes, he was happy!

Then he went to the Charlton Restaurant. But his place was filled. He knew last night that he had taken that risk. He went home again, workless. Before he slept he made a note in his memorandum book: "I owe Silver Garnet nine pounds eleven shillings."

It was the exact sum he had taken from Silver's pockets. He grinned ruefully and thought: "I wonder how long he'll have to whistle for that now."

### XVIII

AN EXHAUSTED, incredulous, raving, foaming Silver traveled up to town three days after, still clad in his chauffeur's cast-off livery, rang his own doorbell, stumbled past his concerned butler, pushed into the library and kept his finger on the electric-bell push till almost the whole household crowded to the door. The butler held them back, and entered.

"Sir, we have been in great distress— "

"Distress be damned! Where's my secretary?"

"Powell is fetching Mr. Bobby, sir."

"Where's that cursed Jarvis?"

"Sir—Jarvis has been awfully upset, sir; came straight home to Mr. Bobby, and ——"

"Where's my car?"

"We have the car, sir. I traced it easily, of course. . . . Will you take tea, sir? Will you rest till dinner, sir?"

Bobby entered. With the air of the perfect secretary in command taking control of the situation, he dismissed the butler with a brief look. He came right up to Silver.

"Good Lord, sir! Where have you been?"

"Look here!" Silver began in a stammering voice. "How would you explain all this ——"

"All what, sir?"

"I'll tell you. And you shall tell me what you think of it. That half brother of mine ——"

He choked.

"King Garnet, sir? King Garnet?"

"That's the only half brother I have, and one too much!" Silver bellowed. "Look here! Do you know what happened?"

"I, sir? How can I? Jarvis came home and said you'd disappeared with the car. I considered that couldn't happen in a London street before a well-known club without your previous intention."

"My intention! My intention!"

"If you will allow me to give a résumé of my course of action, Mr. Garnet—thank you. You see, you're not exactly a man who babbles; you don't always take others into your confidence." Bobby watched Silver's slightly mollified face, and went on: "Besides that, you're a man of intensely quick thought and action. With you, to think is to act. I said to Jarvis: 'Mr. Garnet's got some big scoop on and doesn't trust anyone with the secret; that's about it.' However, I didn't feel quite justified in letting it go at that; and yet not justified in spying upon you, sir. You understand? Then Julius Hepburn rang up and said you hadn't arrived. So, unauthorized as I was, I rang up Scotland Yard and explained the situation. I told 'em I was not authorized — "

"Not authorized be ——"

"Well, Mr. Garnet, the police traced the car; and Jarvis went down, obtained a description of the man who garaged it, judged it was not yourself, waited a day, then drove it back."

"And I was wandering about, lost on Dartmoor!"

"Dartmoor, sir!"

"Dartmoor! Thick mist all day the second day. I swear I couldn't see my compass in my hand!"

"You had provided yourself with a compass, sir?"

"I had provided myself with no such thing, you fool!"

(Continued on Page 148)

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(Continued from Page 146

"Would it not be better to control yourself, sir?"

"I beg pardon," said Silver, and lapsed into a chair, whence he looked up helplessly and ferociously at Bobby.

"My half brother ——" he began in a sort of bark.

Bobby waved aside Silver's story with extreme politeness, and concluded his own.

"Not having the foggiest idea of what you were up to, of what you wished kept quiet for reasons of your own, I asked the police that there should be no publicity, that all inquiries should be secretly conducted; and I gave the servants very strict orders indeed not to talk. I'm sure I hope I did right. I wish I had been in your confidence, though; and I think you should know me well enough now to trust me."

"Trust ——"

"Yes; trust me, Mr. Garnet. I am sorry if I sound a little sore. I am sore."

"Not so sore as I am, I'll bet!" cried Silver furiously, recalling and still wincing from his recent bruising.

"The police," added Bobby, "are hardly satisfied with the affair so far, and would like to pursue it further, I suppose, or receive your explanation."

"They can do both!" said Silver. "My half brother is in this."

Bobby remarked very quietly, "Ah, yes, you were saying that King Garnet ——" And to himself he was saying, "Gosh! I might have known! Wonder why I never tumbled. Johnson? Why, it was easy!"

"Look here!" said Silver, sitting up and speaking very fast. "Jarvis got down at the Senior Charlton to deliver that book you said old Ivinghoe was so set on. He went right up the steps and inside. You know that club? Well, in a moment or two he came down again, as I thought, and drove off. After Regent's Park I fell asleep ——"

"You fell asleep, sir!"

"Don't I tell you so? What was in those cocktails, eh?"

"Cocktails!" said Bobby with good-tempered scorn. "Nothing. You had one ——"

"I had two."

"You had two, then. I had three. Didn't hurt me. Drop of gin, bitters, mixed vermuth, dash of absinth. That can't make you drunk. Two of those!"

"I wasn't drunk; I fell asleep."

Bobby paused a long while, very politely, with complete incredulity. With ridicule tempered by kindness he commented: "You shouldn't take two. Not used to 'em strong yet. You've no head. I should have remembered it. Still, I recall now; you would take two."

Silver was always a little ashamed of his inability to carry his liquor like a man. He knew that he became very easily muddled and quarrelsome.

He said hastily: "I tell you I fell asleep. Well, I'd had a tiring day; all that business, and so on. When I awoke we were right out in the country. And the man in the driving seat wasn't Jarvis!"

"Of course, he couldn't have been, since Jarvis came home," said Bobby; "but it sounds like a penny novelette. Who was it?"

"My half brother!" Silver proceeded frenziedly with the whole story. At the end he saw Paul Bobby straddling before the fire, very slim, very perfect, staring at him with open mouth that suddenly curled into laughter. The laughter was derisive, and Silver squirmed before it.

"Good Lord!" said Bobby. "Forgive me, sir! I ——" He checked the laugh by what appeared a heroic effort. "Mr. Garnet, allow me to say, you can never make a ludicrous story like that public."

"I can't?"

"Well, if you like; as you wish—but you'd be the laughingstock of London."

Silver Garnet had imagined himself in many rôles, but never that of laughingstock. Now his dangerous adventure began to assume a humiliating guise. It took on the appearance of a huge practical joke played against him. Under Bobby's satirical eyes and satirical grin he saw it all at once as Bobby would have him believe that other people would see it. He crimsoned slowly from brow to unshaven chin. He could not even begin to share Bobby's amusement. He felt as if he would never laugh again. He was outraged and humbled. He would so much have preferred to see the thing as a murder plot, drastic and important.

"Fine joke!" he growled.

"Well, it came off," said Bobby appreciatively. He let his appreciation sink in, so that Silver should see the enjoyment as general if the story went farther. Then adroitly he changed his tone, took on sympathy and added:

"Beastly for you, Mr. Garnet, none the less. However, your half brother has satisfied his sense of revenge, I suppose. He kidnaped you, beat you up, made you wander about Dartmoor for two or three days in your own chauffeur's rig and then travel up to town in it. He wanted to make you look a fool before the world. He's aching for the publicity now! Well, I say, don't give it to him!"

"I won't!" Silver shouted. "I never saw it like that; but now I do. Glad I told you before I did anything. Publicity! His joke shall fall flat; flat on its face! No one shall even hear of it. It's contemptible! I won't fight!"

He lay back and crossed his legs.

"Let's have tea." Bobby rang.

"Wouldn't you like first to get out of that kit, Mr. Garnet?"

Silver stood up.

"Perhaps I will; and bathe; and shave. Perhaps they'd better send a cup of tea to my room, Bobby. It'll be dinnertime directly."

"Or one of my famous cocktails," Bobby suggested with an affectionate smile, "and only one of 'em, tonight. No falling asleep, because I'm going to take you to Lucia Aveline's for bridge after dinner. She's been telephoning you half a dozen times."

She had not. Bobby had telephoned her once on the subject. But Silver believed readily, and a smile lighted his face for the first time since he had returned.

"Has she though? Nice little woman, Bobby – fascinating. We'll go."

On his way to the door he paused.

"And my picture-house deal has gone to blazes, I suppose. There was I, on that infernal moor, in the mist; no telegraph, no telephone. You may grin; so may the other fools. But I curse—I curse that blackguard, and the sooner he burns in hell the better I'll like it."

Bobby looked at him gravely.

"I could do nothing. If you'd only left me your instructions! You gave me no authority. You were doing the thing on your own. I couldn't even telephone Atholl's and give them a hint. I didn't know what your latest plans were. There are times when you might do better, as I say, to trust me, sir, and not keep everything in your own hands exclusively. But that's the worst of you giants. You think nobody can do a thing except yourselves."

Silver responded with restored pride: "As you say, that's the worst of us. I own I was wrong. But ——" Then he said jealously, "What about the picture houses?"

"I hear Ogilvey's bought 'em. The deal went through yesterday."

"Hear the price?"

"Sixty thousand. There were no other bidders, you see."

"No other bidders," cried Silver, "because I was down on that awful moor, walking till I dropped! Oh, it's a wonderful joke for fools to grin at, I'm sure! Well, Ogilvey's got those two houses cheap."

"Because there were no other bidders at their figure."

"Except me!" raged Silver. "Except me!"

His rage crept up into his throat again and swelled it and blurred his eyes so that he fumbled for the door knob.

There he turned again on a thought, to ask, "Has—has Miss Land happened to telephone?"

Anna Land never telephoned to Silver in the ordinary course of things; but this afternoon Bobby was able to reply truthfully, "She rang up this afternoon, sir."

"She did!" Silver exclaimed eagerly. "What about?"

"She didn't say. Asked for you. Shall I ——" He made a movement towards the telephone.

"Yes," said Silver. "No, I'll ring her up from my own room."

He went out and was halfway upstairs in his stiff and hateful clothes, when he heard Bobby behind him. The young man was smiling deprecatingly, affectionately.

"I say, sir! Since you're having an unpleasant afternoon, anyway, I may as well say something I have to say and get it all over now. I'm sorry—very sorry for myself, that is—that I have to leave you."

"Eh?" said Silver, turning; and his jaw dropped. He relied on Paul Bobby for much, including worldly advice on many

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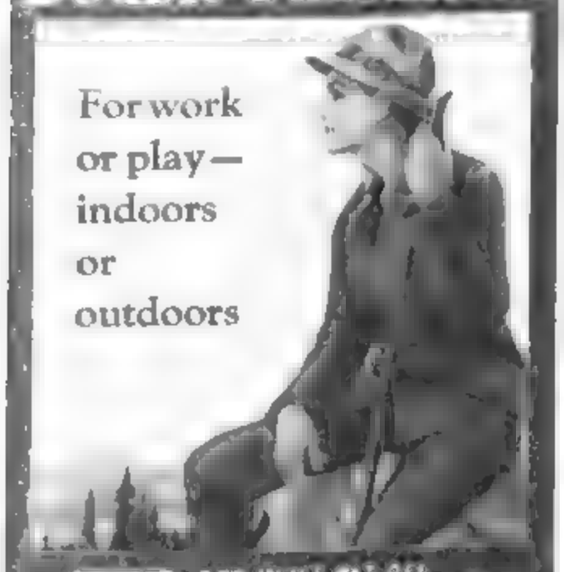


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tiny matters that otherwise seemed insurmountable to him.

"Got a big contract offered," Bobby explained with charming regret; "five years—to make pictures."

"Who with?"

"Ogilvey's, of all people," Bobby replied with a gesture that implied his personal reluctance.

Silver just turned and continued his way upstairs. He did not blame Bobby. It was understood between them that the secretaryship should not interfere with any better things. Only, coming at this exact moment, the news added the last touch of bitterness to a bitter day. He stalked into his room and banged the door.

They had hastily lighted his fire. It blazed. The April day was a little chill; and he, anyway, had been chilled to the marrow in the Dartmoor mist and felt as if he would never be really warm again. He tore off the thick livery, which was still damp in patches, and hurled it from him. He rang passionately, pointed to the offending heap of clothes when the servant came, and demanded a hot bath. Pending the preparation of the bath, he wrapped his thick silk dressing gown round him and, sitting on his bed, took up his telephone from the table beside his pillow and rang up Anna. The landlady replied that she was in.

During the interval between the reply and the calling of Anna by the landlady to the general house telephone—she had none installed—he fumed in expectation. Why had she rung him up? It broke through her habit of cool silence. Then her voice came and he answered:

"Hello, Anna. This is me—Silver Garnet. . . . Yes. . . . What did you want to speak to me about, dear?"

Her answer came: "Oh, Silver, I've had a legacy!"

"A what? A legacy?" Again his jaw fell. "Oh, I—I—I say! Isn't that wonderful! And how much?"

"Silver, it's a miracle! Exactly five hundred pounds!"

He rasped: "Oh, wonderful! I suppose I congratulate you. So now you don't want me." His teeth just ground together.

She answered gayly: "Don't put it like that! I'm grateful; but relieved that I don't have to be more grateful. It's just your kind thought that earns my present gratitude; and kind thoughts are all I want to take from anyone if I can help it. Thank you for your congratulations."

He cried hastily into the transmitter, "See you tonight at your sister's, eh?"

"I am coming on to supper."

"Good-by, then," Silver snapped, and he slapped the receiver on the hook again. "That's that!" he said.

He stood up and remained still for a moment, his somber eyes and his somber face glooming above the gay silk dressing gown. He scowled. When affairs went thus awry he would not stand up to them. He stamped and fumed and thought the whole world, God and the devil leagued against him. He felt the object of a vast cosmic conspiracy. And he longed for her. He longed for her! He longed in increasing ratio as she seemed to recede from him. Not so long ago, when they were both poor, and for some while after, when he believed that money could buy his way into heaven itself, he had been confident about her; he had felt secure that all she said was woman's bluff, a female pose, the natural game. His teeth just ground upon each other; actually, he stood there and gnashed them. Also, he could have wept, though he did not.

Bobby entered with that cocktail, subtle, winking.

"Brought it myself," he uttered with solicitous concern.

Silver took it and tossed it off.

"Exactly the same as the other night," said Bobby.

He stood and watched Silver graciously, arms akimbo.

The butler valet stole in.

"Your bath, sir."

Silver gathered his rich dressing gown around him. He looked mournfully at Bobby.

"I shall miss you," he said, and he said it with deep and real feeling. He would miss Bobby.

He went into his bathroom and plunged sickly into the hot waters of rest and oblivion.

XIX

SILVER went, after all, in a mood of restored *amour propre* to Lucia's little Mayfair house. Bobby had plied him with exactly the right wines to the right amount at dinner. A hot bath had steamed away most of his bodily stiffness, and Bobby's tongue was skilled in the art of soothing ruffled pride. So it was with pleasure that he grasped Lucia's thin white hand—remembering how, according to Bobby, she had rung him up half a dozen times in her desire for his company—and looking into her thin white face, expressed, a little pompously, his delight at being with her again.

He missed, being concerned with himself as usual, the strain in her smile, the lost stare of her blue eyes and the extreme wilted fragility of her. She shook hands with Bobby next, without a word. For Bobby her eyes were downcast, her look tremulous. Silver passed on quickly to where he saw Anna standing on the other side of the small drawing-room.

He reached her, scowling away the one or two people who were talking with her; and they were alone, if the yard or so of space his black look had cleared round them constituted aloneness.

"Thank you for your news this afternoon," he began in a high-pitched voice of reproach.

He realized that never had he seen Anna so radiant. She had a black evening frock like a sheath, and crystal buckles on her slender shoes; and the shining of her eyes outshone any crystal ever cut.

"Thank you for your congratulations, Silver."

"I meant them!" he replied sardonically.

"Let us sit down," said Anna. "Tell me what you have been doing."

They sat down on a chesterfield just behind them.

"I've been doing nothing particularly pleasant," said Silver. "Let's hear what you have been doing, and all about this wonderful affair of your legacy. I never heard you say you had any relations."

"This was an uncle of mine, according to the lawyers; my mother's sister's second husband, whom she married in New Zealand, so none of us knew him. I didn't even know my aunt had gone to New Zealand and died there; in fact I never even knew that aunt. It was her money that I inherit. Aren't things queer?"

"They are," Silver growled, "what with convenient fictitious aunts and legacies from the other side of the world. Oh, very queer!"

"There's nothing fictitious about this," Anna said with spirit. "The lawyers ——"

"Who are they?"

She told him, and Silver looked wise, because it was his way; though one city solicitor meant about as much to him as another.

"Shall ask Maddox about 'em," said he importantly.

"Oh, do," said Anna, with a little humorous curl of the lip for Silver. "But it's all bona fide. This lawyer is acting for a New Zealand firm who wound up my aunt's small affairs. I have the money."

"Paid right over?" said Silver. "A-ha!"

"I never know what you mean by A-ha, Silver. I don't believe you mean anything."

"A-ha!" said Silver.

"My singing master is helping me to arrange my concert; he is persuading various men to go to it—Marini, Golda, Herman Baron ——" She mentioned a string of musical directors, impresarios and singers of note. "We have taken the Queen's Hall. I'm practicing all day! Ferrugi's letting me off some of my songs at the Charlton to rest my voice; he is letting the concert be advertised by leaflets on the dinner tables . . . . Silver, it's a kind world!"

"You didn't always find it so, my child."

"I always thought it fine, Silver."

"Yes, you had a lot of silly notions about everything, Anna; always had ——"

"And always shall have, according to you."

"The world," said Silver in a trumpet-like voice, laying down his law, "is what you force it to be, my dear. The world is out for all the golden eggs one can lay, and the moment the last is laid they kill the poor goose. The world, my child, has no pity, no compassion, no generosity, no love that isn't paid for, and paid for high. The world only serves a man according to the respect he can wring from it. I'm not making a personal complaint, please understand. No! What I want, I get; what I demand, I have. Of course, I—men like me—are a specific instance. We aren't general. In the abstract the world is as

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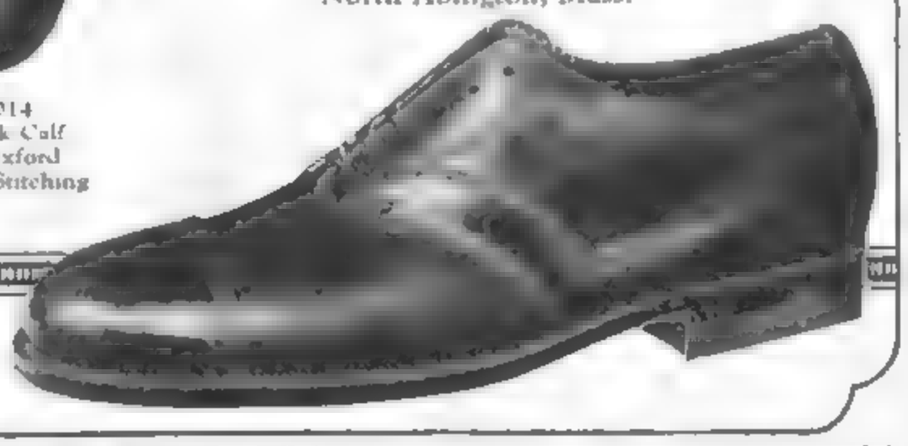

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I explain to you. But some of you women will never open your eyes."

One or two persons had turned round as Silver trumpeted this, and were whispering to one another, "Who on earth is he?" He saw their stares and caught the sound if not the gist of their comments. He imagined them saying, "Listen! That's Silver Garnet speaking over there."

He said to Anna, with an airy laugh and a shrug, "I'm altogether too well known to be truthful out loud, my dear. Come to the balcony a few moments, where we shall be really alone."

"If there is time before supper," she answered doubtfully.

They rose and wended through thick little groups of chattering people to where the open French windows gave onto a covered-in balcony, starred with cherry blossoms and almond blossoms, cool with the massed green of palms and smelling heavily of heliotrope and hyacinths. Lucia's balcony, all her house, was like her—exotic, intensive, overcultured and sweetly perfumed. Anna and Silver stood in the narrow flower-walled space, and through the glass sides could see the flash of motor-car lamps passing to and fro, and the lighted windows of the rich and busy houses.

"I want to make love to you, Anna," said Silver in a heavy, purposeful voice. "I want to make you love me."

"Don't say it any more, Silver!"

"I shall say it and say it and say it!" replied Silver passionately. His eyes were hot and jealous. "This is a bitter disappointment to me, Anna—not to be helping you. I wanted to! But if you think it is going to carry you right away from me, this poor little five hundred pounds of yours, you are mistaken. It won't buy much of the world you want—a sum like that! I shall come back over and over again; and one day when you see and confess that every step of the way you wish to take must be taken over stones and with tears, why, you'll decide to drive over it with me in my limousine."

"You're eloquent!"

"I've not said half I could say. It's not in me to talk: I'm not that kind of man. The man who talks loses force, Anna. I have my force pent up within me, and there it will stay.

"Force! What all you women worship if you will only confess it. Well, at long last every woman confesses it. She worships force and power."

"Oh, Silver, the myths that men teach themselves to believe!"

"No, no, my child! It's what women have taught men."

"Perhaps, Silver. But the women don't believe it themselves."

"It profits them to pretend to," said Silver angrily.

"Is pretense enough for you, Silver?"

"It would serve me, if it must, as it serves other men," said Silver.

"Men want too little," said Anna.

He laid a hand upon her arm.

"Soft as a flower, dear," he said meltingly. "And I love you. Close your eyes. Let yourself go. Don't think. Let me think for you. Darling girl, why not announce tonight ——"

She dropped her arm under his touch.

"And that would be good enough for you, Silver?"

"You, anyhow, anywhere, would be good enough for me," Silver flared.

"As I say," Anna murmured, "you want too little. Let us go in again."

"No!" said Silver, and he stood before her, trying to win her to delay.

But with a slight smile that flicked his vanity harder than an open laugh would have done, she slid by him and stood on the threshold of the drawing-room, within sight of all eyes again.

Her look was caught by her sister, talking to Lord Ivinghoe. Old Ivinghoe's admiring stare apparently saw nothing but what he wished to see. The pleasant deception of Lucia's graceful phrasing, her amusing wit, her smile, her trick of eyebrow were enough to keep him charmed. He was an old man who desired to envisage life pleasantly and amusingly, and he would not for worlds have chosen to delve beneath that exotic surface to see the desolation beneath. He would have preferred to walk away from such a spectacle. So would all Lucia's friends there tonight have preferred to turn their backs on pain and to look at something pleasing. She laughed; she posed; she gestured with a tireless prettiness. But Anna looked over the threshold at her sister and saw all her whiteness, her frailty, her evanescent beauty, on the edge of disaster. Anna sensed disaster, and would have liked to clear the room roughly and sit down by the fire with Lucia and take the tired one in her arms.

She said to Silver, "Lucia's very fatigued tonight."

She hated Silver for his reply: "Well, your sister is not so young as she was, my dear; and that type doesn't wear. It burns out."

Without vouchsafing him another look Anna walked into the room and stood near Lucia. And as if feeling the shadow of a rock in her weary land Lucia turned to see who it was, saw Anna, and sent her a smile. That smile pulled at the strings of Anna's heart.

At the same moment was announced: "Mrs. Garnet; Lady Mabel Conway."

Lucia more than rose to the occasion. She beckoned Silver with a smile to follow her as she went forward to receive the two women, and fastened him to them with her "Dear Mrs. Garnet; Mabel, you darling, here is the very person of all others who should be here for you tonight."

Silver Garnet was looking into the startled, flickering eyes of his father's second wife.

The startled flicker vanished in a moment, and Mrs. Garnet's sly, gracious smile came out.

"Mrs. Aveline is right, you know," she purred, with her hand in Silver's. "We ought to know each other better. The whole thing has been gauche, absurd. Now, my dear man, as a man of the world, tell me candidly if you don't think it is gauche and absurd?"

And Silver found himself in a flattered voice replying, "Well, I answer to a woman of the world, dear lady, that I do."

An expressive sigh betokened her relief.

She said, "Have you met Lady Mabel Conway? Mabel, darling, Mr. Silver Garnet."

In the last three months Lady Mabel had been brought to see what Mrs. Garnet called plaintively the mere common sense of her attitude. Silver had, by a catastrophe, the family money; Silver was a silly man; Silver could part with a nice little slice of it again.

Lady Mabel, ever malleable, now positively thought this the right point of view. Her poor friend was penniless, save for charity. She had hated Silver reasonlessly on behalf of King; but King had failed her; King did not care. Callously King had disappeared. Without faltering she held out her very small ringed hand to Silver, and murmured most sweetly:

"You must come and see us soon, Mr. Garnet. Mrs. Garnet is staying with me, you know."

"I am obliged to," sighed Mrs. Garnet.

"Darling!" said Mabel reproachfully; and to Silver: "Have you our address? Why not lunch tomorrow?"

Silver sat down between the women on the chesterfield, where a few minutes before he had been sitting with Anna. Anna was now talking to Marini, the great impresario; and Silver's eyes, wandering to her, came back to Mabel's little placid face and stayed there.

He was thinking in an ill-concealed fluster: "Lady Mabel Conway, only daughter of the late Earl of Aldersley. Brother tuberculous. . . . H'm, h'm! She's going to inherit somehow; I've heard that. Countess in her own right by and by ——"

Lady Mabel's small, pleading voice was murmuring: "We've just come back from wandering in the East. We've had rather a wonderful time. I'll show you all the photographs we took if you do consent to come and lunch with us in Bruton Street. I wanted this poor darling"—her hand on Mrs. Garnet's affectionately—"to forget all her troubles for a while, so I took her away."

Lady Mabel turned her large eyes on Silver, and he took their expression, mild as a heifer's, for one of reproof. Reproof or disapproval of him for any reason whatever was a thing he could ill bear. He hastened to say:

"Very kind and nice of you, I'm sure, Lady Mabel. But you took this lady off in such a hurry that I—I—well, I—there wasn't time to discuss and make certain arrangements which, of course, I had every intention of making."

Lady Mabel's eyes rolled very softly at Silver.

"Oh, but!" said Mrs. Garnet.

(Continued on Page 163)

The Daily News
SKIDDING ACCIDENT FATALITIES
AUTO SKIDS; WOMAN INSTANTLY KILLED
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Six Hurt As One Auto Turns And Other Hits Embankment
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*(Continued from Page 150)*

"And my feelings were hurt," Silver confessed to Mabel. "Stupid no doubt, but there it is. My feelings were pretty hurt by -er ——"

"I know," murmured Mabel, and for a moment her face clouded as she thought of King.

But he was three months and heaven knew what distance away from her; and she was one of the girls cast by Providence into a mold of obedience, so that on the whole she took what came to her.

"I feel I should like you to understand," Silver protested earnestly to her.

"I do understand," she said.

Silver calmed.

"As I was saying, I should have made arrangements if I had had the least time or opportunity or—or encouragement given to me. I wanted encouragement, I must say. Just a little. I know I don't look like that. In my career I've had to cultivate a sort of granite exterior." He smiled down at Mabel, who was wonderfully taking it all in, and he thought she looked very small.

"Yes, I may look granite, Lady Mabel; but the fact is I'm cruelly sensitive; cruelly so."

She nodded.

"I am so sorry," said Mrs. Garnet in her gracious voice; "I was so sorry at the time. And I said -but what's the use of telling you? It is over."

"No, no," said Silver; "it is not over."

"Oh, but," Mrs. Garnet said, "I couldn't possibly ——"

"You not only could but you will," said Silver powerfully. Somehow, looking even for so brief a time at Mabel had made him feel genuinely masterful. "I'm a man who usually does what he sets out to do, Mrs. Garnet. And I am a man who never on any account evades responsibilities. Why should I? My shoulders are broad enough in all conscience!" He felt Mabel actually look at his shoulders. He went on: "I have liabilities to undertake. I have never thought otherwise. This is neither the time nor the place ——"

"No! No!" Mrs. Garnet agreed helplessly.

"But if you are coming to lunch with us tomorrow ——" said Mabel, and once more she laid her very small hand, glittering with rings of an antique loveliness that even Silver's ignorance could appreciate, on Mrs. Garnet's.

"What time?" Silver asked.

"One-thirty," said Mabel.

He murmured, "Thanks—thanks."

He guessed that on the morrow they would ask him if he had news of King, and he rehearsed his noncommittal answers. They could, of course, go to their lawyer, that man Maddox, for affairs of that sort. But now the two women sat, one on either side of him, talking gayly of their tour. It had ended in Paris, of course. Hardly had they been able to tear themselves from the dress salons of Paris. He looked at them admiringly. Even Mrs. Garnet, much as he would have wished to despise her, impelled his wonder and awe at her soft and well-bred perfection. These frocks that fitted them in sleek lines as if grown to their skins; these jewels blazing, and yet never blazing too much; these tuneful voices; these suave manners that made him feel almost easy before them—all these, he knew, were the ultimate perfection. Bobby had driven him along the long road towards it, but he was not there yet.

He thought masterfully of Mrs. Garnet: "Well, well; she'll be useful. Crowds of the right friends; make her an allowance; make her friends mine; yes, she'll be useful."

He always had the happy idea that he was using people who, impudently and openly, used him.

Of Mabel he was more afraid; towards her he went more uncertainly. There was nothing there to buy. She wanted nothing of him. As such, she was an aloof and sealed book. And yet, was she so very aloof? Hadn't he impressed her? He thought he had.

But still he went reverently with Lady Mabel. He hung with ingrained and natural respect upon every look and word, though all her looks and words were colorless.

At supper Lucia had him seated between them, and opposite Anna. He could feast his eyes jealously on Anna, turn for balm to little Mabel. Mrs. Garnet added to the mixture a carefully weighed modicum of flattery, sympathy and admiration. From his point of view supper was a success.

Old Ivinghoe remembered him too. He put up his lorgnette and bawled, "Good evening, Garnet!" down the table. Old Ivinghoe did not yet know that his five-hundred-guinea fee as a director of Garnet's Superfilm might never now materialize—or not for some while anyway.

After supper Anna sang.

He heard people whisper: "Beautiful!" "Marvelous!" "What a range!" "And a lovely girl!" He gathered that Marini was making wondrous prophecies.

Anna shone. He coveted her terribly; but Lady Mabel comforted him.

The evening waned. People thinned. He saw Paul Bobby again. Of Bobby he had an impression that the exquisite youth had spent much time with Lucia, or that she had snatched much time with him. It had been noticeable anyway. He mentioned it to Bobby when they were in the car together, driving home.

"In great favor with Mrs. Aveline, eh, Paul?"

"Oh, no," smiled Bobby, settling comfortably back. "No, no."

"I'm lunching with Lady Mabel tomorrow in Bruton Street."

"You are?" said Bobby lazily. "Good! Coming on, aren't we?"

"You really leaving me, eh, boy?"

"I'm sorry to say, sir, that I am. Much regret it, I'm sure."

"I shall miss you," Silver repeated. A few moments after, he said, "The women will be asking me tomorrow, I suppose, for news of that precious half brother of mine. You advise me to keep quiet, eh?"

"For your own sake, sir, I would."

Silver muttered, "Your advice is always pretty good, I guess." And to the youth's inward derision he reached out, took his hand and shook it solemnly. "Yes, Bobby, your advice is always—pretty—fairly good. I'll take it."

Silver Garnet and Paul Bobby had been almost the last to leave. Marini had preceded them. Lady Mabel and Mrs. Garnet said good night next. The very last to go, save Anna, was old Lord Ivinghoe. He lingered over Lucia's frail hand for an unconscionable while, Anna, in the background, waiting for that bedtime talk which both the sisters loved, despising impatiently the futile old man.

There was about Lucia an indescribably weary and bruised air. Anna knew it. Old Ivinghoe did not. He only saw the pretty woman as rather unbecomingly and regrettably tired, and he betrayed an inclination to pet her. He said she must take care of herself, or let him take care of her; she must run down to Brighton to sit in some real sun. She came back too early from the Riviera, he said; not too early for him or for her other faithful admirers—oh, dear, no! But too early for her dear self. He ruminated, his critical old eyes between their wrinkled lids regarding her carefully.

"Drink hot milk," he mumbled; "pints of it, quarts of it; with an extra dash of cream in. And see you deal with a dairyman who keeps Jersey cows. Rich milk. Finest thing in the world for thin—for fragile fairies like your adorable self."

Lucia looked up at old Ivinghoe as he stood above her, his corset keeping him erect, his excellent tailoring still setting off his once fine shoulders. She read his eyes; she knew that slightly critical, appraising, disappointed look in men's eyes—her dearest mirrors. Once no man ever felt disappointment as he looked at her. Once she had been flawless. Now, Ivinghoe, old as he was, was giving her that merciless masculine stare, and thinking, "She must take care of herself. She must rest; feed up; or she'll go haggard."

She pulled herself together, flashed, sparkled and smiled—even for old Ivinghoe it was worth while. For the instant she drooped no longer. She was the magnetic, vital, soft kitten that she had been for so long. Ivinghoe responded with a warm, delighted, kind look. He kissed her hand.

"Oh, I know," said Lucia, flashing with her cunning smile, "that I'll soon be a mere bag of bones; a scraggy horse to hang the clothes on."

"You absurd child!" Ivinghoe replied warmly. He patted her shoulder. "Be thankful you're so light built, such a fairy in every way. You'll never age—when that far-off time comes—you'll never age fat. Lucky woman!"

Again he kissed her hand; and Anna moved impatiently nearer.

"But what's the use of preaching early bed and hot milk to you if I linger here,

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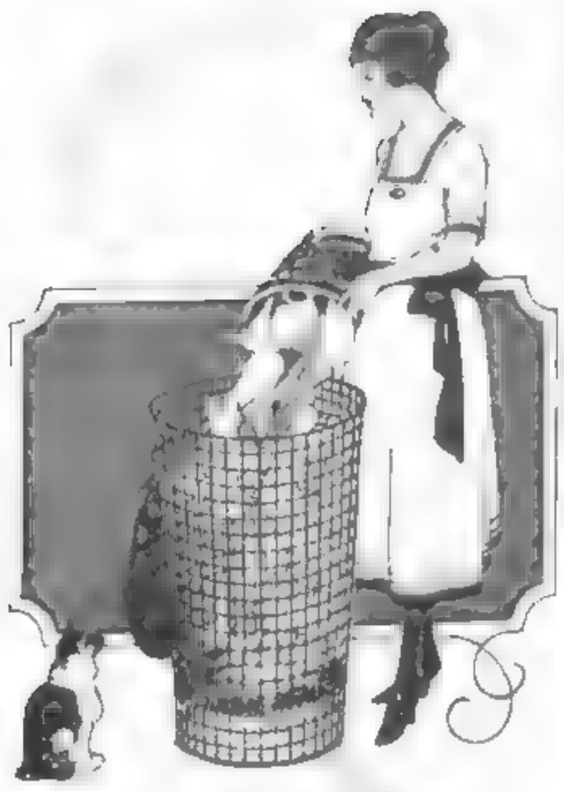

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making a nuisance of myself?" said Lord Ivinghoe. "I'll go. I'll tear myself away. Good night, Mrs. Aveline. Good night, Miss Land. A thousand thanks for your songs. I'm coming to your concert—bringing this lovely lady, if I may." He looked at Lucia, and she smiled acquiescence. "Good night," the old Don Juan repeated, and went out.

Almost before he had reached the door Lucia's access of vivacity had died away. She leaned upon the mantelpiece, drooping. Anna, who had walked a few paces with their last guest towards the door, turned back to see her sister leaning there as if all life, all volition, had left her. For a few seconds Anna stood still there, near the door, with fear at her heart, regarding her. The fear was almost terror for Lucia. The knowledge came to her mysteriously that in some way, by some means, her sister had that night reached fatal crossroads, looked down each, knew not which way to turn, knew nothing except that she could not go back. The road behind was barred to her. The empty roads before her were strange; and they went down; they went down

Then Lucia raised herself from her strengthless drooping posture, braced herself for an instant, lifted her head and looked at Anna. There was a faint and joyless smile on her face. The face itself was ravaged, emotion swept, worn, lined.

"Well, Anna," she said quietly.

"Lucia," Anna whispered

"I am fated," said Lucia. "Life is a fatal sort of business. There comes a time when quite suddenly a woman meets her fate. Nothing can help her."

"What is it, Lucia?" Anna whispered

"Let us go to my room, as we always do," said Lucia.

She moved from the fading wood fire, looked curiously round the room that she had made so carefully as a setting for herself. All her settings for so long had been chosen to enhance her. She had a feeling that they now failed her; or that she failed them. She walked towards Anna with fainting feet and falling shoulders, as the dead may walk who are called to rise and know they have nothing to live for. Anna put her arm about Lucia and led her out of the room.

Lucia's bedroom was on the landing above. They went up the flight of steep, narrow, soft-carpeted stairs to the next floor of the steep, narrow little house. The door was open; Marie was just emerging.

"I have taken in the hot milk, madame, two glasses; and the biscuits."

"Thank you," said Lucia. "I shall not want you again tonight."

The sisters were alone. They sat down together on the hearth rug before the wood fire.

"This reminds me much," said Lucia dreamily, "of how we used to sit, eighteen or twenty years ago. You a very small girl, I a big one; and I used to tell you of all the splendid things I meant to have; I used to describe the dresses I wanted; and you used to listen."

"There was one dress you meant to have—pink and crystal, with a velvet cloak to match."

"I had it."

Anna watched Lucia anxiously; so quiet, so dreamy she was, as if her emotions had at last worn themselves out. There was a silence between them which grew momentarily more tremendous and unbreakable. Anna knew that with every second that passed the beginning of revelation—if Lucia indeed had any to make—would grow more difficult. Yet she could not break it; she was afraid; Lucia was so unanswerable a problem to her. So the silence lasted till at last she saw Lucia's eyelids drop over her eyes and tears steal out beneath them. Lucia sat crying without a pucker on her face, as women who have cried much can cry.

Anna reached with tender reverence for her hand.

"Darling, what is it?"

"I own," said Lucia, in a voice over which she had fair control, "that one must be beaten in the end. Only, Anna, I am not old. I am only forty-three now .... I suppose it is just that I've been greedy, overeaten of the wrong sort of life like a child overeats of sweets; and—and that is what makes me feel old and sick."

"Lucia, you want rest."

"Rest? Why, dear, you might say that to the charwomen you see scrubbing the doorsteps all down the street early in the morning—if one's up early enough to see the poor creatures—but how can you say it to me? What is my life spent on, if not on myself? On going to Cannes or Nice or Mürren or Paris or somewhere if I'm bored; on calling up my doctor for the least ache or pain; on staying in bed if I'm the least bit overdone; on—on massage and frocks and recreation; and rest if I want it; and—and everything? I spend all my life looking after myself, and I pay other people—servants—to spend their lives looking after me, too. When you and Ivinghoe come along, saying 'Rest; take care of yourself,' it—it seems ridiculous to me."

Anna drew Lucia against her in silence.

"It is a future that I want, Anna," said Lucia in a thin, rebellious voice; and her clenched fists kneaded one upon the other.

"There is a future, Lucia," said Anna, guiltily, because she knew the speciousness of her rejoinder.

"No," said Lucia, "none."

Then she wept openly and violently. After a long while she lay half against Anna's shoulder, half on her lap, quiet again. And now it was Lucia who was the little sister, wondering at life, and not Anna. Only Lucia wondered sadly, bewilderedly, as the child Anna had never done.

"Now tell me, Lucia," said Anna, hugging her close; "tell me really." For she knew that Lucia had something to tell

Lucia said: "You know, Anna, we women—we deceive ourselves. There is a time when we don't have to; then there comes a time when we wish to be deceived; to be deceived by others and to deceive ourselves.

"I've lived for the admiration of men; I don't regret it, Anna; I don't blame myself; it's intoxication; it's glamour. No woman except a woman who's been beautiful or alluring or magnetic ever understands about it. For years one is on the pinnacle of romance. You may say it is only gilt; and if so, then gilt's good; it's wonderful while it lasts. And I would rather have gilt than the unadorned gingerbread most women seem to get all their lives. Only, my dear, one doesn't want to let go. One clings on for dear life; and the men become fewer. Then then one doesn't pick and choose; one is picked and chosen—perhaps. And all the time one ties a handkerchief over one's eyes and says everything's the same. Because one wants to believe it, Anna!

"How can it be the same? It can't! Presently "

Anna interrupted her in a hurried whisper: "You think too much about all this, Lucia."

"I do not. It has been my life just as your queer ideals seem to be yours. Let me finish. I want to talk myself out. I was saying, presently there are mere social acquaintances who come to one's parties—those only; and casual friends; and old flirts; and hard-up boys, as I've told you before, who want their expenses paid. It comes gradually; so gradually you don't notice its progress until you get a shock some day; yes, it comes gradually like that to women like me, who've been able to depend just on their looks and their vitality and—things like that. Those undependable things—so perishable!" she cried bitterly

"Yes," said Anna under her breath, "in life you've got to sow if you want any reaping."

Lucia cried desperately: "I never had time! I never had time! I've been adored, Anna; admired so. It took up my time. A woman is awfully happy just filling her life with adoration and admiration."

"Oh, Lucia, don't think I can't understand!"

"I know you understand, dear, or I couldn't tell you. Anna, when I said one day there comes a shock ——"

"Has anything horrible happened, Lucia?" Anna asked tenderly.

Lucia's throat contracted and her face worked and her breath came hard, so that for a few moments she could not speak. She twined her hands together and wrung them

"I've been living in a fool's paradise, and I wouldn't look out of it, Anna. I didn't dare. I—I've been in love. I—I've thought I was in love before—with Freddy; and I was awfully fond of Robert, really; but—but—this—it's a half killed me."

Anna knew in a flash, so she said, "You mean—Paul Bobby?"

Lucia nodded.

"He isn't worthy," said Anna after a pause.

"Oh, but I loved him! And—and it seemed to me that he was devoted."

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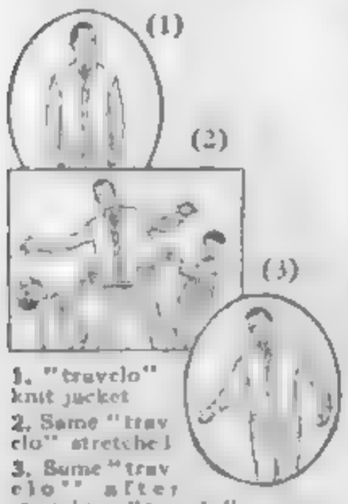


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"Oh, Lucia, did it really?" cried Anna disbelievingly, but with deep compassion.

"How do I know?" Lucia gasped. "Perhaps it didn't really; perhaps all the time I knew; but I didn't want to know, nor to see. Oh, I tried so hard—so hard! I, who've had men fairly breaking their necks to please me! I tried to make him care! You remember talking of him up here a while ago?"

Anna remembered.

"You suggested marrying him."

"I asked him. I asked him yesterday! And again tonight!"

Anna stifled the cry of astonishment and pain that rose to her lips. She waited and let Lucia hurry on. Lucia continued, tripping over her words, in desperate haste now to tell all her own abasement.

"I thought he would be glad, Anna. I imagined how I could have helped him on—helped him every way. Of course, people would have said he had married me for my money; that wouldn't have mattered. Oh, Anna, I was prepared—expecting to be so happy! I want love! I want it again! Not brotherly love nor sisterly love nor platonic love nor the love of all mankind that preachers are so fond of holding up as the ideal—but a lover's love, such as I've had before! I wanted it! I wanted to give him everything too; a home such as he'd never had before; money, for the first time in my life I wanted to give all I had to a man. And I asked him yesterday, and again tonight," she repeated. "He refused!"

"Refused?"

"Refused!"

They both sat looking into the fire, Anna to avoid looking into Lucia's face, Lucia as if trying to conjure up to her own agony the picture of herself and Bobby.

"He was contemptuous. I knew it. I felt it. Surely he didn't mean me to see it—his contempt? He couldn't have been so cruel!"

"I would not have thought," said Anna, seething with contempt for Paul, "that he could have afforded to let you see it."

Lucia replied, very low, "He has a splendid five-year contract with a film firm and leaves England almost at once."

"Ah!"

"I offered to go with him. But he doesn't want me."

"You offered——"

"I would have followed him over the world."

As the fragile little thing, burning with her own wasted emotions, sat there, so simply saying these things as she stared into the fire, a vast pity rose in Anna, swamping all her vision, all her judgments. She just folded Lucia tighter in her arms and said nothing. She did not condemn Paul Bobby and his kind; she did not lament Lucia's weakness. She uttered no word at all. She could not——

"The milk must be cold," Lucia said at last.

They bestirred themselves and drank it. The little silver clock on the mantelpiece chimed one.

It was already morning.

"And now, Lucia?" Anna half whispered.

For Lucia was looking stronger, very white, but resigned and almost happy. Instead of answering Anna she moved to her telephone.

"He might be asleep," she said.

"Who, Lucia? Not Paul Bobby? You wouldn't——"

"Father Bernard," said Lucia, with a little smile touching her lips.

"Father Bernard, Lucia?"

"An Anglican priest who used to talk to me, Anna, about all sorts of things. I used to have him here now and again. He was a bit of a craze among the women I know. But when he knew he was a craze he stopped coming. 'Send for me when you want me, child,' he said, 'and I'll come.' And now——"

Lucia waited a little while at the telephone till an answer came. Anna stood and listened and watched. She heard Lucia say, "Tomorrow morning, father, as early as you can. Good night and thank you." The conversation ended.

"He was asleep," said Lucia, turning to Anna again. "But he woke to answer my call. I think he would always wake to answer any call. I wonder," she murmured to herself, "if he knew that it must come?"

"Lucia, tell me more. What are you doing?"

"I must lean on someone, something, Anna," said Lucia. "I have never leaned on myself. Father Bernard once said that to me. 'Learn to lean on yourself if you can,' he said—but I can't, Anna—'by and by other people will fail you, one by one. By and by there will be only God.' He assures me, Anna, he promises me, that God is there."

Anna Land stood dumb, looking at her little sister, and the years seemed to fall from Lucia, so that she was a child again: not the greedy young girl whom baby Anna remembered; not the sophisticated youthful beauty; but back farther than that, into long-ago lands where Anna had never seen her, she went to recapture what she had lost.

"It is too late for you to go home, Anna," said Lucia. "Sleep here; the spare room is always ready. And in the morning Marie can fetch your things. Say good night."

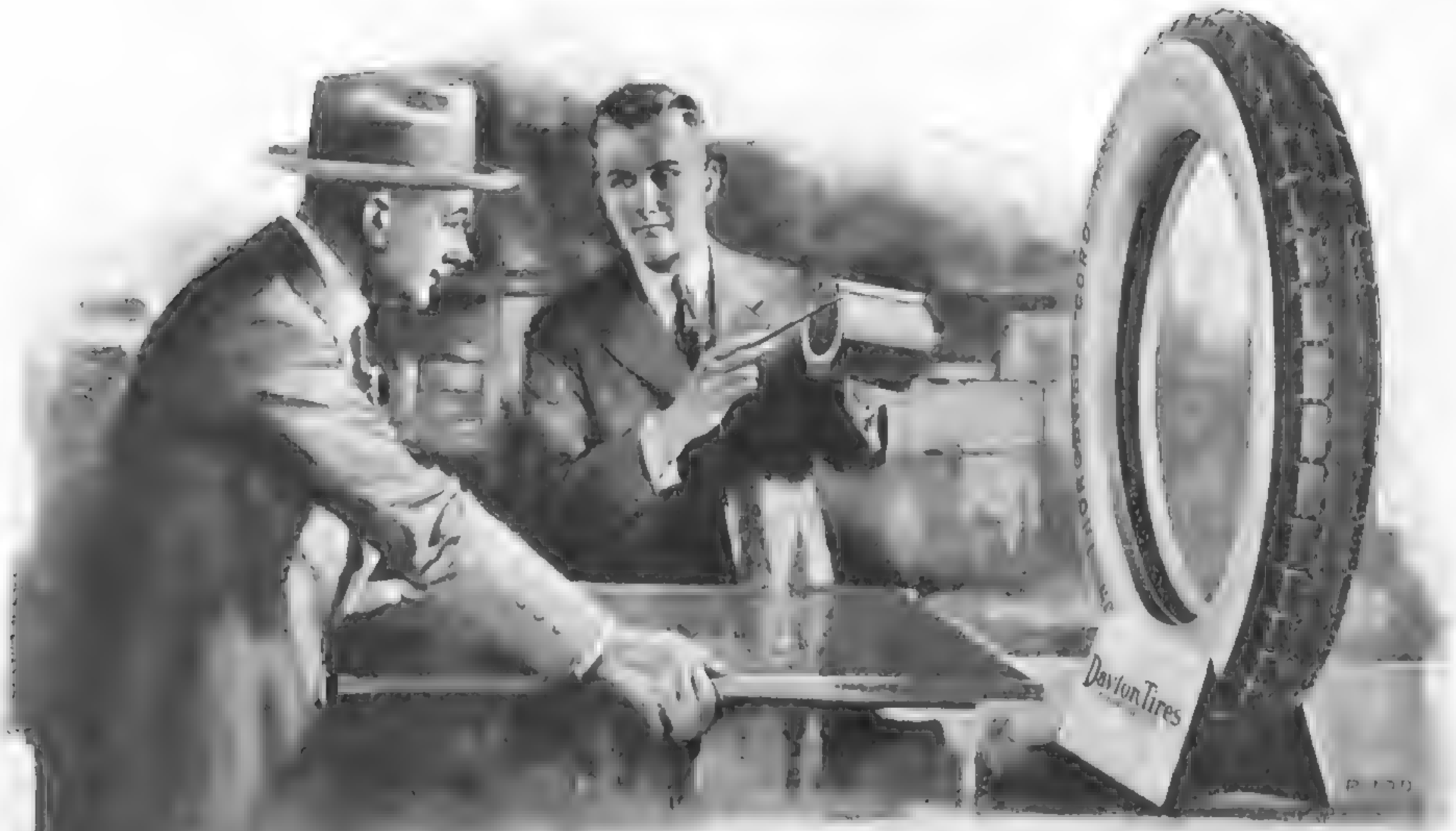
"I'll stay here, Lucia—I'll brush your hair."

"I'd rather be alone," said Lucia.

They kissed and parted. And quite early next morning, on her way out, Anna met the priest coming upstairs, a man with a divine and ugly face, and eyes that looked as if they beheld and anointed the scars of all the world. As he passed Anna she felt quieter, happier about Lucia. She felt as if his coming blessed the whole restless house.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

*Paradise Valley on the Southern Slope of Mount Rainier National Park, Washington. The Little White Spots at the Right of Center Show the Terminus of the Auto Road at Paradise Inn, 5330 Feet Above Sea Level*

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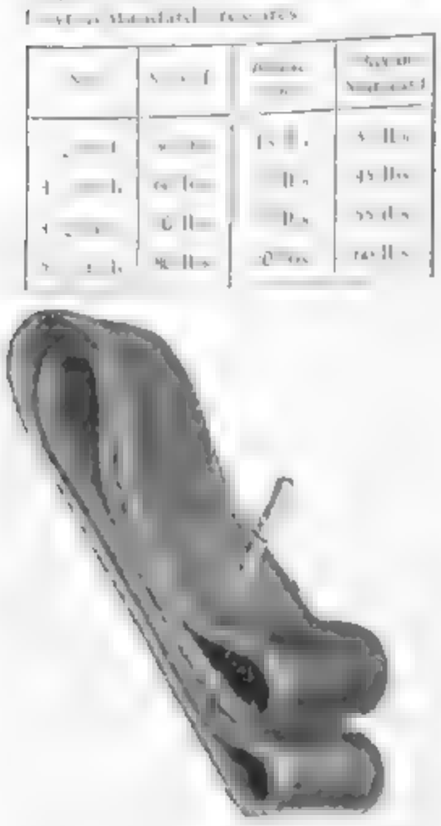

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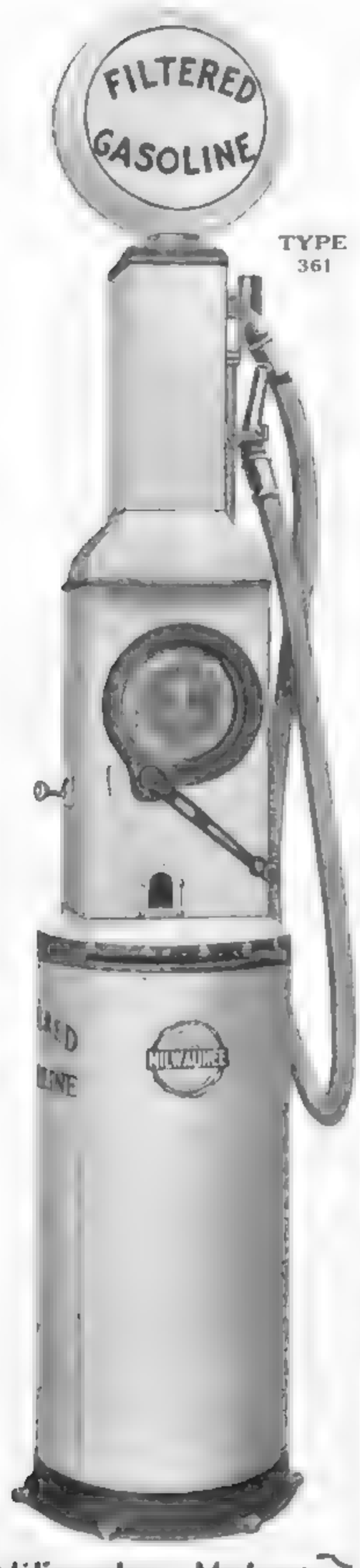

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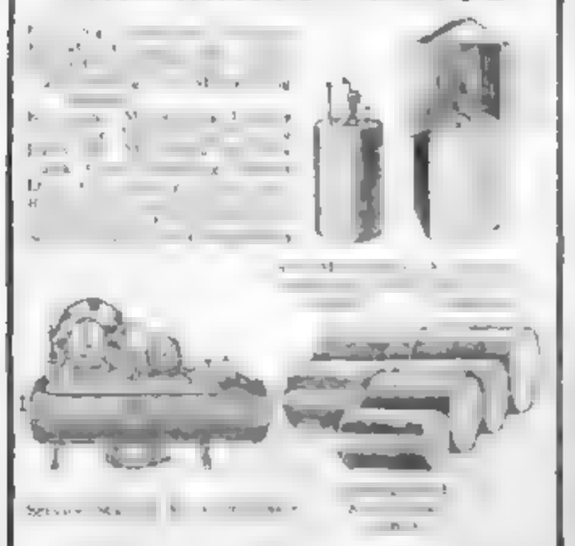

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# SLOWING DOWN THROUGH FLEET STREET

(Continued from Page 9

which in those days its sun has gone down a bit since then, in literary respects at least—was described to me by the late Lord Northcliffe as the best-written newspaper published in any language in the world.

The headline, like the story, had to be dashed off in the hurry of getting the story to the printers. But even the headline was not slighted. In six words the master of headline construction, Selah Merrill Clarke, summed up all the big fundamentals of the tragedy—Great Architect Killed by Pittsburgh Idler.

Now compare this—and the paper I have in mind was not unique among Park Row papers in matters of speed and thoroughness that night—with the speed and accuracy of Fleet Street when its army's great Irishman was murdered.

Not a single Fleet Street newspaper appearing the evening of the day Sir Henry was killed, nor the papers of the next morning, nor even the next night, had the correct names of his murderers. These earlier stories passed over the cause of the crime with one, sometimes two lines of vaguest surmise. There was absolutely nothing told about the movements of the murderers in the hours preceding the shooting, nothing at all about their previous lives or records.

One London "night final"—now before me as I write—places the crime in the wrong street. The names of policemen shot during the chase and capture of the murderers are not mentioned in these first stories.

One leading London paper failed to note altogether that a brave citizen who aided in the chase also was shot by the murderers. A part of the London press had three murderers arrive in a taxicab and shoot Sir Henry. There were only two, and they did not drive up in a taxicab. One final edition before me was able to muster up eighty-four lines in all describing the crime, other papers had nearer one hundred lines; and even this length of story was obtained in all the evening papers only by resorting to the typographical tricks of using large type, wide spacings between the lines and by making a separate paragraph of absolutely every sentence.

### How New York Beat London

Weeks later I saw the only good first-day story of the Wilson murder. It appeared in a New York paper that was being sold in the streets of Manhattan two hours after the firing of the shots three thousand miles away. The New York paper—far less interested in the murder than the Fleet Street press—contained one hundred and seventy lines devoted to an accurate and concrete running narrative of the tragedy itself.

The story in the American paper was illustrated with a much better reproduced portrait of Sir Henry than any London paper contained. Added to the story itself was a cable obtained from Sir Henry's home, in Ireland, and also an interview—in like manner hurriedly obtained by wire—with General Pershing in Washington concerning the life and great gifts of his murdered friend. Finally there was a sketch of the life of the dead field marshal, filling almost a column, that was immeasurably better than any of the Fleet Street obituary sketches. And the American correspondent in London, doing his job in the American reporter's shipshape way, had deftly woven into his hasty story incidents regarding the actions of Lady Wilson and others concerned during the tragedy, interesting details that Fleet Street for days was unaware of.

Splendid lads, the Fleet Street boys—generous, good-spirited, writing better English in the main than the American reporter; but, alas, they are born, live and die journalists instead of newspaper men.

When the journalist germ develops malignantly in Fleet Street it seems actually to be encouraged instead of being fed, as in America, with some sort of pizen that will cause it to die outside the journalist. Here our editors simply pass the black spot to the journalist before he spreads all over the shop. Editors of a more kindly nature—once more especially in New York—grab the walking-stick boys early and keep them from interfering with the real work of getting out the paper by making them the paper's book reviewer, dramatic critic or columnist. And the New York journalist then lives happily ever after, what with filling his own column with bright little pieces on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays about the sayings and doings of his little friends, the journalists on the rival Park Row papers, and reading what they print about him on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. And on Sundays they all gather together, exchange press notices and wallop the welkin until it rings and rings. Jolly lads.

The whole problem is more difficult to handle, I admit, in England. There is the biological phenomenon of being born swinging a cane. Spats appear in the eighth month. Six weeks before the two lower teeth protrude the baby develops a monocle. And even the lack of the Harvard handicap avails nothing. There's Oxford.

Until the autumn of 1914, Fleet Street never thought to object even to the rule in Whitehall which ordained that the journalist must not enter the governmental bureaus of Whitehall's high and mighty unless the journalist wore a high hat and altogether was all dressed up like a broken arm. Then came the war, and simultaneously into Fleet Street yipped the first troops of American reporters astride their office broncos.

### Park Row Methods Abroad

Fleet Street—always hospitable and always a gentleman—invited the Americans to rest up and have a dish of tea. No, thanks; they would have to be getting right on the job that day—and which way was the War Office? And delicately then Fleet Street broke the news to the Americans about the top-hat-morning-coat rule in Whitehall.

Now it happened that part of that group of American reporters also had been a part of the flock of American newspaper men who, back in 1910, met ex-President Roosevelt coming out of Africa and accompanied him on his memorable trip across Europe and home. They had demonstrated a part of them had, at least—in Rome, as one little incident will show, that awe of the great of which the American reporter has not a trace.

As the Roosevelt train was pulling into Rome one night during that 1910 trip the Colonel announced suddenly to his newspaper entourage that while he was in Rome he would not, for reasons succinctly stated, under any circumstances visit the Vatican. An ex-President in Rome and ignoring the Pope was news of first magnitude. The hour was late. Colonel Roosevelt's statement was distressingly brief and he would not expand it.

Within minutes the excited reporters were piling off the train in the Holy City. Well, when in Rome do as Park Row does! So into a ramshackle station vehicle climbed Park Row with the cry, "To the Vatican, Tony!" And a few minutes later the Row was addressing a dark-eyed gentleman all dressed up in a suit of clothes designed by Michelangelo.

"You speaka da Engleesh?" began the Park Row youth admittedly the best Italian scholar in the group. "Yes? Well, we want to speak to the Pope."

I forget for the moment all that promptly happened. One thing that I do distinctly recall, however, is the item that the Holy Father did not get out of bed and sit round chatting with Park Row until the reporters relented at midnight and let the Pope go back to bed. As I recall the happening, the entire night force of the Papal Guard in the end diplomatically relieved congestion at the Vatican front door. And these were the young men who now were told in London, four years later, that before approaching the British War Office they must doll themselves up like an usher named Claude at a Summit, New Jersey, wedding.

Not a reporter in New York wears a high hat on the job, even when entering the august presence of hizzonner, Mayor Hylan. The only American reporter I know who owns a high hat at all is Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Con has the decency to look upon his merely as his funeral

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kelly. There was once a reporter in Park Row—Bishop, I think his name was—who on pleasant Sunday afternoons used to hurry into the office wearing a frock coat, his wedding garment. His excuse was that he owned a baby, a baby carriage and lived in Kosciusko Street, Brooklyn—a trinity of circumstances which even to this day makes a frock coat a necessity. As for William Jennings Bryan and frock coat, which combine to decorate the working press tables at Republican and Democratic national conventions, these do not count. Mr. Bryan is not a reporter. He is the only living American newspaper man not from Harvard who is a journalist.

There was a ruckus in Fleet Street on that day in 1914 when Park Row was told about the high-hat-morning-coat rule. Rather than primp up daily that way, announced the American reporters, they would leave the British Empire flat on its back.

Certain aristocratic members of the British cabinet at first could not see the point. David Lloyd George could, immediately. And at the moment David had troubles enough.

"Newspaper cousins from across the sea," cheerily called David, in effect—I forget his exact words—"I don't give a dog-gone if you don't wear pants. Come in!"

From that moment and ever after, even Fleet Street daily journeyed to Whitehall without first boning up on What the Man Shall Wear. The world's greatest war itself, however, was notable to cut into certain British traditions that still keep British newspaper men at a disastrous distance from many sources of important news. The English nabobs and Mesdames Nabobs of the social, political and industrial worlds naturally, because of their positions, hold the key that unlocks many important news chests. They aren't chatty persons.

Also a newspaper's chief source of news, the police, is not accessible in London in the free-handed American fashion. But among the army of Scotland Yard gentry each paper is able to find one or more of the police who will surreptitiously give forth police news.

Above all, the British governmental high official does not subscribe to one American dogma that is axiomatic in our newspaper code. The American newspaper takes it for granted that a public official's conduct of the public's business is not the public official's private affair. English officialdom is far from subscribing to this belief. The war, however, had a part in teaching certain gentlemen of Westminster at least a smattering of the American newspaper attitude, as one post-bellum incident will show.

### *Diplomatic Icicles*

The then Mr. Balfour, it will be remembered, during the war headed a British mission that came over to Wall Street and vicinity. It is not so generally known that at the same time a large group of New York and Washington reporters, after spending a chill day or two in the outlying suburbs of the Balfour headquarters in New York trying to become chatty with Mr. Balfour, suddenly faced about and hurried downtown to the Fulton Fish Market. They were seeking, it seems, a comparative degree of friendly, responsive warmth by crowing into the fish-market cold-storage plant in a body and interviewing several large cold halibut and cod.

That wartime British mission succeeded along certain of its lines, but it failed lamentably in other respects, notably—which some of its members later admitted—in stirring up a hands-across-the-sea hullabaloo that had been one of its aims. Why? it asked itself for months that stretched into years. Then when a second British mission, also headed by Balfour, packed up after the war to come to Washington for the Armament Conference certain English gentlemen had begun to see the light.

Wherefore on the eve of the departure from England of this second mission Mr. Balfour and colleagues decided to prime themselves with some expert American advice. The mission did not go to Grosvenor Gardens to seek information there from the American Ambassador or his corps of experts. Instead, one of the mission, a famous British peer, invited into conference a young American reporter, fresh from Park Row, who was and still is on the London staff of a New York newspaper.

Why, asked the peer, coming down to cases, had the American public spurned the invitation of the Balfour mission of war days to join the mission's petting party?

"Largely," replied the American reporter to the peer, "because every member of the war mission, from Balfour down, treated the American newspapers and newspaper men the way you big guns treat your own Fleet Street reporters. You can't get the American people unless you get the American papers. Unbend! Take along ——"

"Unbend! What! Even Mr. Balfour?"

"No, not even Mr. Balfour—especially Mr. Balfour. Take along a press agent; not a hireling, but someone of importance, preferably somebody from the peerage. If it hadn't been that the war was on, the first Balfour mission would have failed worse than it did. If Mr. Balfour and the rest do not behave better with the newspaper men this time they'll ——"

"Do I understand," questioned the shocked peer, "that your journalists will abuse Balfour?"

"Worse! They'll make a comic of him. And for heaven's sake don't let an American reporter hear you call him a journalist."

What resulted? Well—just to take one significant little incident—scarcely had the Balfour mission to the Armament Conference settled itself in Washington when the managing editor of a New York paper called his star reporter to his office.

"In heaven's name, Ed," cried the managing editor, "rush down to Washington and find out all about this guy Riddell. Every dispatch from Washington in every paper has one paragraph of disarmament and four columns of Riddell. It's 'Lord Riddell says this' and 'Lord Riddell says that and the other thing.' From the way the boys are falling for this Riddell, he must be a helluva bird. Go get him for a Sunday page."

### *Mr. Hyacinth's Great Beat*

The young American reporter in London, pray remember, had suggested that the mission take along an affable press agent of exalted degree. Hence Lord Riddell.

Even Balfour during this second trip almost unbent. Perhaps I exaggerate. Speaking more carefully, I should say that Balfour condescended to come to the fancy-dress party disguised as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. And the second Balfour mission went back to Britain in a much happier frame of mind than the first.

One must not, however—as one usually does in America—confuse the British peerage with the British aristocracy. Riddell, like the even more democratic Northcliffe, but yesterday stepped into the peerage from a Fleet Street newspaper office. The Riddell coronet still glistens like a brand-new ninety-eight-cent alarm clock. On the other hand the steam riveters had not yet begun on the superstructure of the Balfour crown in his mission days; nevertheless Mr. Balfour, being aristocratic, could do nothing better than his leaning-tower impersonation. Even then the leaning was backward, but the admirable Riddell saved the day.

Then they all went back to London. Fleet Street went through the form of seeking Balfour out and asking the news.

"I say, Mr. Hyacinth," said the city editor—news editor, Fleet Street would call him—when Journalist Hyacinth returned to the street from his Balfour assignment. "Did you secure any news at Balfour's house?"

"I did, sir. Jolly news, sir."

"R pping, sir. What news, sir?"

"That he has the same old butler, sir!"

There you are. It's hopeless.

"Which London paper," I asked Mr. Ralph Blumenfeld—the American-born publisher of the London Daily Express, and one of the empire's ablest newspaper men—"would you say comes nearest in make-up and methods to our American newspapers?"

"None of them," replied Mr. Blumenfeld promptly. "There!" he added with a smile, holding at arm's length for my inspection a front page of his own paper. "Wouldn't any American newspaper man call this paper the deadest, most stupid-looking sheet he ever saw? And yet," remarked Mr. Blumenfeld, still grinning, "every once in a while I have to go into the city room and warn Mr. Wilson and his news staff about becoming too yellow."

A vital difference between the English and the American daily, as Mr. Blumenfeld pointed out, is that the British newspaper primarily is a journal of opinion, the

# Shoes Play a Big Part in Helping Men to Success

The foundation of any man's success is his own morale—his instinctive estimate of his own power and ability.

Experience has proved that nothing has a greater power to tear down man's morale than the sub-conscious feeling of shame that follows when a man realizes that some phase of his personal appearance is awry.

## *"Run-Over" Shoes Destroy Morale*

No man can feel right in "run-over", misshapen shoes. They pique his pride at every step—if they don't cause him actual pain and discomfort.

Until the Edmonds organization created and developed the Wedge Insole, no man could be sure that the shoes he bought would not run over. Paying a high price was no protection against this common trouble

*How the Wedge Insole prevents "Running Over"*

But Foot-Fitters, with the Wedge Insole and absence of cork filler, positively will not run over, when properly fitted. The Wedge Insole supports the foot in its proper position, throwing the weight on the big toe joint where it normally belongs. It literally "fits the bottom of the foot" and thus distributes wear evenly to all parts of the outsole, doubling the life of the shoe.

## *Foot-Fitters STAY Stylish*

Foot-Fitters won favor with fashionably dressed men at first because of their smart styles, and fine workmanship and materials. Then, when these men found they could depend on Foot-Fitters to hold their stylish lines through hardest wear, their enthusiasm mounted upward. They learned what you should know about the helpfulness of this shoe in your every-day climb toward success.

*A post card from you, will bring you the booklet, "Foot-Fitter Creations" and the name of the nearest Foot-Fitter dealer. Address*

EDMONDS SHOE COMPANY,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Edmonds Foot-Fitters

THE SHOES THAT WON'T "RUN-OVER"

*THE HAIG illustrated. Other smart Foot-Fitter styles for every man.*

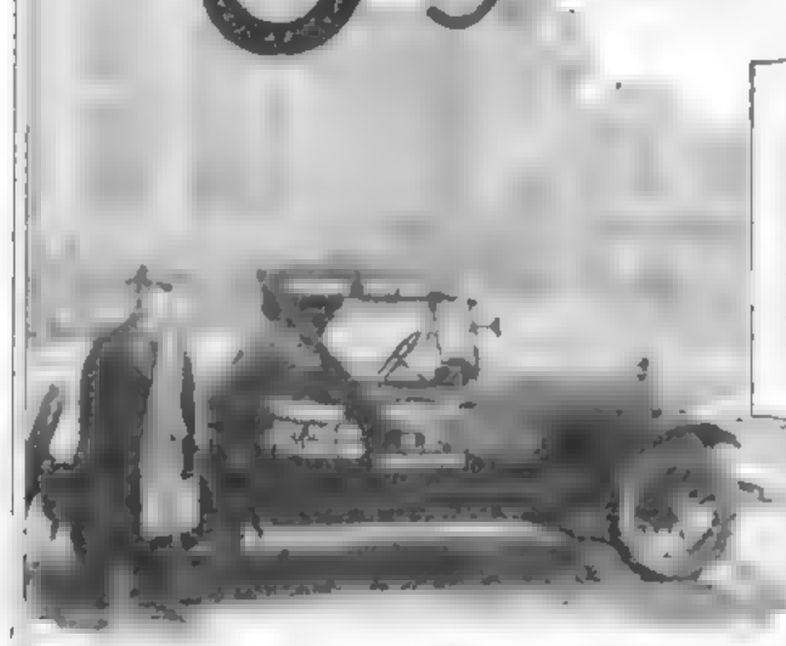
Arrowhead
HOSIERY

Your smartly turned out woman knows trim ankles are acquired by an act of free will such as inspires a successful gown or modish hat. She comprehends that shapely ankles are made by inspired hosiery and not by fairy god-mothers.

In Arrowhead Ankle-Clinging Hosiery the snugness that follows every contour of the ankle like the skin itself, is achieved by a proper shaping, a super-elasticity of stitch, a skilled manipulation of the machine under the deft fingers of craftsmen. Well illustrated by style "Minnehaha" at a very low price. Arrowhead is made for all the family.

Richmond Hosiery Mills, *Established 1890*
Chattanooga - - Tenn.

SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG
Your car



SIMONIZ test car on the beach at Atlantic City in February, 1923, after 32,000 miles on the road. It has never been washed! C. J. Martin drives it every day, rain or shine through mud and dust. SIMONIZ has preserved its original lustre. Have you seen it?

## Retain Your Prestige on Boulevards

Simonizing preserves that distinctive appearance so necessary to quality cars.

Simonizing is the safest, easiest method of keeping your car clean and protecting its original lustre.

Dirt, dust and other travel marks are easily removed from the Simonized surface of your car with a soft cloth without injury to the finish. Imagine the convenience and economy! Think of the time saved!

Simonizing does not interfere with painting or varnishing if it ever becomes desirable. Good painters use and recommend SIMONIZ.

No Acids in SIMONIZ! Avoid substitutes.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, 2120 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Leaks Juice — "A squirt does the work"
Penetrating Oil — Releases Sticking Valves
Simon's Top Dressing — Best for All Tops
Motorlife — Prevents Carbon
Black Spot Enamel — Dries in Ten Minutes


American paper a purveyor of opinion. Customs, reverence for traditions, the stand-offishness of England's powerful and great when Fleet Street approaches, Fleet Street's own humble acceptance of that [illegible] attitude, a truer sense of good taste in Fleet Street than in Park Row, stricter British libel laws—"the truer the statement," in England, "the greater the libel"—all these phenomena of English life combine to tone down the British press to a placidity of expression almost unknown to us.

But the English press has its passionate moments. British law permits it to go to extremes in matter of sex and kindred delicate subjects undreamed of by even the yellowest of American newspapers. Any salacious divorce-court testimony in England, anything that becomes a matter of court record, may be printed. Theoretically our own newspapers may go to like extremes with matters of court record, but when things become too raw along come our postal authorities and bar the offending edition from the mails.

Fortunately Fleet Street's exceptional regard for good taste tends to keep the columns of most of the London press clean. Then there are notorious exceptions.

I have before me—I should say, above me, because I keep them high above the children's reach—some random copies of a Sunday paper published in London. This paper has the mightiest circulation of any newspaper on earth—a net certified sale of more than three million copies every Sunday. It——

But wait till the cop turns the corner at the other end of his beat and I shall pick up a copy, any copy, and we'll indulge in a bit of sabbatical wallowing.

The True Story of Horatio Bottomley's Birth and some neat sex-impelled murders are smeared over most of the front page. For sixteen pages thereafter, with the exception of Page Ten—a sort of Farm, Garden, Pigs and Poultry Page—we have an array of extra-special fancy headlines, which I quote as they ooze into sight at the turning of the pages:

Wife's Oath of Innocence. Footless Lover. Married Man Accused of Girl's Death. Colored Doctor's Complaint When Sued by Woman. Romeo in Bond Street. Baby to be Adopted. Clemency for Mother in Awkward Plight. Unexpected Visit by Police Inspector. Titled Lady's Men Friends. Letters From Patsy—"Love Like Ours Cannot Die." His Bohemian Wife. Baby as Evidence. Major's Downfall. Midnight Adventure With Girl Pupils. Both Had Erred. Doctor and His Lady Patient. Labourer's Terrible Record of Crime Against Girls. Poison in Bedroom. Stranger's Attack on Helpless Girl. Peer's Son Disowns Her Child. How Puritan Got Into Her Dressing Ro——

Sh-h-h!—my little girl comes running into the room just now. I flip past news stories devoted to unsavory police-court proceedings, with elaborations of details that an American paper would not touch with the tip of a trout rod, and in confusion I conceal all except Page Ten—the Acadian countryside and poultry page.

But pause again. Run along and play, Kathleen! The leading sylvan article on the agricultural page is "By Our Chicken Expert." I tremble, and I do well to tremble. The pastoral essay is boldly headlined "When Hens Go Wrong."

Other London newspapers, daily publications, have attained enormous circulations, however, without bulging from the line of delicacy. No American newspaper sells a million copies, but there is more than one along Fleet Street that does.

Their amazing sales, however, are as nothing compared to the circulation which the Fleet Street journalists themselves would experience in the flesh if they followed Fleet Street methods in American newspaper offices. What with their Reporters' Union, which does not permit them to work more than eight hours a day, the afternoon-tea passion, their placid punting on the surface of news without bothering to dive for the real things below—altogether they would immediately find themselves circulating from the Eastport Eagle office all the way west to the Walla Walla Woof.

I can see the daily memorandum—supposing a Park Row editor had Fleet Street on his hands—which the day city editor always leaves for the oncoming night city editor when the day chief hurries off to catch the 5:15 commutation nightly to home and fireside in Upper Montclair.

*Dear Clarke:* Liveliest day we've had in months. Expected we'd lead off tomorrow with the big fire in a shirtwaist factory in East Twentieth Street, in which—so Al Thomas just telephoned me kindly from The Players—342 employes, mostly girls, were killed in a few minutes. Unfortunately, however, the fire didn't start until a few minutes after four this afternoon, or just when the staff's afternoon-tea things were being arranged on the desks by Perkins and the office second man.

Tried my damnedest, boss, to persuade our new politics man from London, young Hogan-Daffodil, to run up from Tammany Hall to look the fire over, but he answered over the telephone he specialized solely in statesmanship and, besides, was about to toddle out into Fourteenth Street for his own dish of tea. Anyway, the rabble of our city, he said, would doubtless view the conflagration at first-hand and the rest of our readers would not be interested in these incidents in the lives of the working classes.

Maybe you can lift a good fire story out of the first editions of the other papers, boss.

A whale of a good story at 26 Broadway this evening also. The S. O. telephoned here at 4:30 that they had a statement to give out about John D. Jr., quitting Standard Oil in order to become a bareback rider in the Ringling circus. Looked good to me; but by the time Perkins and the second man had taken the tea things from the staff the Standard Oil building was locked up for the day tighter'n hell. Sorry, good egg. Lift it.

Young Basil Maude—that Oxford lad who reads fortunes so delightfully with tea-leaf dregs—almost got another crackajack light story while covering the Electrical Show at the Garden this afternoon. The show's publicity man got Thomas A. Edison to box three fast rounds with Marie Dressler 'safternoon, but just as Battling Dressler was leaning an opening hot one at Kid Edison's jaw Maude had to start back here to the office because of that Fleet Street Union eight-hour law. As it was the clock struck five here just as he was whittling a new goose-quill pen and arranging his blotting sand, so he had to lock his desk and go home without writing anything at all. Lift it.

We'll have to lift the whole paper tomorrow, boss. The staff tells me tomorrow is what they call a Benk Oludye—Whoopsuntide, or something—and the whole damned outfit will spend tomorrow in Brooklyn, punting on the Gowanus Canal. Pip-pip, old dear!

Yours in haste,
MALLON.

Fleet Street at this writing is in a journalistic uproar—so I learn from London papers that have just reached me—over Lord Carnarvon's excavations in the Valley of the Nile. The jolly old Times, I notice, has beaten the rest of the street to a frazzle. The Times announces boldly on its first news page that King Tut "is dead."

*Near the Tomb of Tutenkhamun, Egypt. A Modern Arab Village*

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*After the game of bridge*

NOW every home can possess the wonderful Virtuolo, the supreme player piano, the product of the Hallet & Davis factories, makers of famous pianos since 1839.

Forget all your former ideas about player pianos the new-day Virtuolo is entirely different, improved and bettered in countless ways, a final achievement, perfect beyond description.

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Already thousands of the better homes of the country have Virtuolos. And everywhere music lovers, even the most critical, proclaim the supremacy of the Virtuolo.

Hallet & Davis have invested a fortune in the development of the Virtuolo. Years have been spent in its refinement.

The reward has been the unanimous public preference—a Virtuolo is always the choice when comparisons are made.

There are two ways to compare, first by performance and second by construction. The brilliance of a Virtuolo rendition, whether it is classic or popular music, is without equal.

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The construction of the Virtuolo has reached a new extreme in simplification. One exclusive invention reduces the number of parts to one-fifth of those formerly used. The result is obvious the Virtuolo maintains its playing precision. There is nothing to get out of order.

The Virtuolo brings to your home all the world's finest piano selections, solemn or gay, classic or popular, your favorites and the favorites of friends.

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There's a leading dealer in your community who will be delighted to demonstrate the Virtuolo for you or let you play it. It is so easy to play in every way.

Learn how easy it is to own a Virtuolo—the lowered prices, the easy terms. Don't wait and wish longer for the rare pleasure of having a Virtuolo in your home. Visit your Virtuolo dealer—if you should not know his name, write us. We'll send it, together with "The Virtuolo Book".

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# VIRTUOLO

## The World's Finest Player Piano

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EVERY drop of water wasted in your house registers on your meter or helps raise your water tax. And yet that little ball in your closet tank is an almost constant source of waste, to say nothing of the annoyance of that continual trickle in the closet bowl.

Jiggling the handle will stop it for a few minutes. Renewing the ball will stop it for just so long. Then the ball swells, collapses or stretches and the old trouble begins again.

But at last the Woodward-Wanger Co., plumbing specialists for 17 years, has solved the problem with the

MUSHROOM Parabal

GUARANTEED 3 YEARS

—a bulb built on scientific principles, to perfectly seal the valve—to last for many years. Shaped like an inverted mushroom, it fits right down into the valve and is pressed there by the force of the water on the outstanding lip. Thus no water can leak through.

The Mushroom Parabal is made of one piece of pure, live gum, just like a surgeon's gloves. It is unaffected by water chemicals, is reinforced where the wear comes and cannot be forced out of shape. So sure are we of its quality that we will replace it free and pay the plumber's installation costs, any time within three years, should it fail to give satisfaction.

$1.25 each, through Master Plumbers only. If yours hasn't it, send us his name and we will see that you get it.

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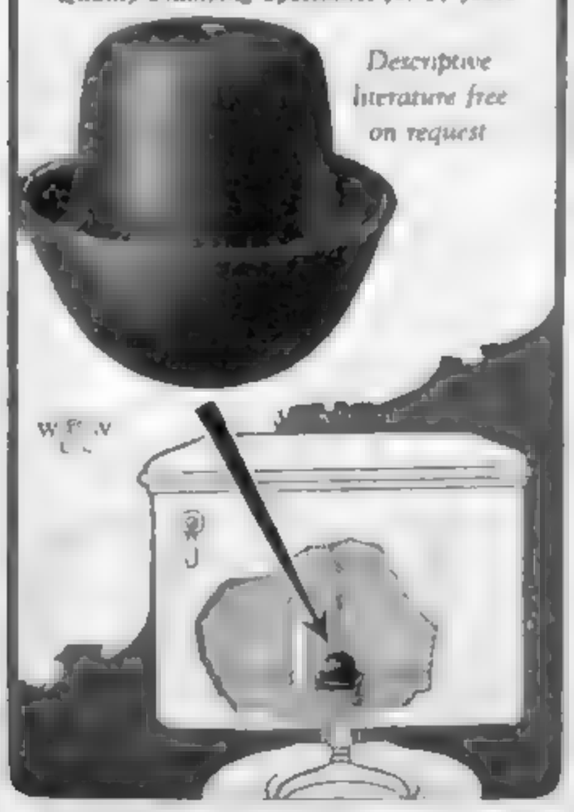
PHILADELPHIA
Quality Plumbing Specialties for 17 years

Descriptive literature free on request




# OURSELVES AND THOSE OTHERS

Continued from Page 29

I turned to the banker. He is a generous man and a very good judge, by general admission, of all national and international questions in his line.

He thought a minute; then he answered: "Do you want to know what I really believe—what probably a majority of the more serious men here in lower New York believe? It is this: We are very much interested in the European situation, and I think in many ways what you say does give a correct picture of the present attitude of foreign business men towards us Americans. I don't quite agree, though, that the way we could get together would be to talk things over in a general way. Merely talking never gets one anywhere, and it will only be when they begin doing business together that active men will feel nearer one another. This feeling will come as a slow growth when American and English leaders find it is to their mutual advantage to coöperate. The attitude you describe—that is, the Englishman wanting to enter into large Continental transactions with American money—has been the persistent attitude of not only the English but of the financiers of the rest of Europe, and particularly of Germany, for a long time back. This will never be done though. It would be of no advantage to America to export her capital except for the purpose of creating a basis for American export trade. Simply to furnish money to finance English or other foreigners' commerce, though it may be profitable to the money, is not sound economics for America."

### American Business Abroad

"Besides, I think the Britisher rather overrates the superiority of his countrymen's ability in business. The United States banker or merchant I think shows capacity with any given problem rather superior to the Englishman's; and his business methods in the fields he has entered are also better, to my mind. Our men are lacking only in knowledge of the foreign backgrounds. Once these are examined and understood, there is no difference between doing business abroad and doing it at home. It doesn't require different methods, though it does require a knowledge of foreign personnel and of conditions affecting their particular business. These things the American usually lacks, for our business man has not so far thought it worth while to travel much outside his own country. If the scheme offered is a foreign one he trusts someone else's word. To illustrate what I mean: A few years ago I went to look over some possibilities in a distant country, and was told there that only two or three first-class men from the United States had ever visited that particular land. Such developments come about slowly. Of course it does take a residence of some length to give anything really like an adequate understanding of conditions or form the acquaintances requisite for freely transacting business on a large scale. We have lately realized the disadvantages of being in others' hands and are moving now in the right direction. Doubtless we shall be insisting soon on an equal partnership and shall learn by experience to remedy our weaknesses."

The diplomat joined in here, giving his opinion: "Most of us felt we cut a foolish figure at the Peace Conference, and I'm afraid none of the other great nations' representatives inspired much respect. Europeans were very thankful for our help in the war agony preceding the conference, and of course they feared our strength also. In their depleted state they needed our riches. Since the war, as before it, they respected many of our people whom they met.

"Writers, scientists, travelers and business men, in whom they found what is the finest type of Americanism, naturally won the foreigners' esteem; while the generosity, delicacy and fine spirit we showed towards the misery of her famished peoples touched Europe's heart. But in a general way they have had a false picture of us in their minds: the Europeans imagine a sort of El Dorado of material wealth across the sea here, presided over by careless, happy-go-lucky men and women, who throw money about or are always ready to do so. They think we have vague uplifting tendencies, ambitions à la Wilson, and that though we are anxious to set the Old World straight we have little or no knowledge of its frontiers, its population and its real troubles. They decided to flatter, coax or tempt us into activities profitable to the flatterers, coaxers and tempters. It was our début among the nations, and our interests were not usually well guarded; but we looked more innocent than we really were, and we have been quick to learn from experience. This country is now rapidly developing opinions, and is showing another side of its national character to the Europeans, whose polite attitudes covered, we fancy in our disappointed mood, a threefold intention or hope: The cancellation of debts owing to America; then America is to lend them more money, and finally Americans should remain out of foreign markets as far as possible. A good deal of time has been wasted attempting to bring about these results, but with small success; and now Europe is beginning to understand us better.

"Meanwhile we have learned Europe's real virtues and her wiles, and we have been getting our balance. I don't blame the Europeans much for what they thought of us, nor for attempting to use us. I blame ourselves. As Mr. —— has just said, the American business man abroad was not usually of the best type. We had hysterical propagandists floating about and also a lot of wasters who cynically used Europe as their playground. These were all equally a disadvantage to our reputation. Lately this is changing; there have been conferences where our diplomats or economic representatives have shown sanity, force, and a growing capacity to handle international questions in a constructive way. We show a desire to study motives and conditions before we are drawn into further international activities, and I think there is still a lot for Europe and us to learn of each other. I wouldn't at all like to see Americans carry an unjust load of taxes while Europe's debts remain unpaid indefinitely; yet I believe we might wait a little and make easy arrangements. Most people, both in England and here, seem satisfied with the British debt-funding arrangement, and it will undoubtedly make for mutual respect. This is a long step in the right direction."

### Our Competitors' Advantages

All the party heartily agreed. Then I ventured to ask a question based on some facts called to my attention during my recent trip: "Why doesn't the United States Government stand behind its citizens in foreign lands as the British Government does? In Mexico, Americans and Britishers owned mines, and when trouble came the latter's interests were well protected, whereas American troops, though ordered in and out several times, were not ordered to act. I happen to have heard of a similar weakness, though on a different basis, in Hungary. There a British ship company and an American ship company were rivals, to carry Hungarian emigrants to the United States. The British shipping company had support from its home government, I suppose. The American tried to obtain the same kind of backing, and one American official did for a time act or speak in favor of his compatriot organization's effort to get legitimate business. Support from home was not given the official, who was removed. The net result, at any rate, was a clear field left to the shipping organization of a rival country to ours. Needless to say, this seems rather discouraging to the ambitions of our merchant marine. Talking of a similar case the story of our consular officer at Newcastle—an Englishman recently said to me that he didn't think it was in the American tradition or nature to do much international shipping business, and he added that a merchant marine was more important to England's islanders than it could be to us. 'I do business in both countries,' he added, 'and am only a resident now of my native land, while I have become a citizen of the United States, so I am a good judge. There is still a lot that Americans can do on their own territory; whereas the English are forced to go beyond their frontiers to carry on any successful business. They must therefore have their government to back their efforts, and it always does, of course. Another point is that your people in America aren't seagoing as the English are by nature, and British labor is

For Golfers

Annoying, painful blisters spoil many a game of golf. But not if you apply New-Skin before you start to play. This liquid forms a tough, elastic film that protects the tenderest hands.

Try it next time. You will be delighted with the results.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

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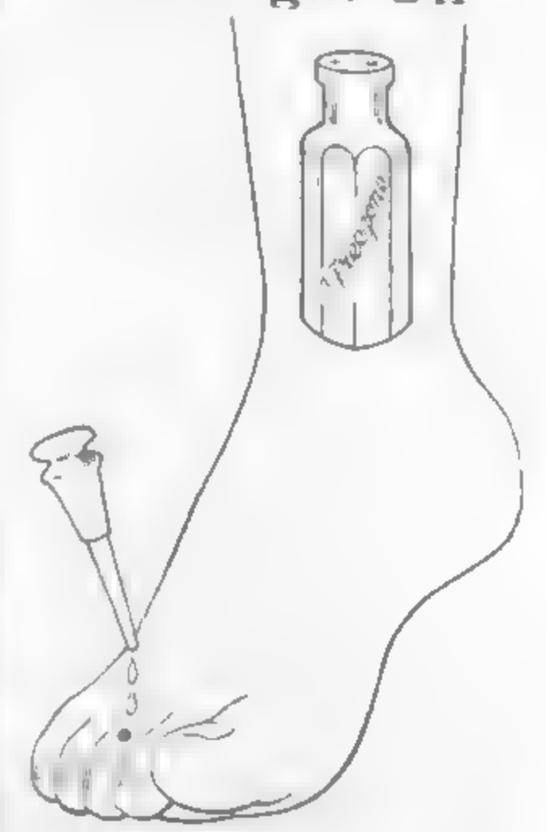
15c., 30c., and 50c. sizes. At all Druggists' Genuine New-Skin is always sold [illegible] in red and gold paper cartons, [illegible] in the tube.

Corns
Lift Right Off

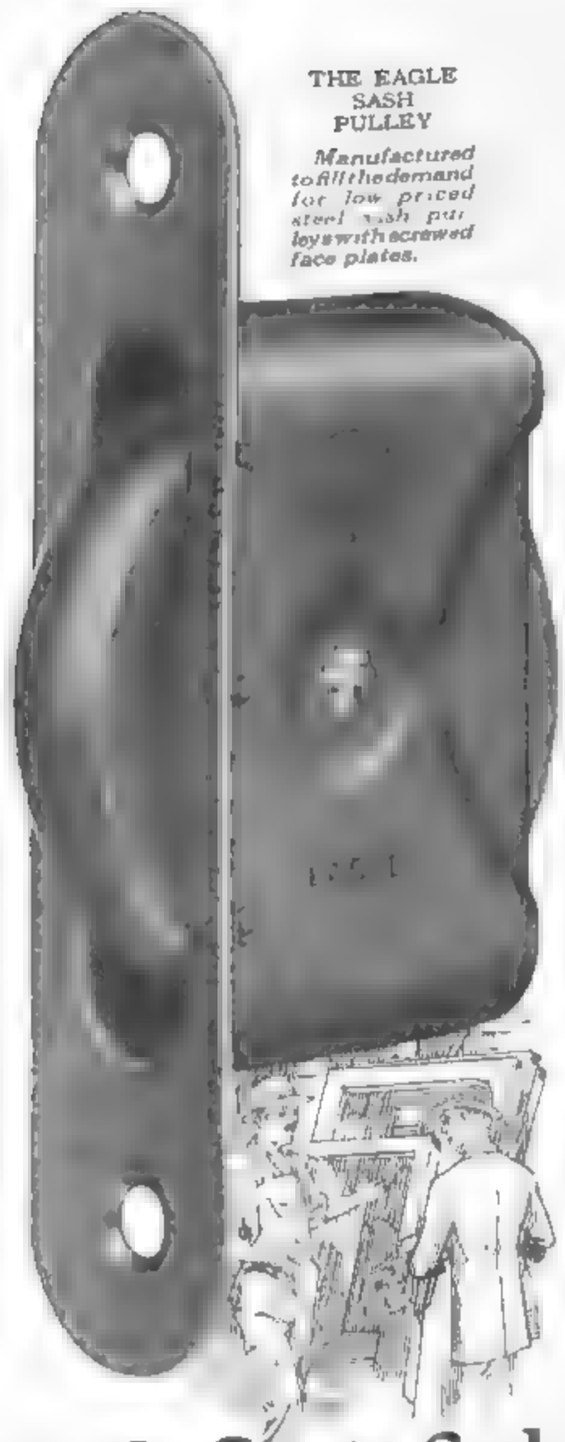


Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

Clark's 20th Mediterranean Cruise
FRANK C. CLARK TIMES BUILDING NEW YORK




# High Grade Sash Deserve High Grade Pulleys

THE amount of hourly inconvenience that faulty sash can cause in the constant raising and lowering of windows makes sash one of the most important details for the home-builder.

Buy good window sash. But also remember that daily operation of the sash can be no better than the pulley used in it.

The foresighted owner who "bothers" about this small but important detail will find that leadership exists in the making of sash pulleys just as in the larger building items.

American Sash Pulleys lead in their field because of their advanced design. Made of pressed steel and electrically welded, there is an American for every type and grade of sash.

*A leaflet will be sent upon request.*

The American Pulley Co.

*Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Steel Sash Pulleys and Pressed Steel Shapes*

Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN SASH PULLEYS


cheaper. Therefore our ships will always be a better-paying proposition than the American shipping business can be.'"

My story had its small effect; apparently everyone at the table agreed that American business would be better off if it had support from American officials abroad and our Government at home; but various theories followed modifying this opinion: First, the necessity of investigating any business which American citizens were undertaking might be troublesome; they might resent an investigation. Our traditions not being paternal, many business men preferred handling their affairs alone. All of which leads to the conclusion that even at the expense of some disadvantages American habits suited America's sons; and it was only when some particular individual suffered that he personally got annoyed with our methods.

Somehow I felt that during this lunch I had learned a lot about the American mentality in its strong confident phases. These men were examples of our most highly developed, well-balanced individualism. It was rather splendid. I had been struck by it before, during the war, when politicians pottered about wasting time, and government machinery was inadequate. Then men like these were among those who, having first tried to obtain preparations, suddenly dropped all personal business and departed for Washington or other central points. There at one-dollar salaries they took hold of things, coöperated with the Army and the Navy in organizing the forces that were to fight, and those other great forces behind the line of battle for equipment, feeding and transportation of our Army. It was this vitality that had produced miracles to make the Old World gasp. Such men had never expected thanks, nor did they get any. To them the most natural thing in life was if they saw chaos to get to work and bring order out of it. The struggle and misery in Europe today, I notice, do not seem to frighten this type of the American, and I never met one who said, "We can't help them or we won't." They all say: "There is no help possible on the lines we have been asked to take, and until this is realized abroad there seems no handle to take hold of, much as we sympathize with Europeans and much as we may want to coöperate constructively with them. Once they are ready to help themselves we can and will aid them."

### *The Village Druggist on Diplomacy*

One can't but be thrilled by this reserve strength of many millions of Americans. A man sat at that very luncheon who had said to me sometime ago: "There won't be a Bolshevik triumph here in the United States, though the Reds are working so hard. Do you know why they haven't a chance of success? It is because the majority of our American citizens when once roused to this red danger, will meet it, if necessary, in emergency fashion, by defending individually or collectively their homes, towns and lands, as well as their ideals and institutions. We leave things to our usual machinery in ordinary times, and we stand inane pottering, fool talk and noise, even a lot of knavery; but when all this brings about a crisis we up and fight, clean house, and then we turn back to our personal occupations and interests again. We prefer doing that to attending to governing ourselves continuously, which, of course, is theoretically the method of government we chose."

But to return to our relations with Europe. The sincere desire to help has sent a constant stream of gold from American pockets to one group or another of the sufferers over there. Curiosity and the wish to understand have brought a vast number of lecturers and writers here and kept them busy on good pay. These are often contradictory in their testimony, some of them being impostors or propagandists, some of them merely having visited different points in Europe or looked with different eyes, sympathies guiding judgments oftener than does plain common sense.

No wonder a stay-at-home American, in New England, the Northwest, the Central States, the Pacific Coast or in the South grows more and more confused over the European news he gets. He finally takes refuge in picturing all places to himself about like his own surroundings, and all sentiments of other peoples seem to him what his own mentality would be in similar circumstances. I have often been struck by the quaint sayings of self-respecting people who make a shrewd guess at the nature of work being done in some foreign land. One of the most striking and typical of these phrases I heard in the early summer of 1919, when the Peace Conference still dragged out its negotiations. I went into a drug store, kept by a delightful old man in a small country town down South. I sat down with the owner to have a lemon squash and to talk over the news contained in the local daily paper.

"Well, Mr. ——, what are you looking so gloomy over? Has the Peace Conference been broken up?"

"No, ma'am, 'tain't that what's worryin' me; I've been a-readin' how them there Big Four's doing with the affairs o' Europe. I'd been kinder thinking always they was big men, though I couldn't help a-worryin' somewhat over their procrastination lately. Now, from what I understand that's written here, I been thinkin' seriously about it; and seems to me like as if if I tried to run my business the way that Big Four is tryin' to run Europe's business this store would be for sale cheap soon, and I'd be bust in about three weeks' time."

It didn't take much longer than this philosopher predicted for the victims of the Big Four after the Versailles Treaty was signed to get thoroughly tangled up; and ever since the Old World has seemed to me to be growing dizzier and dizzier.

### *American Types*

Always Europe calls to us loudly; and openly they plead the cause of their distress in every sphere; while somehow in our own minds and souls there is a still small voice that speaks to us, awakening the echo of some memory, lien of traditions or of blood inheritance, which draws us unconsciously towards the parent nations. We almost forget them, when this feeling awakens our emotions, stirs our warm heart, and again we talk and think of stretching out a friendly hand.

I have often caught myself wondering if across the seas we are any better understood by Europeans than we understand them here. They must get a very strange conglomerate impression of us. Sometimes they see a brilliant eccentric American ambassador, and for a while they work with him. Sometimes it is an old and trusted friend, such as Mr. Herrick has come to be considered by the French. Occasionally a man brought up and educated in their midst, and speaking their language, represents our people, like Mr. Houghton in Berlin. Then there are United States officials who have never been abroad before, who are learning what they can, who have neither pretension nor preconceived ideas. All these are but a very few of the typical Americans who go abroad.

A great many of our compatriots I have watched abroad make a varied crowd, which wanders about Europe, surprised at what they see. They keep Europeans' attention fixed on us. There are representatives of that most delightful type in every nation, the cultured cosmopolitans; thoroughbred in looks, quiet in manner, cultured in mind, moving through foreign scenes with ease, speaking the languages of numerous lands, enjoying what is good and beautiful everywhere, taking for granted that there must be ugliness and wrong, and ready to be cheerful and forgiving in spirit. These people are making friends for themselves and their country, winning and keeping affection and esteem. Students, dilettantes, those who help and those who enjoy what is really good move about or settle down and stay awhile. They generally are useful, happy, and well received, but very little talked of.

Then there are the wasters—those who throw away time, health, money and their self-respect, just killing the boredom which is the problem of their days. These are spoiled, arrogant, noisy people, who spend their lives in shop or restaurant, losing all the gentle, lovely things life has to offer, and whirling, whirling till they fall in a drunken heap of gay rags and ghastly paint, jewels that flash, and eyes long since grown dull.

South Americans and North Americans join in these strange crowds of London, Paris and the watering places, where they feel more free than they do at home to dissipate without reproach; and where their money, spent so wildly, can draw wine, music, light, excitement, even from a background of ruins and of suffering.

There are a lot of other types I ran into in my wanderings, some very amusing and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others rather lonesome and pathetic. Still others annoyed me very much; while a few I saw made me feel ashamed. I don't at all like it when we show foreigners the worst that is in us, as we sometimes do, or when we seem foolish, a thing which as a nation we certainly are not.

I had gone in Paris to a quaint, comfortable, quiet hotel much loved by French and Russians, but of old never frequented by Americans. Lately, during or since the war, it has been discovered and used by some of the latter, mainly the family-loving, well-behaved type of the American traveler, those who bring mother and the children on a tour of Europe, and avoid glare and noise. They doubt the respectability of anything foreign and take immorality for granted, of course, in Paris. My hotel had no music, no gay tea or late supper parties, and I was extremely interested in the changed clientele.

One evening when I was loitering over my dinner alone, the head waiter hovering near was easily drawn into conversation. I asked, "Since when have Americans been coming to you?"

"Not very long. Madame la Princesse will notice that these are quiet families, as respectable as the good class we have had from other lands till now. The Russians and French have mostly become too poor to travel about; and if they must do so they go to the very cheap houses across the river. The English and Americans come to us now. But they are respectable people also, Madame la Princesse, mostly clergymen or men with families, those who come to Paris not to amuse themselves, and who know good cooking and careful service. The American wants these, and he pays well for what he gets."

### *No Wonder Prices are High*

I didn't tell that head waiter there was no objection to his American clients, save that I feared they would give generous encouragement to his prices' being doubled. Already my hotel bills were much higher than of old, and I protested on principle; of course only to hear of the war and after-war difficulties, and to listen to the manager praise his establishment's virtues. One day I was standing near the desk in the hotel office when two American men came to pay their bills. They were prosperous and benign, with mother, several attractive children and nurses, besides baggage, waiting to start out on the road—motor tourists of the best kind. The polite manager handed out bills that would have made a foreigner cry out and gesticulate for twenty minutes, and the polite manager then rubbed his hands one over the other and smiled engagingly, questioning: "I trust monsieur and madame have been comfortable and will honor us again on their return?"

One of the Americans looked at the bill's total, stated how much it made in dollars, and paid it with a good-natured and careless "Oh, yes. Here, help me count this funny money. It isn't worth enough to worry about it. I suppose you put the bill in francs to make it look like something." After which he passed double and triple sized tips to all the outstretched hands of the hotel servitors.

"Say, but they're a lot; and I guess they're all hungry!"

The second American, equally prosperous, equally benign, did about the same thing, but he said with more definite care, "Thank you, we have been quite comfortable and your prices are very low."

Then I began to understand why an American clientele spoiled hotel rates in Europe. A few such men, paying bills, would add 50 per cent to any thrifty manager's price list. My mind grew more and more alert and my ears grew long after that, listening for chance conversations of my native compatriots. I heard a great many talk, all over Europe. Sometimes I laughed, sometimes I was inclined to cry; often I felt like joining in, which would have spoiled these interesting bits of conversation.

At the hotel at Avignon four American women sat in the writing room chatting after their table d'hôte dinner. I was one of several other travelers who were at desks, where we had counted on silence and an opportunity to attend to our mail. But these ladies had a lot to say—at least, two of them did. The other two were elderly widows or spinsters who were typical globe-trotters, taking things as they came, "silent in seven languages," to quote Bismarck. The talker in chief was a widow, no longer in mourning, overdressed in much cheap imitation lace, beads and other things, a heavily feathered hat among them. She was about fifty, and fat; her gown was tight enough to make her rather breathless, but she had a great deal to tell, and stood the strain of telling it well.

"Yes, my husband died and we spent a long time making up our minds to come over. Olga, that's my daughter there, she kinder had a hankering to see Europe, and I'd never been. We had the money and there wasn't much to do at home, so we just up and packed our things and come. Didn't we, Olga? You see, I'd often thought about Europe. We named Olga that way because we'd thought about Europe. Olga is a Russian word for something; good name and suits her, for the child always has had queer ideas and tastes. Perhaps the name made her kinder different. Well, we decided to come first to France, and we certainly have seen a lot of strange sights. Paris first. I didn't think much of Paris. Houses aren't near as big as in New York, and there aren't so many people around nor nearly so much rushing. But Olga said I must see things, so we went all over till I was that dead beat I couldn't see what I looked at and didn't care if I understood the tongue or not. The rooms weren't nearly so good as in home hotels, and I can't abide the queer food; no muffins nor even biscuits for breakfast.

"Now we're touring France, and of all the uncomfortable things! We went with a whole crowd over the battlefields, which was real interesting, where Pershing and our boys from home fought. Olga wanted to see the south of France and this place, where the Roman popes lived. I don't know why. I haven't much interest in such things myself, but we did have one adventure. When we came here yesterday they gave us Room Number ——, said it was the room Napoleon once slept in. I thought it would be kinder fun to sleep in it too; wondered if we would have his bed. I didn't suppose we would. Guess it must be broken down by now, all these years! Well, they took us up to Number , and it wasn't much to look at; just one big bed, and we like two. Olga don't sleep to speak of. She says I snore, though I am sure I don't. She just imagines it because she's restless; and when she rolls, that wakes me up. Anyhow we said we wanted two beds and if you'll believe it, in that emperor's room there isn't place to tuck in a cot. So the manager said we could have another room with two beds; a big room with a view of the valley and the Palace of the Popes. Only the room is at the top of the house; very nice when you get up, and Olga don't mind stairs, but I say if I have a stroke on them the view won't cure me of it; and I don't go up there but once, at the day's end; I sit here for the rest. I miss home comforts more and more. You can't ever get a bath without paying extra; everything's counted separate on the bills. It is mighty queer and far from home, as I tell Olga."

### *Olga the Dutiful Daughter*

In spite of being pale and worn and obviously weary, I fancied Olga was still driven by the occult forces behind her weirdly foreign name, and she held to her firm resolve to carry through this trip she had planned and dreamed of. The mother's talk was probably no more wearing abroad than at home, and to gather memories that could be carried back to her routine life was well worth the effort their trip cost her patience. Body and soul were pretty well starved, judging by appearances, and Olga was hungry for the Old World's beauty, history and atmosphere, even though she couldn't take in most of the riches spread about her. She was thin, pale, untidy, and perhaps she gazed at things from a wrong angle. I wondered why she hadn't left her noisy parent at home or settled her in some sunny *pension* where generous rations of food and a soft bed would be obtainable at fixed rates and regular hours. Then she might have wandered alone through the lands that tempted her. But she was evidently a dutiful daughter, or someone had told her that only in the United States was a woman safe alone. Never had I felt so like giving anyone advice and information.

Another occasion, when I did intrude into a conversation, I heard a compatriot telling of her troubles all over Europe during a long trip, the languages she couldn't understand, the discomfort of no breakfast,

(Continued on Page 164)

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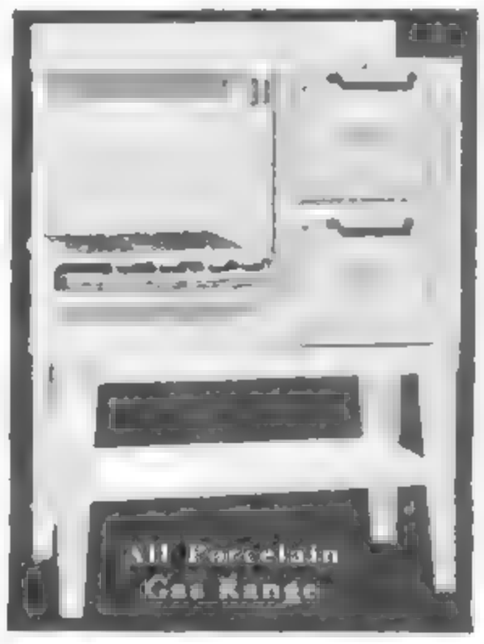


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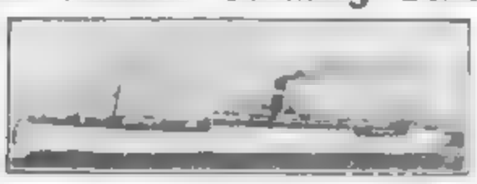

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(Continued from Page 162)

no home dishes to eat, and such queer houses! Queer people, immorality, and the houses so different from at home. Just twice she had had a pleasant hour during her wanderings in Europe—once when the Smiths, from home, had happened along, and they had all gone to some restaurant where American food was served and a negro band played things she knew and lulled her lonesome spirits; and another time when she had stopped in what she hardly hoped to find: "A boarding house, my dear, where there were some folks from home and we could talk comfortable about things we knew, and which had seemed so far away, I almost cried for joy."

"I'm afraid you are just lonesome," I said. "Why did you leave your home and come so far?"

And the lady answered, "Well, at home lots of people had been to Europe and they talked as if it was an interesting place. I do believe they were just putting on airs; I thought since the chance offered I'd better come too. But won't I be glad to get back again, though! And I'm sailing in a week. The thing I'm feeling now is sorry for the poor natives who have to live in these foreign lands with the queer ways and talking. At least I can get away, but they ——"

And she held up her hands in almost European fashion. She had unconsciously picked this up. There wasn't any use explaining that possibly Europeans might not enjoy the particular customs of her home town.

Later I sat in a train de luxe in Central Europe. The first-class car was mainly occupied by my native compatriots. I had heard them talk of their passports, and my Russian passport was almost the only foreign one in the group. I had spoken French with the conductors, so the Americans probably thought me foreign. Two women in the corridor were chatting; one of them grew indignant over the story she was telling. "My husband had to go to Chermany." Then she went on to tell how, having arrived in Germany, "ve vent" on a train where a German officer had insulted her. She had told him she was an "American lady," whereupon the officer, according to her story, had roughly ordered her to shut up. Evidently the American lady traveler was seriously disturbed and it would not have helped matters to explain that it had probably not been obvious she was either American or a lady.

### The Pink Lady-Uplifter

Two instances mentioned by American officials were rather striking. In one country the United States ambassador said he was brought the business card of a Mrs. ——, then the embassy servant ushered the owner of the card into his office. She fairly filled the room with an atmosphere of bustling efficiency and critical superiority. He held the card and smiled at her.

"I see you are a business woman," he said admiringly.

But she answered with severe vigor: "No, sir; I'm a woman with a business."

He stood corrected. "She is the kind who wouldn't want to be called a married woman, I suppose, though she might admit she was a woman with a husband." The ambassador laughed gayly as he said this, but imagine the effect of such a female joke on foreigners! Another official told me an American lady uplifter had come in to him, saying she wished to visit the Bolshevik representatives who happened to be residing in the same capital with him. He, having no relations with them, told her he could not put her in touch with these Reds. The American lady uplifter went without introduction to call on the particular Bronstein or Finkelstein in question, and reported to the American ambassador afterwards that she had been received with enthusiasm by the Bolsheviki, and asked many questions; that she had told them of her sincere admiration for their theories and how she thought in many ways it would be a good thing if the United States imitated them; also she had criticized to these aliens the inconveniences and annoyances she felt in American life. Now she wished to tell her ambassador of the advantages to be enjoyed in Russia, as she had learned them from her new friends, so he, the American ambassador, might in turn get in touch with these brilliant Russians, who were at his elbow, and recommend to the United States government officials the splendid system the Reds stood for—by their own showing!

One wonders very much over the curious specimens of Americanism one meets abroad. Nowhere in my native country have I met anything approaching some of these types who abroad have proved to be my compatriots. I think those I am really ashamed of are the rich wasters who rush about noisily; selfishly and brutally throw their money about, and drink themselves into conspicuous disrepute; or jazz till the quivering nerves of the Old World's suffering are stretched almost to the breaking point.

On the other hand I never have felt more proud than when I have seen the eyes of Europeans fill with grateful tears at the mention of our understanding charity. It is rather thrilling to hear the American Red Cross people called White Angels and to know they have thoroughly deserved the name. To see with what affection and respect certain Americans are referred to is quite splendid, and one can't but be glad to know that the name of Elihu Root, for instance, is generally known, stands for greatness and is pronounced with admiring awe abroad everywhere. I have often looked about a European salon, to discover with pride that the best and most appreciated people in the company were Americans. Handsome in looks, able in brain, charming in manner, they took a front-rank place and stood all comparison advantageously. Along the byways I traveled there were many times when I caught myself contemplating with real pleasure an individual, a couple or a family group of Americans, who had come across the sea to relieve distress, help with economic problems, confer with scientists and professionals of the Old World or who were abroad merely to study and enjoy the treasures of Europe with a fine understanding of the true merits of Europe's nations which they were always ready to show.

### Where Everything Grows Big

Often, too, I have felt very sorry for the loneliness of some Americans, who I fancied would have been better off and could have made friends through the efforts of a sympathetic interpreter.

One can't expect Europe to be like the United States, either in its language, its manners, its money or its modes of life, yet it seems difficult to empty our minds of preconceived notions as to what we shall find along the highways of a strange land. Nerves are strained and emotions are violent. No one grows accustomed rapidly to new surroundings, nor does anyone take new experiences without shock. But though the foreigners have different standards from ours, I have found they live up to these as well as we ever do. If we want to stay in our home atmosphere mentally why not remain at home altogether, where we are secure in our habits? If we want changes let us go out with unprejudiced minds. We can enjoy what is fine in our foreign neighbors, and accept their queerness and their faults, consoled by the knowledge that New York's high buildings and its noise give a nerve-racking first impression to many strangers who later grow to love the great metropolis of our New World. I once brought a little Russian maid from the quiet open steppe lands of South Russia to New York. For three days she wouldn't go out. Even to look from a sixteen-story window made her dizzy. Finally she went for her first walk, with another Russian, who had settled over here. She looked up from the depths of New York's cañon streets to the roof lines of skyscrapers, and she looked at the huge tram cars and at some grapefruits in a shop window. "It is wonderful how everything grows big here in America," she said excitedly when she came home. "I suppose it is this climate. The houses and the cars and even the oranges are enormous!" She soon recovered from her fright, and grew to love her life in New York.

All the Americans traveling about are, of course, creating our reputation in Europe's mind—those who arrogantly expect special privileges and call for them loudly because they are Americans and will pay, those who talk and joke about Europe's bad money and her poverty, those who spoil shops' prices, either cynically trying to buy up quantities of one or another kind of merchandise in order to resell it at home to their own advantage, or those who lay in cheap supplies for their own use. We complain of raised prices and the exploitation of Americans; but I know many travelers over there who meant to buy one pair of

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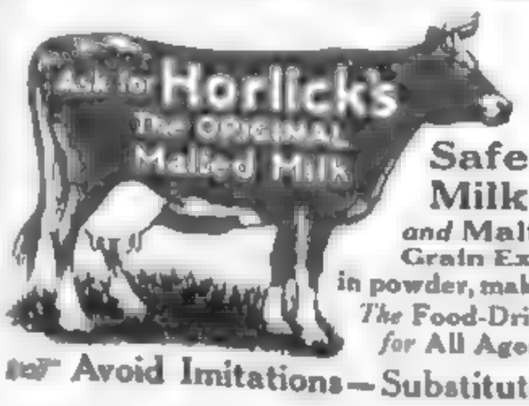


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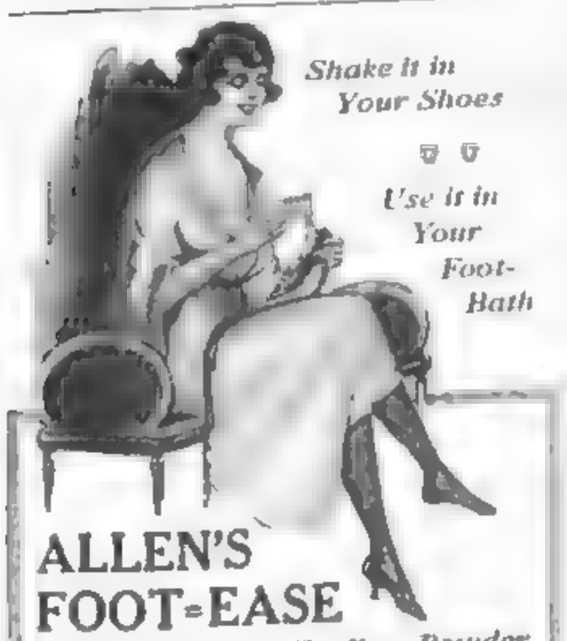

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stockings, but on hearing what they cost, exclaimed: "Oh, then, I'll take a dozen pairs, the things are so cheap here!" Sometimes a delightful charitable old lady would say, "Poor souls, don't let us bargain; see how cheap their prices are. Why, it is nothing compared to home." And that also sounded strange to European ears, I think. We forget they often know our language but rarely comprehend our ethics. It isn't that we are better or worse that makes for misconception; it is that we are different from them in so many ways, and the foreigners judge us by their own standards. They rarely judge us right. We do the same, of course, towards them, which adds to the difficulty.

One thing I was always regretting during my recent trip, which is that a great many people from America who have no standing in their home cities go abroad with the deliberate intention of making a noise. They of course soon become known for their many defects, create a bad impression of their countrymen, and get considerable notoriety of an undesirable kind. Sometimes they are disliked, sometimes they are laughed at, and I have found myself listening to stories which I was sorry to have told of Americans, though in themselves the stories were amusing enough.

### *A Wise Old Lady's Advice*

Probably this is all true of other peoples as well as of us, and the least presentable nationals of every land naturally go abroad to show off; but in these days of confusion one feels anxious to have each American stand out above the crowd, an acknowledged leader for good in the world. I was always wishing some American could feel Europe's eyes fixed on him and would realize he mustn't treat the Old World as a holiday ground where, prohibition laws being removed, he might drink everything in reach and make a joke of it and of himself.

Thirty years nearly I lived in Europe, and I traveled over much of that continent again during three months lately. Though often alone I never once had occasion to complain of neglect in service or of rudeness on the part of any foreigner. I talked with four other American women who, though comparatively poor, had wandered about, bent on studying and sightseeing or stopping here and there for golf, and then I questioned an American couple who are very wealthy and who spend four or five months of every year in England, France and Italy, taking their children and a number of servants with them. I found none of these had been exploited or annoyed, but they had made friends all along their line of travel. Generally speaking, I think travelers' troubles come because a stranger has not spoken the language or known the prejudices and regulations in lands where he happens to be. Occasionally his arrogance brings about complications. Misconception as to the traveler's importance or as to the value of our United States currency offends him, while those on the bad side of the situation are proportionately sensitive and resent any slight. I remember when I was a débutante a wise old lady told me I would find myself always bringing home from parties what I took to them in the way of enjoyment. "Carry into society a warm charity, a quick sympathy, a fine spirit, and you will bring home the kindness, affection, gayety and pleasure you have given others." The same seems true of our relations with the Old World. Our national interests should be guarded, of course, by those who carry the responsibility of looking out for such matters, but it is every individual traveler's duty to do his small share towards making us esteemed, respected and loved abroad; and there is no necessity to carry a chip on one's shoulder in order to obtain good results.

Somehow it seems really more important that every American who goes abroad should make a fine impression for his nation than that he should be on his good behavior at home, for abroad he represents the homeland and its institutions. When foreigners come here they must accommodate themselves to us and take trouble to adapt themselves to our ways of life. We have a right to expect them to like us as we are, or to depart. When we go abroad the same rule should hold; and it is up to us to remain at home or do what we can to please. Dignity, simplicity, amiability are natural characteristics of the average American, and they are traits greatly appreciated in Europe. We have no need to become sycophants or other than good patriots any more than we have need to copy our next door neighbor's ways here. At home, however, when we are putting through our best bargains or competing openly for any prize, we usually prove there can be good sportsmanship even in rivalry. So in international relations, interchange of professors and of students, correspondence between scientists and associations, international championships in all sports have proved to be the foundation of much mutual appreciation, and I have heard of no ill feeling or trouble resulting from such relations. Business and politics are less happy fields, yet in the hands of experts and great men they should not prove dangerous, especially if private citizens of rival nations can keep cool, use common sense, and devote themselves to creating an atmosphere of sympathy, in which difficult questions may be worked out at ease.

The Old World has faults and virtues, as we have. Age, experience and tradition, with the dignity which suffering gives, make up today the character of Europe, while we have splendid youth with energy, idealism, and the strength of our material wealth as trump cards on our side. Can't these assets be combined with wisdom for the reconstruction of a world? Somehow as I wandered about Europe I often thought that if we and they could lay aside our prejudices and small prides or small fears, we would soon learn to stretch out our hands in friendship. Yet the whole of our world has been talking continuously since November, 1918, to no purpose. The result is bedlam let loose.

### *An Economic Loss of Words*

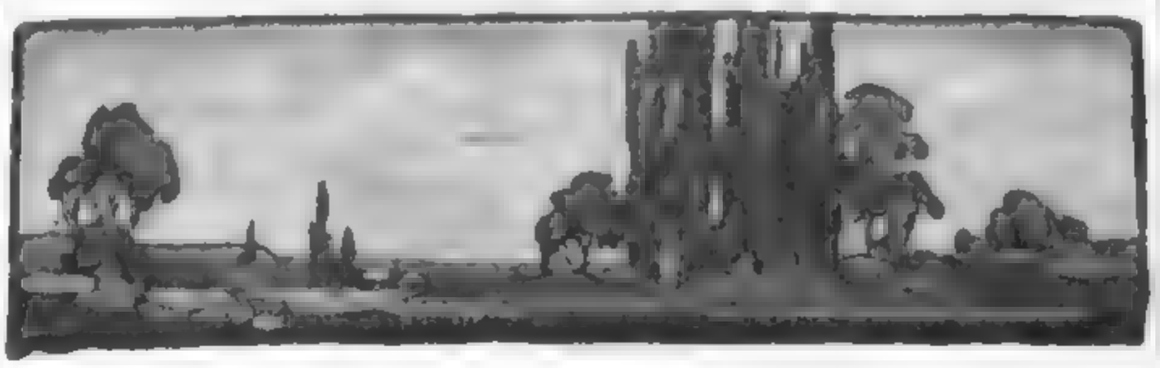
One of our greatest citizens spoke the other day of the desirability of getting into the heads of the American people a series of noncontroversial facts to which everyone would agree but which nine-tenths of the population of the United States ignore facts which form the necessary heads of all sound reasoning on international affairs. Our voters need certain elementary education on national rights, national duties and national manners. The next thing is to secure some means by which this information can be fixed in our nationals' minds; and some way of cutting down the frightful economic loss, in the millions, billions and trillions of words uselessly precipitated upon the world.

In every country I visited all those I talked with wanted help from over here, were willing to make any concessions to get our cooperation, yet they never explained this unmistakably at any time when it would bring results worth while. In fact, a good many of our people seem to feel that our efforts at helping Europe have either been refused or were not appreciated.

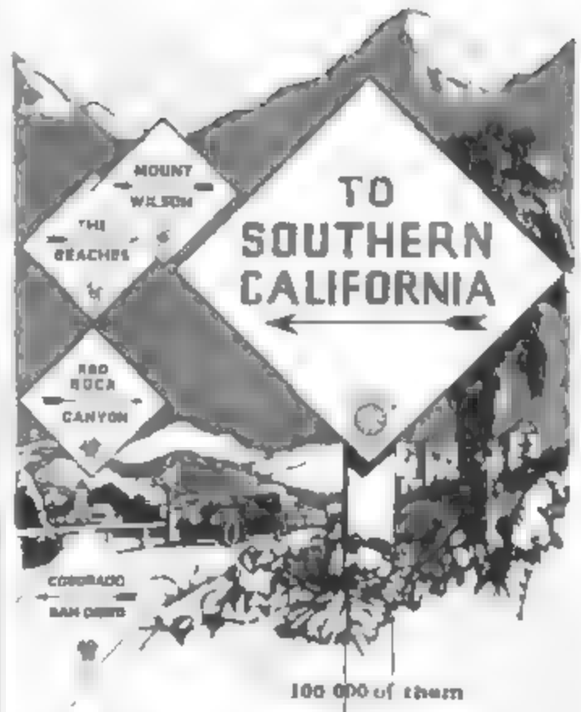
Possibly there has been an occasional lapse in our adroit handling of Europe's sensitive nerves. At any rate the bridge of a general understanding has not been found, and one can't but feel time presses.

An old French proverb, witty and wise as are many French sayings, runs: *"Si jeunesse savait; si vieillesse pouvait!"* If only youth knew; if only age had strength to do.

Is it, one wonders, beyond the power of our civilization to bring youth and age in the world powers together and make them friends and comrades in the work to be done?



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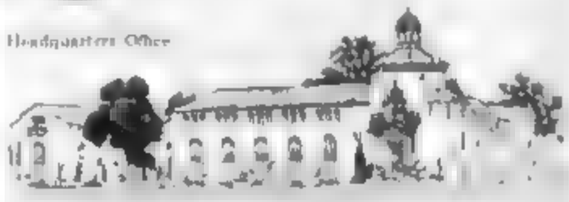




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# JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB

Continued from Page 21)

life. Walking in New York becomes a matter of turning your head this way and that every two seconds, like a weather vane in a whirlwind. Otherwise you're a jay walker—or a casualty.

Those 320,000 insatiable motor vehicles of New York, aided by some of the thousands of visiting machines, have now even taken to picking on the lamp-posts. They knock over a park lamp-post every day in Manhattan. The Commissioner of Parks is quite excited about it. He has to put the posts up again.

But the war's interruption of home and school building, and the present-day crush of motor vehicles only emphasize a condition that always existed. And the underlying reason for it all is that the government has left the course of the city's expansion to a selfishness of business that is nothing short of savagery. That is our sentence at the hands of representative government.

Of course there have been palliatives little laws about how to build a sink or an air shaft in a new structure, where to put fire escapes, how to put the garbage out by the front door; and countless dabs and pattings to smooth the sharp corners of the mess. But the government's laying out of twentieth-century transit routes has concerned itself mainly with more north-and-south lines, following the crowd in its rut instead of leading it aside, accentuating the trouble instead of alleviating it. For the time for the north-and-south streets and tubes has long since gone by. In 1850, when Forty-second Street was far uptown, they would have helped. Now the span between uptown home and downtown job is too long. The less of that homeopathic expense the better. It was not until 1913 that the first sign of sanity in rapid-transit routes appeared.

And never, till 1916, was even a gesture made toward compelling business selfishness to adjust its whereabouts to the plain rights of human beings. In that year a zoning law decreed, with some fear and trembling of the constitution, in what quarters of the city its respective residence, business and manufacturing districts should be; how much of a building lot might be occupied by the building in the interest of light and air, and what should be the height limits of buildings. That was a good law, as far as it went—which was a few inches. It put a stop to the frenzied jumping about of businesses that could not squeeze in downtown and so had gone leaping off to right and left, in zigzag northerly courses, with all the anxiety of a flock of home-hunting fleas. It stabilized real-estate values, just as it stabilized Marianina in her downtown cold-water walk-up and stabilized into stifling solidity the refugee crowds in the Subway trains. It lifted a warning hand against further jumping and—it left things just as they were. Despite its glimmer of hope for the future, it touched the city's plan so timidly that it is little better than a light lock on a stable door from which the horse was stolen long years ago—a gesture of repentance—after a hundred years of nothing at all.

### Paralysis of the Civic Nerve

I could say a bit more about the growth of New York and of the conditions of life as we live it there, for that was my study for ten years, as it must be the study of every city official who cares at all for the people of his city. I could take up the problem block by block and tunnel by tunnel, and have it out with you, throughout the five boroughs, from Tottenville to College Point—and then tell you what ought to be done about it! With great gusto! But that is another story.

The point of the picture—and there are others who can tell you from knowledge that it is not overdrawn—is the contrast that it furnishes between leadership in business and leadership in government.

While business has been studying, planning, guiding its own efficient development government has let the youthful growth of our greatest city go hang. While American capital and coöperation show the way to the world in copper, oil and steel, in communication, transportation and a thousand other activities and commodities, the world makes its way into America through a gateway whose lack of a city plan makes it look like a civic paralytic. Can there be any doubt that if a decent portion of the concentrated intelligence that has marked New York's part in the nation's business had been devoted to the well-being of the city itself we should have a different result today?

We do not need to look farther into the question of America's world leadership in engineering, business and capital. That is no longer a question. But we may reasonably inquire why New York is short of homes, schools, playgrounds, streets and transportation—and even the most rudimentary plan for its future growth and betterment. We make that inquiry in our own behalf. For we ride in the Subway. But we make it first in behalf of the children of New York. They're not quite up to doing that for themselves—not yet. They take what they get and make the most of it. And what they get is the best they know.

Now, right here, peering at me across the years, I see a sun-tanned face that I had almost forgotten. A long way from Mulberry Street it was, and it must have been twenty-five years ago. Yes, all of that. One can forget much in that time. But there are faces we don't forget, and this was one.

We'll say the man's name was Andrew Allen. He was a farmer. I can see him now—clear black eyes in his walnut face, white hair, tall and spare, and with a gentleness that made you look at him twice. And he had the coziest farm in all that far-away valley in the Berkshires. Elms bending over the old brick house, a brook that rippled by under the red bridge, russet fields roundabout and pasture lots on the hillside—it was all there, just like the storybooks. For I've seen it. And Andrew Allen and his wife kept it well.

### Checking Up Mike's Boast

But they had no children and that, coupled with their own big hearts, was how they came to take into their home for two weeks a New York youngster at the hands of The Tribune Fresh Air Fund. There was a whole trainload of those kids, boys and girls, and I took them up there in a hot week in August and turned them loose, one or two to a farmer's family. They filled the valley.

And what they didn't do to those farmyards! Most of them had never seen anything beyond the brick and stone of Mulberry Street and such, but they knew a chicken when they saw one! If there are tail feathers across the Styx, I know of some that still tingle. The clutch of Mulberry Street is mighty, and a peaceful life of picking up things is no chicken's right. Even in the great beyond of roosters, when ghostly squawks come faintly over the river, is it too much to guess that majesty remembers?

The guest of Andrew Allen and his wife boasted red hair, twelve years, a barrelful of pep behind his pale little face, and the well-defended name of Mike. When he had been there two days his patient host wrote me a letter, for I was back in New York.

"He's a good boy," the letter read, "very active and interested in the chickens. He needs a vacation. But is he the right kind? He says his father is just as good as I am, that his father owns a horse and carriage in the city. I thought it would be a poor boy you would send me."

Then I had to look up Mike's father. At the corner they told me he was just coming around the block. So, in the shadow of the tall tenements, I waited for father, horse and carriage.

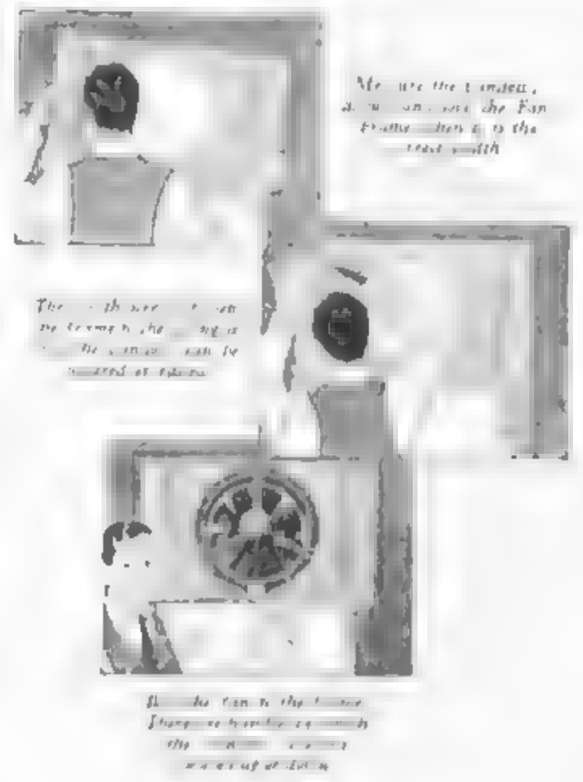
"Hey, there he is now!" exclaimed my youthful guide.

"Yeah, that's Mike's old man," said the assistant guide. There were a dozen assistant guides, ranging from three to four feet high. They covered the sidewalk; for the passage of Mike's old man was an event of no mean importance, and the passage was about to take place. But it was necessary to make sure. So I stepped out into the roadway.

"Shur-r-re. That's me." The answer came down from Mike's old man, perched solidly, driving his horse and carriage. Below him in front stood the big draft horse, drooping, and behind him rose the colorful pile of assorted garbage that filled his street-cleaner's cart till it dripped over

(Continued on Page 168)

Install it Yourself
in Twenty Minutes



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It isn't even necessary to employ a carpenter or electrician to make the installation, because the Fan can be easily placed in a window, transom or other opening by anyone who can handle a screw driver.

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The Fan for house kitchens is but one of various types of ventilating apparatus built by the American Blower Company. We make equipment for ventilating offices, restaurants, theaters, stores, factories, laundries—business places of all kinds and sizes.

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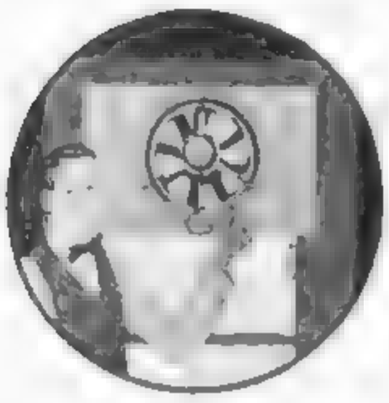
Mail a post card for the names of your local electrical dealers, who will gladly supply complete information and show you how the Fan will convert your kitchen into one of the most pleasant rooms in your house.

AMERICAN BLOWER COMPANY, DETROIT

*Branch Offices in All Principal Cities* FOUNDED 1881 *Canadian Sirocco Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.* (160)



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The COLSON Co.
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*(Continued from Page 166)*

the edges. One whiff was enough. I backed away, staggering.

"Thank you," I said, without breathing.

As the corncob went back into the mouth of the man with the horse and carriage and the garbage cavalcade clumped slowly off, I sensed the pride in the eyes of the guide and the assistant guides. Pharaoh had passed. So I left them.

And ever since I mailed the answer to Andrew Allen —— Ah, yes, he wrote back—and that was a fortnight for them, in the quiet house! I wonder if the old house is quieter today. But, as I say, ever since then I've had some fool ideas that I can't get rid of about all those kids in New York. They stick. One was that horse-and-carriage echo of the fine pride that dresses the little people up like picture cards when their mothers send them to a ceremony, spick-and-span enough to fool anybody who does not know their homes. That's why someone may think I am laying it on a little, in this contrast of Marianina's Mulberry Street home and the Woolworth Tower. That warm-hearted old farmer thought so, till he found out about Mike's old man.

But it is not only New York's children—the children of her poor if you like, though "poor" is a relative term—who have been caught in this crush of a cramped-up city. If it were only they, we should still put the trouble down to lack of intelligence in government, due to the absence of the intelligent—and I have a bit more to say about that. For I'm trying to be thorough—just as John Citizen was with his salutes in the Riviera—and I'm not through yet! Just a minute!

If it were only those little kids, I say, of this year and last year, and many years to come, we should either care about it or not care about it. I can even hear someone say, "Yea. Hard luck. But the world's full o' hard luck. We can't all be comfortable."

No, we cannot all be comfortable. But in this case none of us is comfortable, not even halfway comfortable. Not one of us. This lack of governmental guidance to the growth of a great city has backed up on us all; and we all suffer from it today, just as we're going to for many years to come. Children or grown-ups, rich or poor, driven or led, busy or idle, we're all in the same boat, to greater or less degree. For we all travel; on foot or by car, bus or automobile when we stick to the surface of the earth; by the Elevated when we go aloft; by Subway when we burrow below; and by bridge or ferry when we take to the face of the waters. Travel is essential to life. That's why we have legs. Now we need arms as well, for we're straphangers.

### *The Traffic Expert's Best Bet*

Travel in New York is a crush of crowds, no matter how you go. It is not only uncomfortable; it is often unsafe. Highway accidents killed more than 1000 persons last year. The morning business goers and the evening home goers used to bear the brunt of the trouble. Now there are others. The latest to join them are the Forty-second Street theatergoers. Every night they give an outdoor performance of their own. The fifty theaters that huddle together in that neighborhood, sticking to one another like sheep in a storm, raise their fifty curtains at the same instant—as near as may be; then, when the show is over let them fall at the same instant, so that the fifty audiences may throng the few streets all together in one joyous jam. That theater layout is as carefully contrived a piece of human stupidity as even the oldest of old Adams ever could have imagined. We have outdone ourselves.

Yet it is more than the time, distance, discomfort and peril involved in our small travels. It is the failure of homes, schools and play spaces to keep up with the sprawling rapidity of our geographical development. It is the eruption into the air of the honeycombed office and apartment buildings, upended like a lot of trunks and boxes, so that the town looks like a baggageroom the day after Labor Day.

We began as a horizontal city of right angles. We have become a vertical city of elevators. Part of the comfort of life is lost, and some of the decencies. Part of the cost of life is pure penalty, added as the direct result of all this lost motion, lost time, lost orderliness of existence.

Occasionally some traffic expert tells us to limit the number of taxis; to widen the streets by cutting slices off the rows of store fronts, as you would slice a loaf of bread; or to topple over a billion dollars' worth of buildings by ramming new avenues through them up the island—all flea bites or financial impossibilities or fifty years behind the times! Court plaster at best. Anybody can be a traffic expert—if he can get his name into the papers. The best advice of that ephemeral kind is the old familiar "Watch your step!"

So there is our trouble, that government did nothing about, firmly fastened on home and job and all the transit 'twixt the two. Firmly fastened on us all. The uncontrolled insistence of everybody on being in the same place at the same time.

Well, it might be worse. But, by George, it could be better.

And how is it with your own city, if that be not New York? Are you free of all this trouble? Scot-free of it all? Never a trace?

As we cock our ears to the chorus of protests that will be flung at us, to the volley of objections that we spin the yarn too fine in charging this urban botch up to government alone, we may give a moment to these cries, one by one; for I want to put this proposition in the ring, stand it up in eight-ounce gloves and let it win or take the count on its own.

### *A Cross-Questionnaire*

It will be said that the city has grown so fast that nothing on earth could control it. Is it unfair to reply that business has grown just as fast?

If it be said that the city never had enough money with which to catch up, is it impertinent to point out that the city's funding capacity increases in direct ratio with the increase in its real-estate value, with population a fair measure of that? To add that perhaps we could have spent more wisely that which we had? That at this moment we can constitutionally borrow and spend $150,000,000? And that it never was a question of money, if taken in time?

If the trouble be placed at the door of New York's unique conformation of islands separated by rivers, is it discourteous to observe that the islands and rivers have been right before our eyes ever since the white man first came to them, and no less so than the unguided growth of population that we have seen spreading among them?

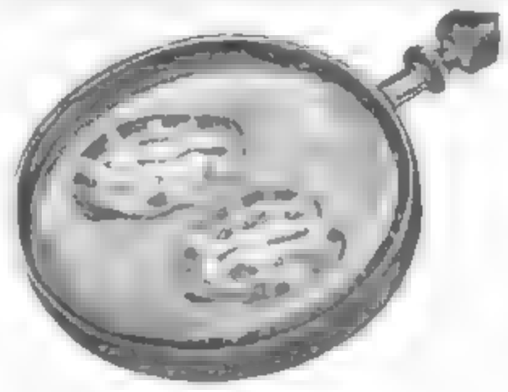
If it be urged that government never had the power to tell business where it might have its being, to tell people where they might most happily live, to lay down and regulate the routes of traffic by air, land and water, for both passengers and freight; the answer is that government always had some of the power and could always get the rest if there were a disinterested and intelligent political leadership to translate the people's need into the law of the land. The proof of that is what government has just now begun to do. There is still stronger proof in the spectacle of what big business—which possesses such leadership—has done for itself, law or no law.

If the fault be imputed directly to the people of the city, to their composite character as an electorate, is it anything but common justice to ask the questioner just what he or she has been doing about it, as one member of that same electorate?

Has the questioner always voted, except when unavoidably prevented, at the primaries, as well as on Election Day? Has he joined a political party organization? Has he joined any other kind of political organization? Has he done any work in any political outfit he ever did join? Does he know his alderman? His borough president? His comptroller, and president of the board of aldermen? His assemblyman and state senator? His congressman and both of his United States senators? Does he know anything about them? Does he know what they do? Does he know even their names? How much did he have to do with picking them out for the nomination?

And does he know anything at all about what the city government is doing or not doing today, for homes, schools, playgrounds, streets, transit, city plan and all the rest? Did he ever try to find out?

It is this last questioner who usually says, "Too much democracy! Too many immigrants! The people aren't up to it!" He may well consider whether he has been up to it himself. For he is one of the people, just as much as Marianina's Mulberry Street father or mother—and perhaps a little more, in the light of his own advantages in education, fortune and protected

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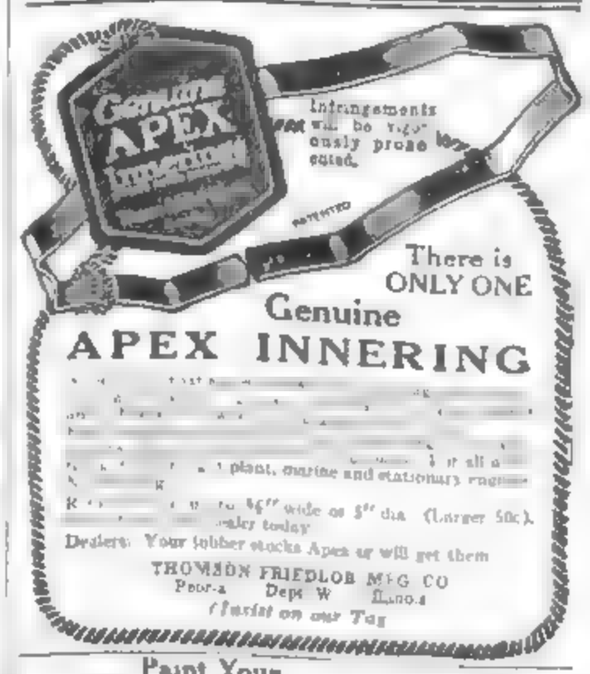


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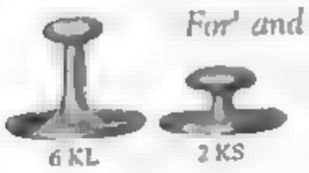


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freedom. He knows, better than ever his neighbors of the cold-water walk-ups will, the pleasures and privileges of life that are his because of the form of government we live under; and he knows that they lay upon him the duty of doing his governmental bit in return, of giving back what he gets out of it—at least as much, if no more! If New York's cosmopolitan electorate needs leadership so excessively, where has he been, this last questioner?

The fact of the matter is that most of him was never anywhere near the front of America's battle for good government. Nor was he in the S. O. S.; nor doing his bit anywhere else, in the Army or out of it. He was just absent—A. W. O. L. And that's the trouble. We have never had a chance to test the thing out with everyone present or accounted for. How can we guess the result until this legion of the absent comes up into line?

The proof of the pudding is in the eating That is the point of this look at New York through the eyes of New York's children and through the 12,000,000 eyes of all of us. The Woolworth Tower proves one thing; Mulberry Street another. And it is only a step between the two.

Now, there is an answer to one of the questions that John Citizen put up to me when he decided to take a hand in politics. What he asked was this:

"Aren't the woods full of folks like me in politics? Chockablock with business men, say, already? All sitting in, so that we know we're really represented by our public officials?"

Answer, no.

Then another question:

"Am I needed in politics? Any good come of my going in?"

Answer, yes.

If John Citizen had taken a hand in this game as he did in the war we'd make a better showing today. The war job was well done. The peace job has gone a-begging.

As we ring down the curtain on this view of physical New York we shall keep in mind that it is this view and no other that is under discussion. There are excellences in New York's city government that are just the opposite of its failure in city planning. There are ugly incidents of another kind, from time to time; and the wastes and leaks go on all the time. Like any other city, like human nature itself, New York's humanly administered government is a patchwork of whites, blacks and grays, never wholly good, never wholly bad. The routine runs better than it used to run a generation ago. We have advanced. The American city of today is better than the American city that Bryce wrote about.

We know, too, that there are good people in New York who are following the fortunes of Marianina and her playmates and trying to better them. There are thousands and thousands of those people. Through church and charity and social service, through the unseen deeds that daily one does for another, through every medium but politics, they are trying to help. Even government is trying to help, trying to put splints to the fractures it has wrought itself.

### *O. Henry Was Right*

So among those who most need help there is the daily grist of little kindnesses from one to another within the circle of their own misfortune. O. Henry found The Voice of the City in the little kindnesses of New York, from park bench to tenement roof, from shopgirl and truck driver, from newsboy and cop—and O. Henry knew his New York. Yes, the kindness is there. It almost seems as though the endless miles of brick and asphalt, the harsh corners of stone and steel that make up this metropolitan monster—this city that has got away from us—had driven our people into a habit of kindliness through mutual sympathy and self-protection. That was what O. Henry found. That is what anyone may find for the asking, if he will but step around the corner from the path of those who hurry, and tarry there for a moment—in New York. That is our silver lining—the silver lining of the little kindnesses that blossom in the shadows of the tall towers. That is New York.

But the habit of kindness, the little laws of palliation, the things that government does do well, the thin line of citizens who really do their bit in politics, only serve to emphasize—when they are all put together—the century-old absence from the city's politics of most of those who are best fitted to help in that field. New York's physical distortion, which so perfectly accomplishes the daily discomfort and suffering of 6,000,000 people, should be proof enough if proof were needed.

There is ample room for improvement in the routine of American city government, with its vital import to life, limb and liberty. But there is almost limitless room for advance in the domain of city plan. We have barely scratched the surface of that task. Not in New York, Chicago or Philadelphia, nor in any other city, have we attained a degree of perfection in city planning that can compare for a moment with our advance in the field of business planning. It is right there—in the field of city planning, where intelligent leadership is so especially needed – that it seems to me we find the best thing to bat up to our friend, Hi Jones.

You remember that man Hi Jones, whom you met in my first article? A good man, but hard-boiled, smoked and dried. Said he was with us on our answers to both those questions, but he wanted to be shown. Wanted just one concrete example to back up the answers.

### *A Poser for Bill Mulcahey*

Hi Jones lives in a city of 10,000 people. There were 44,000,000 out of 105,000,000 Americans, who lived in cities of 10,000 or over in 1920. Good city planning, right now, will do no harm to any of those cities. They're all growing. Better catch 'em young, friends, those cities that still have a chance!

Yes, Hi? Right, did you say? To all that? Much obliged. And congratulations on your chipping into the political game. You'll like it. Better shove in your ante today.

But there is a bit more to the question of the need of American men and women in American politics. The planning of cities is just one of the things that need them. I suggested that example because it may be as new to some of our people as, I think, it is important. There are plenty of other reasons. Government today is a regulator of human conduct that seems to stand forbiddingly before us at every moment, in every move we make from birth to death And daily the contact becomes more intimate, more forbidding. We need ability and sense in government now as we never needed them before. And with the problem trebled in its difficulty we find a smaller fraction of the nation's ability at it today than tackled it a hundred years ago, when it was three times as easy.

There are some of these inquisitorial matters that government could well approach a little more slowly. Deaf, dumb and blind to the need of a single blue print to guide the building of a great city, government has become inquisitive in so many other fields that the mere expense of its bedeviling is a tax burden not to be sneezed at, nor easy to estimate or even to understand.

That matter of expense brings back to me a broth of a boy named Billy Mulcahey. No, that is not his real name. But he was a real alderman, running for reëlection and running hard. For Billy had a fight on his hands. It was a week before election that he bumped into this business of the complexity and expense of government.

Over in Cleanemup Hall Billy's friends had filled the place from floor to roof. It was a big meeting—"a monster mass meeting!" The band played, the chairman pointed with pride and viewed with alarm, and finally under a dazzle of lights, amid the waving of flags and in the teeth of a roar that rocked the house, the Honorable William Mulcahey, alderman of the district and idol of his gang, advanced to make his speech. That was a moment! For five minutes Billy went strong, sweating like a hot cheese and gesturing like a windmill. There was no doubt about his being a friend of the poor, who pay taxes in rent, cost of food and a dozen other ways that they know nothing about. No doubt about his big heart and his big biceps. No doubt about his triumphant reëlection. It was all rosy and right. Until a measly looking cuss with specs stood up in the tenth row and asked a question.

"I'm a taxpayer ——" he began.

Shouts of "Put him out!" At once he became a suspicious character.

"——and I'd like to know," he went on, unheeding, "how you can reduce the city's budget so as to give us good service but do it for less money. I think it can be done. And the taxes on my place are very high."


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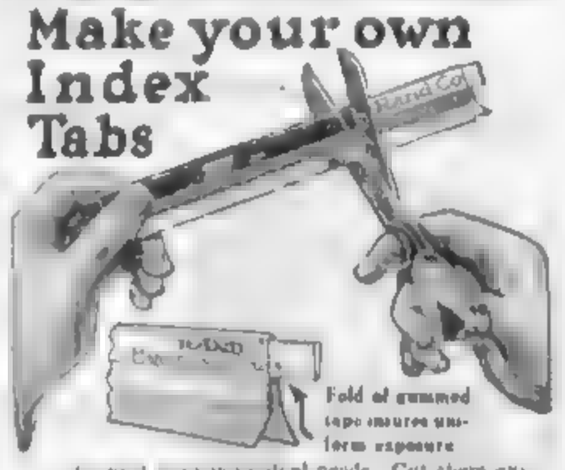

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"Ah, that's a trick question!"—from the Mulcahey men.

"Ah, hire a hall!"

"Give 'im the bum's rush!"

But the alderman raised his hand. The ocean slept.

"My friend," said Billy, now Canute Mulcahey, "I think you're on the level. That's a fair question. That's fair."

"I think so too," murmured the taxpayer.

"And I'll answer it! But not tonight. I want to give it the answer it deserves. Next Saturday night, in this same hall, I'll be ready. Ask me then and I'll answer you."

"Attaboy!"

"Hooray for Billy Mulcahey!"

Yes, Mulcahey was fair. And his friends said so.

"Thank you, I'll be here," replied the measly one as he left the hall.

But the alderman, who is exhorted by the city's charter to cut the budget if he can, found a whole fence row of sharp pickets in the question. As he mulled over it through the week he abandoned one economy after another, because in every case it promised to throw a voter out of a city job. No politics in that! But there was the measly one. He was a voter, too, and a taxpayer. And yet—he had only one vote, and direct taxpayers are rare birds in Mulcahey's district. So Mulcahey gave it up. Then his friends closed in and decided on a plan of action.

When Saturday night arrived Cleanemup Hall was full again. The band crashed and the Mulcahey men yelled. Ten minutes after the chairman had toyed with the water pitcher the taxpayer arrived. He looked measlier and hungrier than ever. But Mulcahey was fair, and, to the taxpayer's surprise, three men ushered him up to a single seat, two off the aisle in the third row.

"You can hear better up here," whispered one of the ushers considerately.

More than ever was the taxpayer convinced of Mulcahey's fairness.

When Mulcahey, after five minutes of oratory, paused for breath, the taxpayer rose. Now would be a good time for the question. With an ingratiating cough he asked it once more, while Mulcahey, hand aloft, commanded silence in the hall.

"That's a good question," came the alderman's generous admission, "a good question, my friend. And I'm going to give you a good answer."

As Mulcahey raises his voice he fades from the picture. Down in the third row there are ten Mulcahey men seizing the measly one by every handy projection. By arm, leg, coat and trousers they have him.

"Careful o' the specs, boys," cautions one considerately.

"Now, then—out yer go—yer poor fish!"

On the crest of the best bum's rush ever executed in Cleanemup Hall the taxpayer is on his way—swiftly, silently, surely. Down the aisle, down to the door and out to the sidewalk.

"Now, get out o' here! Beat it—quick!"

The parting admonition is for the taxpayer's good—friendly and considerate, as is the way with the Mulcahey men.

Yes, he was gone. He has beat it.

And Mulcahey was elected.

Well, why not? He answered the question, to the hilarious satisfaction of every man in the hall.

Speaking of which, we'll have another peek at practical politics and how to get into them next trip. That was one of John Citizen's questions. We'll try to give it a good answer—but not Mulcahey's kind.

And, as Bill Devery used to say, "touchin' on an' appertainin' to" the expense of our multitudinous government, we'll also take a spyglass look at the road down which your income tax travels. You sent yours on its way rejoicing? With a slap on the back and a little song about how rich I am? Yes?

Neither did I.

**Editor's Note**—This is the second of five articles by Mr. Curran. The third will appear in an early issue.


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)*

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# *You can't talk a fire to death*

*If you want to see what they* ***did*** *when they quit talking, read the report of Monday's meeting, week after next in this publication.*

" . . . Your very coat-tails are on fire and you don't know it," cried the Insurance Company President toward the close of his address before the annual Fire Prevention Day luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce. "Any minute fire may start and ruin an individual business here or perhaps spread and burn up half your city. Judge the danger yourselves when I tell you that the insurance companies are forced to collect over $1,000,000 a year from you in fire insurance premiums. Most of this annual tax comes from merchants and manufacturers. It is therefore peculiarly the province of this commercial body to devise some way to reduce this drain on their business profits."

*(Applause)*

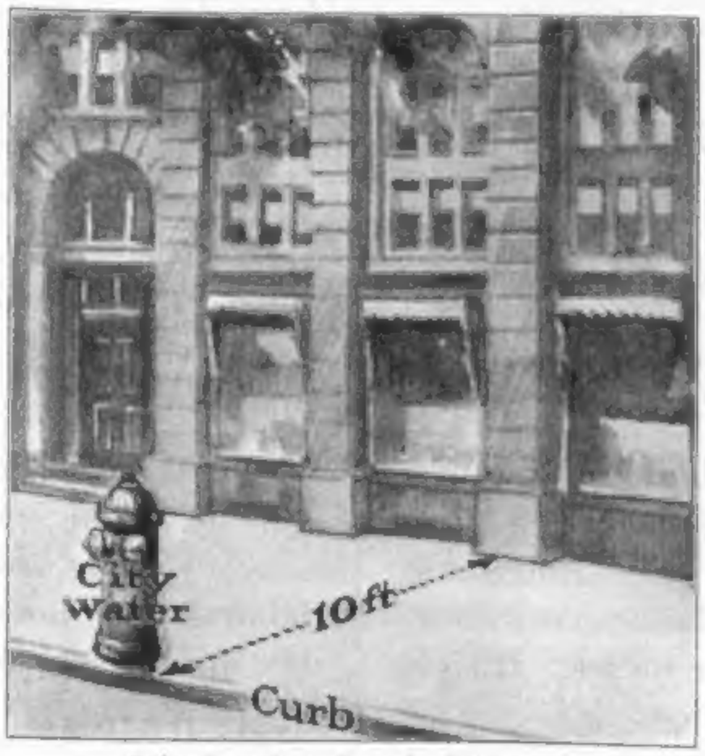
***Toastmaster:*** "The Chamber has been edified to hear so clear an exposition of our fire problem. I have no doubt that your remarks will be earnestly considered by our Fire Prevention Committee and the suggestions you make taken under advisement."

***Fire Chief:*** "Mr. Toastmaster, I'm not much of a speaker but I have been a good listener at these Fire Prevention Day Talk Fests for the past 10 years. I've heard orations; seen committees appointed; listened to resolutions; heard matters taken under advisement and read petitions and memorials recommending more and more fire prevention activity.

"But you can't talk a fire to death. You can't put it out by resolution. It pays no attention to the eminent citizens on any committee. It refuses to be taken under advisement. And it burns up your petitions while their ink is still wet.

"In all the years that this talk and fuss have been going on, one man, and one man only, has come forward with a *real idea.* He wanted to have automatic sprinklers installed throughout the crowded mercantile section of the city. Any fire chief will tell you that's the way to cut fire losses to the bone and any insurance man will tell you that's the way to put insurance rates on rock bottom!

"You all know the time and energy spent by that man in trying to make a reality of his




*Safety brought to the curb—but stopped*

idea of a completely sprinklered city. You remember how he finally reported that various differences between landlords and tenants, particularly as to which should profit most from the resultant insurance reductions, demonstrated conclusively that voluntary coöperation is not to be expected from selfish human beings."

***Voice from the rear:*** "With all due respect to our able Chief, has he any practical proposal which will make our landlords and merchants angels; any plan which will put these sprinkler improvements and economies into the section where we now waste insurance premiums at the rate of a million dollars a year? Does he think or expect our landlords to rebuild with concrete and our merchants to handle nothing but non-burnable material?"

***Fire Chief:*** *(holding up pamphlet)* "So that the sarcastic inquisitor may get back to his fire-trap as quickly as possible, I will be brief."

*(Laughter)*

"This booklet tells how to make even tinder box buildings and the most inflammable contents unburnable. It tells how to cut insurance rates 50% to 90%. It was prepared by *Fire and Water Engineering*—the leading journal of the Fire Chiefs of America. In it there is a suggested ordinance which provides for the sprinklering by the city of all dangerous buildings and the pro-rating of the cost equitably among those property owners benefited. Such pro-rated cost will be levied as a special fire protection tax and will be paid in six annual installments, so that the insurance savings may help meet such taxes and in most cases pay them altogether. It simply substitutes a fire saving tax for the present fire waste tax!

"*There's* a simple plan. A plan that cuts insurance rates. A plan that continues the city's water 10 feet from the curb into the buildings so that every fire will be put out automatically when it starts."

***Voice from the rear:*** "Mr. Toastmaster, I apologize to our able Fire Chief. That idea is a practical business man's idea and every real business man will know it. I move we call a special meeting for Monday night, get this ordinance before the City Council and see that it becomes law. As the Chief says, 'Let's quit talking and do something!'"

* * * * *

AND they did!

If you want a copy of an ordinance similar to the one here discussed, send to Grinnell Company, Inc. Address 302 Exchange Street, Providence, R. I. This ordinance was drafted by *Fire and Water Engineering* and reprinted from that magazine.

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*"When the fire starts, the water starts"*

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in 1902-03

*Barney Oldfield at the wheel of one of the fastest automobiles of 1902-03. Sixty miles an hour was the goal of motor car builders . . . . Other events of those years were the purchase of Panama Canal property by the U. S. . . . . the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons and the Jeffries-Corbett fights . . . . the Iroquois Theater disaster in Chicago . . . . and the installation of three R & M Motors in the Clow plant at Newcomerstown, Ohio*

TWENTY years ago this spring three Robbins & Myers Motors went to Newcomerstown, Ohio, to work for James B. Clow & Sons.

"We belted No. 2294 to a tumbling barrel, No. 2241 to a radiator assembly press, and they're still on their jobs and going fine," reports the Clow plant. "No. 2243 drove a sand machine for a good many years; now it is geared to a concrete mixer. It, too, has given continuous, excellent service."

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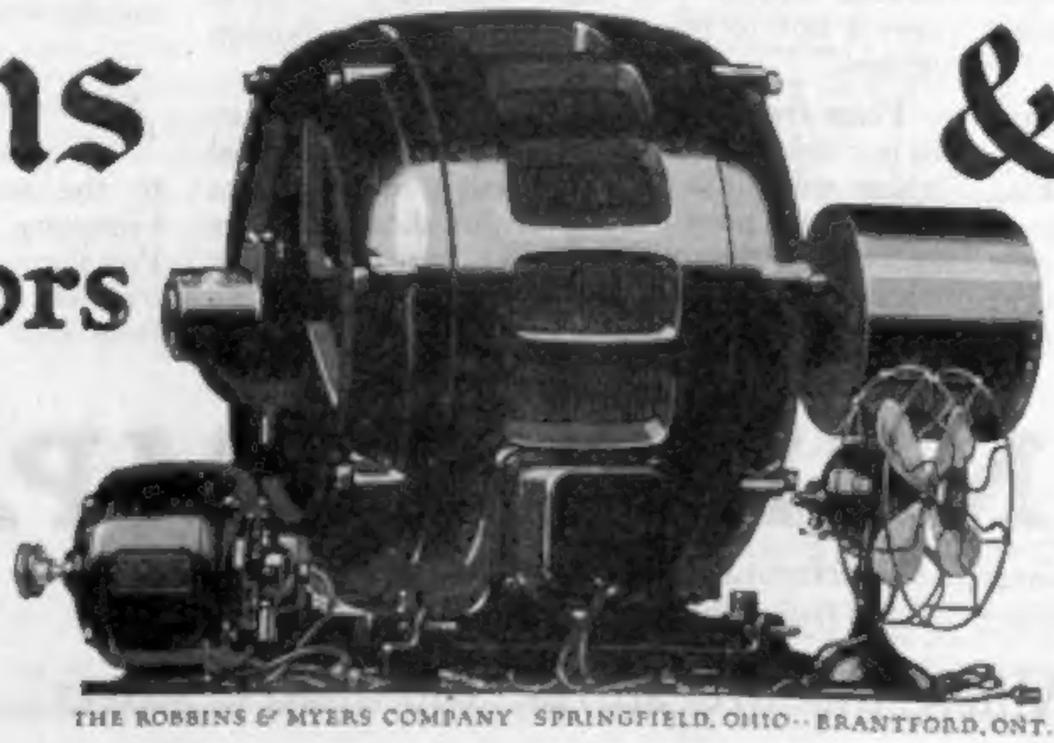
*Do R&M Motors ever wear out?* Probably. Yet many of the first R&M Motors have given nearly twenty-four years of faithful service and are "still on their jobs and going fine."

# Robbins & Myers

## Motors



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The Hands
Linoleum and Congoleum

IT'S hard to tell which I like better—Bon Ami cake or Bon Ami powder. For some things I prefer the handy solid cake; for others the soft fluffy powder in the convenient sifter can. So I compromise and keep them *both* on hand, always.

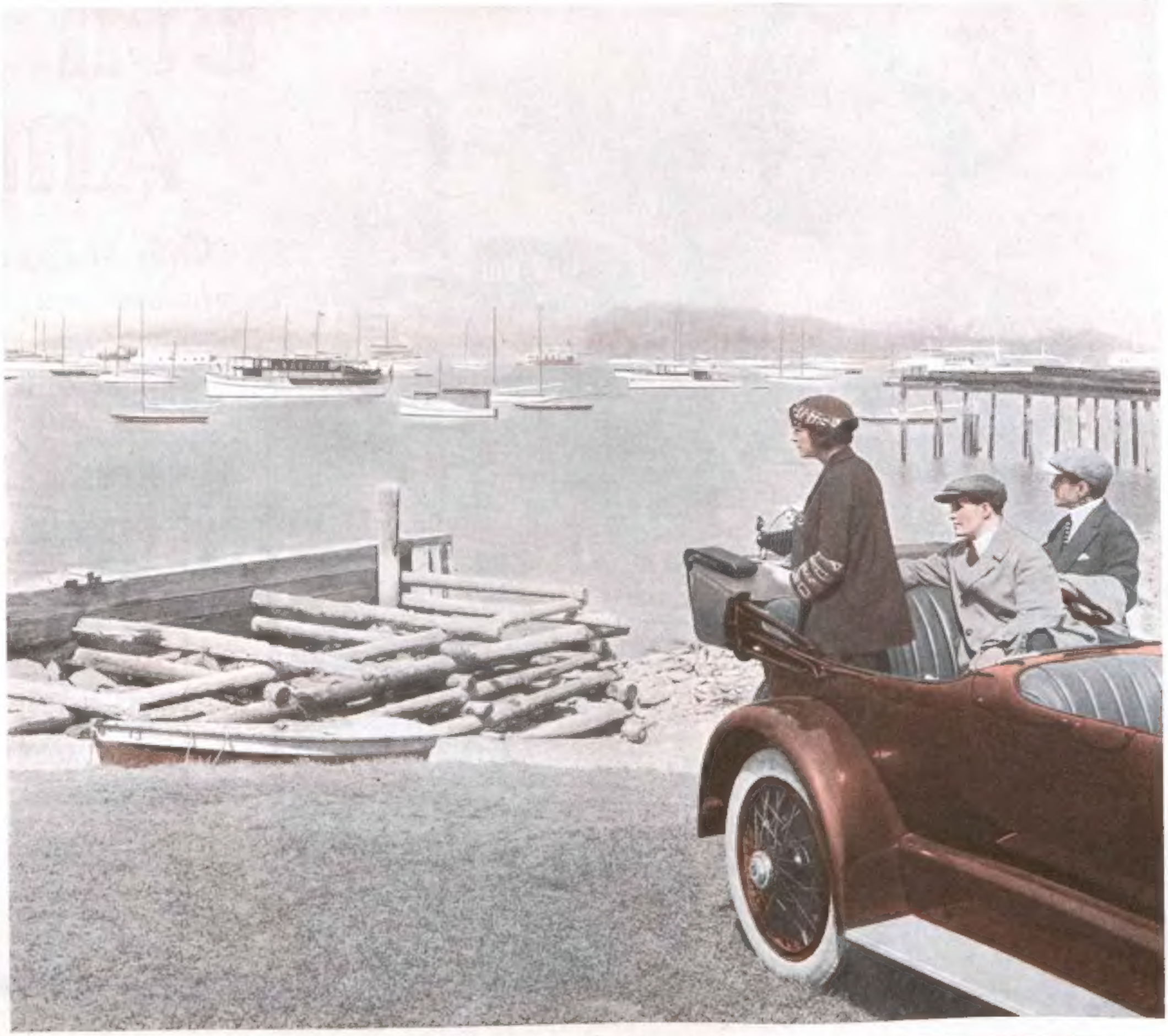
Bon Ami is the housewife's "good friend." It cleans and polishes—not by scouring and scratching as old-fashioned gritty cleaners often do—but by gently absorbing the dirt and grime.

And Bon Ami is kind to delicate surfaces. *It never scratches*—never roughens the hands. Most housewives use both cake and powder. They find them wonderful partners in cleanliness with dozens of uses throughout the house. Note the list above.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Cake or Powder
*whichever you prefer*

*"Hasn't Scratched Yet"*



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